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The HUMOURIST:
Jane BEING *Elaborate*
E S S A Y S
UPON
Several Subjects,

VIZ.

News Writers. Enthusiasm. The Spleen. Country Entertainment. Love. The History of *Miss Manage*. Ambition and Pride. Idleness. Fickleness of human Nature. Prejudice. Witchcraft. Ghosts and Apparitions. The Weather. Female Disguises. The Art of modern Conversation. The Use of Speech. The Punishment of staying at Home on Sunday, &c. Criticism. Art of Begging. Anger. Avarice. Death. Grief. Keeping the Ten Commandments. Travel misapply'd. Flattery. The Abuse of Words. Credulity. Eating. The Love of Power. The Expedients to get rid of Time. Retirement. The Story of *Will. Hacket* the Enthusiast.

With a Dedication to the Man in the Moon.

THE THIRD EDITION.

—Quo virtus tua te vocat, i pede fausto. Hor. Ep. 2. L. 2.

L O N D O N :

Printed for D. BROWNE, W. MEARS and F. CLAY without
Temple-Bar, THO. WOODWARD at the Half-Moon against St.
Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet, and H. MEER in the Old-Baily.
M, DCC, XXIV.

THE HUMOURIST

ESSAYS
UPON

Several Subjects

1. The History of the English Language. 2. The History of the English Literature. 3. The History of the English Character. 4. The History of the English Constitution. 5. The History of the English Religion. 6. The History of the English Law. 7. The History of the English Science. 8. The History of the English Art. 9. The History of the English Commerce. 10. The History of the English Industry. 11. The History of the English Agriculture. 12. The History of the English Navigation. 13. The History of the English Trade. 14. The History of the English Colonies. 15. The History of the English Empire. 16. The History of the English Revolution. 17. The History of the English Reform. 18. The History of the English Progress. 19. The History of the English Decline. 20. The History of the English Future.



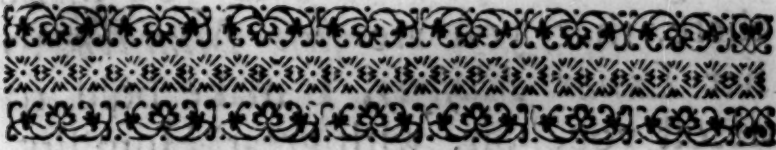
Printed by J. D. ...

The Third Edition.

... ..

LONDON:

... ..



TO THE
Man in the Moon.

Siderum Regina bicornis, audi,
Luna,—

—Vestrum est Opus.

S I R,



HOUGH I have often
seen you at a Distance,
yet I have not the Ho-
nour of your Acquaint-
ance; nor do I certainly know
by what Name or Title you
are dignified and distinguished in
your

your own Country : But taking it for granted by the Figure you make there, that you are *first Minister* to her *Lunar Majesty*, I make bold to accost you, Sir, with great Humility, and to present you with these my Labours.

I own to you, with a Frankness not over common to Men of my Occupation, that cou'd I have found a proper Patron between my own four Seas, I should not have taken this long Tour through the Atmosphere to implore your Countenance and Protection. But being resolved to praise Somebody in the beginning of my Book, and finding none but the Worthless willing to be extoll'd, and my Conscience being withal utterly destitute of all *Court-breeding* and Endowments, I am forced to forsake for a while my own Earth, and the dirty Crowd that inhabit the same, and seek Subject-Matter for Panegyrick in the Sky.

Virtus

Virtus—

*Negatâ tentat Iter viâ,
Cætusque vulgares, & udam
Spernit humum, fugiente Penna.*

THAT is, from a *new* Principle and Motive, I make a *new* Sort of a Dedication. Unlike all other Authors, I magnify Merit where I can find it.

I congratulate my self for being the first who pay you a Visit in your own Quarters, since the Days of that adventurous *Spaniard*, *Don Gonzales*, who took a Trip to your Dominions upon a Team of wild Geese. In Imitation of whom, 'tis believed that Cardinal *Alberoni*, after he had conquered all *Europe* by *Plots* and *Proclamations*, intended to have invaded *you* with a bloody Army of Priests and *Irish Catholicks*. I assure your Honour, that considering the surprizing Depth of that

wonderful Politician's Schemes, you were in as much Danger as any of his neighbouring Nations.

BEHOLD me then, Right Honourable, prostrate at your high and mighty Feet, with my Book in my Hand, begging Grace. Accept it, Sir, and with it Me its sublunary Author, who having a Conscience truly scrupulous, come so far Abroad, to avoid telling Lies at Home. I stand the rather in need of your Honour's Interest and Support, because being an unhappy *Dissenter from the Way of worshipping Great Men, established here by the Law of Custom and universal Consent*, I am in no small Danger of Frowns, Penalties, and Persecution from my *numerous conforming Brethren*. Like certain Priests, of *whom* you may have heard, they create Deities, and then adore them. They are, besides, notable Persons at making *strange Discoveries*; with a few Strokes of their Pen they
can

can make any obscure Mortal, never before heard of, famous to the whole World for Virtues which likewise were never before heard of. And then they are generous to a Miracle, and at a Minute's warning can give away to others Gifts and Graces which they never possessed themselves. Nor is their Price at all high or unreasonable; any Nobleman or Squire whatsoever, who is *indigent of Parts*, may have a *compleat Set* for one good Dinner, and the Means of buying a few more.

AFTER this Preamble, I now come to make your Honour known to your self, and to discover to you your own Worth and Importance. And not to trouble you with your noble Birth and Ancestors, who fought Battles, took Towns, and shine with distinguished Lustre in the grateful Records of their Country, (as any Body may see in the *Welch Chronicles*) I take Leave to

A 4

inform

inform you, Sir, that in all great Accomplishments, you are a greater Man than all your Fore-fathers put together. Many and eminent are your Virtues and Abilities.

BUT above all, I cannot sufficiently extol your uncommon Vigilance in the Discharge of your Office. I have had the Honour to be an humble Observer of your Person every Moon-light Night for these many Years, and could never catch you one Moment absent from your Station. And here I gratefully acknowledge your eminent Civility and Condescension to my self, in conducting me so often as you have done with your Lamp, at the *latest Hours*, home to my Lodgings, when my Eyes wanted all your Aid. To you, Sir, it is owing, that I have escap'd, and do still escape, the Perils of Bulks, Posts, and Gutters, with many a crack'd Head, and many a broken Shin.

Nox

*Nox erat, & Cœlo fulgebat Luna
sereno.*

WITH your Besom at your Back,
which, like a white Staff with us, is,
I presume, the Ensign of your Post
and Authority, you stand Centinel for
the Security of your Royal Mistress
and her Empire. And your long Con-
tinuance in Place, shews at once the
Steddiness and Fidelity of your Admi-
nistration.

CONSIDERING, Sir, the
great Influence which your Globe is
allowed to have over ours, me-
thinks, with humble Submission, it
is a little unkind that you do not
communicate to us your neighbour-
ing Planet, a small Remnant of your
Constancy and good Fortune. But, in-
stead of doing us this good Office,
I doubt your Planet takes malicious
Delight to infect us with Giddiness
for her own Sport; and therefore the

As Patriots

Patriots of this World are wofully inspir'd with *that Disease*, which derives *its Name* from the Name of *your Earth*. If this be *your Plot*, we sorrowfully own it to be well laid and successfully executed. I speak it with moist Eyes and an aking Heart, that with every *Revolution* of *your own World*, you see a *Revolution* of *our Schemes*, and of the Heads of those who direct them in most Countries. We are ever going forward, and yet ever standing *still*, or running *retrograde*: Or rather, untoward Fate, and *Infatuation from you*, have coop'd us into a Wheel, where, with great Bustle and an Air of *proceeding*, we turn round and round, and face every Point of the Compass, and are constant in nothing but Phrenzy and Rotation.

BE pleased, Sir, to have Compassion upon us. We have been *your Patients* and *Merry Andrews* long enough. Withdraw *your prevailing Influence*,

Influence, and either send us *new Brains*, or some *Hellebor* to restore us to our *old ones*. From you has proceeded our *Malady*, and so far we own you to have played the *true Physician*: Be the *Reverse* of it, and, like a *Friend*, lend a *Remedy*. Does it not suffice you, that the *Multitude* lye under your *Enchantment*, but must their *Betters* be also equally infected? And yet they are so. *Hinc illæ Lacrymæ*! It is true, they seem to have *lucid Intervals*, and then they promise to restore effectually their *Patients* and *Pupils*. But alas? how vain is the *Breath of Man*? The *Word* is scarce out of their *Mouths*, but they fall into their *old Fits*, and run into *new Freaks*, and yet will admit of no *Assistance* from *Men of perfect Health and hale Understandings*. So that the *poor People* in the *Straw* are either utterly neglected, or miserably misled into *fresh Madness* and *Ailings*. There are indeed a *few* still left

sober and sound ; permit them, Sir, to look after the rest, while the Disease is yet curable.

NOR do we ask you to do us, the Inhabitants of the *lower World*, this great Courtesy *gratis* ; you may in Return expect from us as good a Thing. Are you *at War* with any *neighbouring Planet*, and want *Auxiliaries* ? Sir, you shall command our Lives and Fortunes. You shall have *Soldiers* and *Sailors*, *Ships* and *Arms* ; keep them as long as you will, 'till your Business is done, and all *at our proper Cost and Charges*. Make them *Fight* for you, or *Cruise* for you, or *Transport* for you, or what *you please* : They are at your Service and Command. Provided, nevertheless, that when our Fleets are decayed or lost, and our Men are knocked on the Head, you send them all back again *safe* and *sound* to us.

SIR, we, your terrestrial Subjects, are the civilest Persons in
I the

the World, while we have a Penny in our Purse, or a Drop of Blood in our Veins, no Man shall want what *we* have. And, where our Cash fails, we will pawn our Credit. What would your Honour have more?

BUT lest you should be tender-hearted, and out of pure Generosity, and in tender Compassion to *our poor Circumstances*, refuse to accept of this our Aid, I have Orders from my Principals (the *martial Inhabitants* of this Earth) to assure you, that if *you* will not, another shall. We are always going round the World, in Quest of Adventures and Battles, and will go round it again for more, in Defiance of the *Expence* and the *Danger*. Sir, you are mistaken in *Mankind*, they scorn your Pity, and scorn to pity themselves.

THE worst that can befall them is utter Ruin; which is such a Jest and a Trifle to them, that *they* matter it not of a Straw. They have risk'd it
over

over and over again, and the nearer it approaches, the less they fear it: Nay, they make Haste to meet it. Come when it will, there is a Remedy at Hand.—

*Qui jacet in Terra non habet unde
(cadat.*

They cannot be twice undone, and what signifies *once*?

OBSERVE, Right Honourable, and admire the great and surprising Bravery of Mortals; and, if you have Occasion, make use of it and welcome. Your Honour has at least as good a Title to it as *several others* to whom it is every Day lent. Their Money might grow rusty, if it did not circulate, and their Lives useless, if they did not venture them; and so out of pure Prudence and Foresight, they are throwing away both as fast as they can. And pray who shall hinder them?

INDEED, to deal sincerely with your Honour, I am apt to suspect, that should you once withdraw those bewitching Charms which you have so long thrown over us, we should *degenerate* into *wary, rational* Men, and by recovering our Understanding, utterly lose our *great Courage* and *memorable Gallantry*. However, dear Sir, as you value the Prayers and Blessing of your humble Petitioner, try us, for the Love of God. Let us be but *reasonable Creatures*, though from *valorous Knights*, and the most *generous Men* that ever breath'd, we commence even arrant Cowards and close-fisted Misers. What Good can it do your Honour, to see Mankind squandering away their Blood, their Substance, and their Safety, to no Purpose?

BUT if your inflexible Heart will not consent to this, good your Honour, let us beseech you to secure us mercifully in *dark Apartments,*

ments, to tye our Hands, put us under Ward, and trust us no more with our selves. *Your Palace in the Fields* has long and lovingly gap'd for us: Oh that we had the Sense and Grace to take up our Lodgings therein! But above all, worthy Sir, keep far from our Sight, and our *Signing*, all Paper-Indentures *Offensive* and *Defensive*, and all other terrible Instruments of Delusion whatsoever. They will prevent all Cure, and restore us again to our *unfrugal* and unfortunate Ravings.

AND I do especially intreat you, noble Sir, your Honour being the Arbitrer of our Weather, as well as of our Senses, that you would grant us, for the future, the coldest Weather you can make with your Hands. I doubt the immoderate Heat of last Summer has had mischievous Effects upon *our Brain*, and dispos'd us extremely to *Challenges* and *Bullying*. I fear, also, that

that our Heads have not been so close and carefully shav'd as a *hot Sun* and our *quarrelsome Constitutions* require they should.

THERE is one Thing, Sir, which, if you could do it for us, would save us from many Inconveniencies, and much Expence. It is only this, to persuade us *Europeans*, in all Love, that those who deceived us a *hundred and fifty Times* already, may not be credited by us above a dozen Times more, and ever after that to keep our *great Faith* to ourselves. This, no doubt, your Honour may perform, by letting in upon us but *one small Ray* of *common Sense*, and we will ever own the Favour. Alas! in our present Situation of Wisdom, this is a Piece of Advice which we are never like to practise, *Credulous* and *Moon-blind* as we are.

AND Oh, Sir! that you had with-held the *Malignity* of the *Moon*

Moon from the *sacred Servants* of the *Altar* in many good Catholick Countries! What horrible Ravages has *your Country Disease* committed among them; and never so much as *of late?*

Its first Symptoms shewed themselves in a strange Aversion of the *sick Person* to *printed Books* and *Pamphlets*. At the Sight of one of them, he would first shake his Head, then make terrible Mouths, and then swear. After all this, he would fly upon the foresaid helpless Pamphlet, and bite, and tear, and burn it, with dreadful Fury and *Cursing*. Then he would call for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and write down such a Heap of hard and angry Words, and outrageous and abusive Sayings, as shewed the poor Man's Case to be altogether desperate. And, what added to the dangerous Cruelty of this Distemper, most of those who read the said Ravings of the said delirious

rious Person, fell instantly into the same Condition, and so the fearful Frenzy went round.

DREADFUL, and loud, and universal were the Belches, Rage, and Roarings of these *pious Lunatics* all over the Continent. On the Sabbath-Day particularly it ever broke out most furiously, with *lamentable Language* and *Distortions*. Besides, the *Infect-ed* were so violently addicted to *Calumny* and *Lying* in their *Fits*, that neither *Charity* nor *common Sense* would suffer you to believe a Word they said. And therefore, though they made Presents to the Devil of great Numbers of their own Profession, and indeed of all others to whom God had given Grace and Sobriety; yet, as this their Behaviour was considered as the *natural* and *usual* Effects and *Foamings* of their Disease, it was not minded any farther than to beget *Pity* and *Prayers* for the Person *pos-sessed*.

BUT

BUT as dangerous and strong as *this Lunacy* was, it was easy to prevent, and even to cure it, if the *Patients* would have been advis'd to take the proper Medicines, which, alas ! they threw away from them with *Fierceness* and *Indignation*. The Remedy was only this, to read a Chapter in the Gospel, and say a *serious Prayer* against all *Hatred*, *Malice*, and *Uncharitableness*. Those few who try'd this Expedient, entirely escap'd from this *catching* and *epidemical Plague*.

UNDER the Paroxysms and Convulsions of this Malady, the poor-raving Patients were ever most provok'd when you were most kind ; and were so given to Contradiction, that there was no speaking to them.

YOU must know, Sir, that before they could exercise their *Calling*, they were obliged to take certain Oaths ; which, though they were

were utterly against their Opinion, yet agreed with their Conscience very well, either having been long seasoned with the *like Doses*, or by good *Example* and *Instruction* sufficiently prepared for them. Now, if you went about to prove these Oaths to be true Oaths, though they themselves had pawn'd their Souls upon it, that they were so, yet they would pull out your Eyes, and commit you, after some competent *Cursing*, to their Spiritual *Bridewell*, with strict Orders to *their Friend*, the Governor, to *buffet* you. Or if from long and certain Observation of their Principle and Practice, you insinuated that it was wrong to swear deceitfully, you affronted the whole Body, and so the *same Mittimus* was made for you.

For this wonderful *Pestilence*, I fear, Sir, we may thank you, Relent, Sir, at length, and pity these poor Churches, whose *divine Right*

Right is established by *human Laws*, and whose reverend Sons are Successors to the Apostles, by *Lay-Ordinances*. Consider this their Importance, and go out of them.

AND now, Sir, having great Hope that you will, at *my Request*, quiet our unruly Spirits, Civil and Ecclesiastick, and restore us to Truth and our own Interest, by taking off our Inchantments, I proceed to flatter your Honour, as becomes *your Station* and *my Profession*.

It is known to the whole World, that you are a generous Person, and a Rewarder of Merit, and so I have chosen you for my Patron. Many Men of *sound Wit* and *immense Learning*, have, to their own great Satisfaction, felt *your Influence*, witness, the *numerous Literati* of our several *Universities* and *Royal-Societies*; from which learned Bodies we have daily Proofs of this
Truth

Truth in huge Volumes, and also in little ones. Nor has *your College in the Fields* been without its Performances of this Kind, but equals at least, herein, any of the *rest* above mentioned, from whom it derives many of its most lively Members.

BESIDES, Sir, our Poets, Politicians, Orators, Divines, and Historians, do all in their several Productions *confess and demonstrate your Power and Operation*; and, were they not *Ingrates*, would, like my self, chuse no other Patron.

YOU are noted, Sir, for your singular Friendship to the *Sublime*; and *therefore* our *Stages* and *Pulpits* teem with Productions of *this Tincture and Strain*. We had last Winter an *inimitable Tragedy*, which owns an *Inspiration* from *your Orb* in every Line; and, were it understood, would, no Question, create great *Wonder* and *Pity*. It seems
to

to have been writ at *Full-Moon*, and yet was unnaturally dedicated to a Person who is nothing beholden to *your Favour* for his Parts and Genius.

As a farther Demonstration of your Beneficence to us, we have here a Body of excellent and useful Men, who professedly and gratefully own you for the Giver of their Daily Bread. They are, Sir, the learned *Society of Philomaths and Astrologers*, who have been pleas'd to appoint themselves your *Gazetteers*, and publish to us *Sublunaries*, for a small Gain, all the Secrets of your Honour's Privy-Council. We own *your* great Goodness in this, and *their* great Use. They are very *necessary* Persons; they inspect our *Urine*, and would help us, if they could, to lost Linen, and mislaid Pewter. They are charitable and good natur'd to a Wonder; they send none away with heavy Hearts, who

who come not to them with *empty Hands*. But having in the following Work made honourable mention of these Worthies, I shall say no more of them here.

I would now speak of your Antiquity and antient Blood: And if Years make Men venerable, who, Sir, can compare with you? The Patriarchs themselves, in Competition with your Honour, were but *Babes* and *Sucklings*. And for our *modern* old Families here, what are they but of Yesterday? Is it not then *simple* and *childish* to be boasting the Antiquity of our Race? And yet many a Lord values himself upon this Topick, though perhaps the Wainscot in his Dining-Room, and the Stag's-Horns in his Hall, are elder than the first of his Name.

BUT your *memorable* Friendship to the *genuine High-Church* of a certain Part of our Globe, is what I must mention with a distinguished
a Affec.

Affection. The *ardent Zeal* of her orthodox Sons, is, without Peradventure, all of *your own begetting*. Without an *Inspiration from you*, they could never have seen her Danger, nor contented with such devout Rage for her Relief out of it. *You, Sir, prompted*, and they preached, and the People caught *your Spirit* from *their Mouth*. Thus full of *Lunacy* and *Zeal*, these holy Men and the rest of the Mob, went once a Parading, and Murdering, and Demolishing, for the Welfare of the Church.

I know, that some, who are not in the Interest of your Honour, would rob you of this Glory, and ascribe it, without looking farther, to the High Clergy alone, and the Brandy Shops. But it is well known that they were both but *your* humble Instruments on this great Occasion : The former your Gladiators and Drummers, and the latter your Magazines of War, o-
ver

ver which they presided. This Ferment, of *your raising*, continues still amongst us, tho' at present check'd by some that were never your Friends. But *your constant Votaries* aforesaid wish and wait for a fresh Opportunity to shew how much they are still *yours*.

T H E R E is a Calumny current in *our World* against your Honour, with which I beg Leave to acquaint you : It is confidently alledged, that you, Sir, were the first and great Author of some late Rebellions in an Island which you may have seen in your Travels. Whether you have done this from a Jealousy of the Wisdom of its Prince, or from a Contempt of some other Peoples Folly, is not positively asserted. But this is confidently said, that the Ring-leaders of those Rebellions, and all that adher'd to them, have ever been eminently *your Creatures*, and that they plotted and took up

a 2

Arms.

Arms at Full-Moon. I cannot clear you of this Charge, 'till I hear from you; therefore pray write to me fully about it by the very next Post.

IN the mean Time I take upon me, un-instructed as I am, to vindicate you, Sir, from another Imputation as bad as the former; namely, that of a Design to make a Descent upon the abovenamed Island with a great Army. This Report, I dare say, is groundless, and only caused, as I conceive, from the many Misfortunes of that Nation, which having in vain expected Invasions from other Kingdoms of the Earth, now at last dreads one from you. But I hope *yours*, like all others, will only frighten, but never arrive in that Island, which is fortified and secured by *numerous* and *dear* Alliances, and whose Watchmen are Men of wonderful Discernment and Dexterity in defending it, and making it *thrive*.
WERE

(xxix)

WERE I to pursue, Sir, your Panegyrick as far as *your* transcendent Worth and my own Admiration of it would carry me, I should weary your Patience, offend your great Modesty, and transgress the *strict Bounds* set me by the Booksellers, with whom I the rather comply, because they are truly *in the Interest of your Honour*, more indeed than in that of any earthly Creature, except *their own*.

BUT before I conclude, I must, with their Leave and yours, bring you acquainted with a large Body of Men who are the *devoted Creatures of your Power*. They are, Sir, the Corporation of Beaus; Men of a compounded Nature; their Understandings are shaped by your Honour, and their Persons by their Taylors, and *several other* Tradesmen. The Ladies who admire them, (if there can be any such) do, for the same Reason, claim

claim your Countenance and Protection.

I had almost forgot to tell your Honour, that all those who are Candidates for Court-Favour and Preferment, if they have any Merit in them, are also your sworn *Vassals*.

To conclude your Praises — You carry, Sir, a Lanthorn for Mankind, for which I do here in their Name present you their Thanks — I say nothing in this Place of your conducting their Councils and Armies. You are, in short, an Enemy to none but Link-Boys and Hackney-Coachmen.

For my self, I humbly acknowledge your Goodness for the Pleasure which I take in my self and my Writings. Be pleased, Sir, to inspire my Readers with the *same Sentiments*, and in so doing you will infinitely oblige, Sir,

*Your great Admirer,
And most obedient
Humble Servant.*



P R E F A C E.



THE following Essays having already appeared Abroad singly, and being well received, has encouraged the Bookseller to gather them into a Volume: And I, like other Authors, fond of my own Labours, have review'd and equipp'd 'em with a Dedication and Index: Whether I had any other Motive for taking so much Pains, is a Secret between the Bookseller and my self.

T H E R E may, perhaps, some of them want that Correctness and Method which are found in Writers not so bigotted to Ease and Pleasure

P R E F A C E.

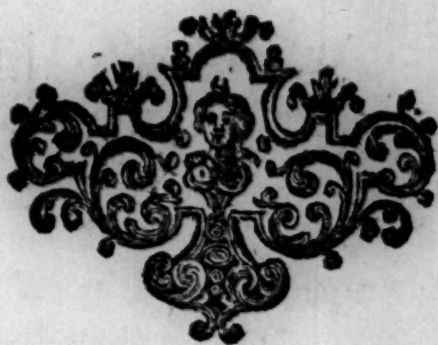
as I am; but with this Allowance, I hope they need not be ashamed to follow many Collections of this Kind, which have gone before them; at least, there are several of them such, as I despair of ever exceeding in the Mischancey Way. If any of them appear light, they were agreeable to my Humour and Design.

AS to the Subjects of the following Papers, I either chose new Ones, or treated the old in a Manner that was new; and I have spoke of Principles and Things with great Freedom, without touching the Persons or Reputations of Men, which ought to be as sacred by the Laws of Humanity, as are their Estates by the Laws of the Land. He who violates the former, would also the latter, were the Gallows out of the Way. But the Self-love and Cowardice of vile Natures, by setting Bounds to their Pravity, become some Security to Mankind; for an Animal that will

P R E F A C E.

will venture a Kicking, may for all that be very careful of his Neck.


THIS little Performance is the more likely to be read, because our new Books of Entertainment are but few.



THE



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An Account of the AUTHOR.



HAVING set up for an Author, it is expedient, like others, who have gone before me, that I give the Town some true and faithful History of my self.

I presume, every one, who knows any thing of the *British* Nation, will take it for granted, that being a *Welshman*, I must have Noble Blood in my Veins. I am therefore a *Gentleman by Nation*; I was born in *Glamorganshire*; and my Family, like the great *Buchanan's*, was rather ancient than rich. My Mother used frequently to mention a Tradition very current among her Relations, that one of her Line was once very near being made a Lord, but before his Patent was passed, he was hang'd for Horse-stealing; whereas, had he but got it once in his Pocket, no sort of Felony

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could

could have hurt him. This happened before the Arrival of *Julius Caesar* in this Island, and is frequently mention'd by my Mother's Kindred to this Day, to the Honour of our Ancestor aforesaid. She had also an Uncle in K. *Charles II's* Reign, who having great Ambition, and resolving to get Preferment, starved honourably about this Town for Six or Seven Years in hopes of it; and at last, by his Personal Interest with that Monarch, was made an Exciseman, with a Promise of the first White-Staff that fell. But she owns he never was made a first Minister; for while he was every Day expecting a Letter from his Majesty, and a Call to the Council-Table, he died of a Surfeit of Leeks and Brandy at an Alehouse in *Monmouth*, to the great Grief and Loss of the Family, who, with him, lost all their Hopes. It is certain, that at the Time of his unhappy Departure, he expected in a Week's time to see himself Lord-Steward of the Household, and had for that Purpose taken a Place in the *London Waggon*, in order to be carried to Court: So sure was he of his Point. My good Mother, who loves her Kinsfolk, takes no small Delight in telling us of her elder Brother's considerable Fortune; *David Morgan* is the Man, who, after being a Foot Soldier thirty Years, has distinguished himself so eminently in the Service, that t'other Day he was actually preferred to a Halbert, being made a Serjeant in *Sabin's* Regiment, not without the aspiring Hopes of a Pair of Colours, some time or other, before he dies, to the Honour of his Family,

Family, and the Advantage of his Wife and six Children, for whom he has not hitherto made any considerable Provision.

My Father moreover boasts the Antiquity of his House, and the eminent Men it has produced. He has a great Spirit ; and tho' he is forced to stoop to get into his Cottage, yet he looks very big when he is there. He says, his Grandfather's great Grandfather was a wealthy Gentleman, he could count twenty Cows, fifty Head of Sheep, and several Goats, and call them ALL his own. It was once talked, that he was to have been a *Welch* Justice of the Peace, but his hard-hearted Landlord came and swept away all he had for Arrears of Rent, and utterly spoiled his Squireship. After this, the Dignity of his Family and the Greatness of his Soul not permitting him to soil his Blood with any Trade, he built him a Hovel on the Side of a Ditch by the Highway, and hanging out his Besom, sold Ale and Tobacco ; in this Station he liv'd in great Reputation to his dying Day. He had another Ancestor, who was famous for breaking and backing of Colts, which being no Handicraft in *Law*, could not fully the Honour of his Name or Posterity. But once riding away with a young handsome Horse, that was sent to School to him, and not returning so soon as he should have done, he was apprehended and fetched back by Force, and lodged in the County-Goal among other *mean born* Thieves ; which he resented highly. At the Assizes he had his Tryal ; and tho' he stood greatly up-

on his Honour, and enumerated his famous Ancestors to the Court; yet the Judge and Jury did not use him at all like a *Gentleman*; he suffered the Law like any other *base-born* Felon. He died bravely, and left behind him, at the Gallows, excellent Advice to his Family, strictly ordering and recommending, that *none of his Children should be put Prentices*; which dying Words of his were piously and faithfully obeyed; for they dutifully starved three Parts of the Year, and one Part of it they strolled about *England* for Harvest-work. A third Relation of his, whose Memory he honours highly, kept an Alehouse near *St. David's*, in a Parish of which he was Parson. No Man in that Country sold better Ale, or preached better Sermons, or play'd a Jig better than this our Reverend Kinsman; his Name and Reputation are still dear to us; he left my Father his best Crowd.

Thus much of my Family. Now for my self. My Mother having nursed a Child for a Gentlewoman in the Neighbourhood, the said Child being about my own Age, took a great Liking to me, and never cared to be from me; and so when he was taken Home to his Father's, I was taken Home with him, and there learned to read and write; an Accomplishment unknown in our Family in the Memory of Man, except in the Instance of the Parson just now cited! I also learned *Latin*, and *Greek*, and *French*, of all which Languages even our said Cousin was utterly ignorant, tho' he was reckon'd a judicious Explainer of hard Texts.

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The Gentleman's Steward, who was an eminent Attorney in the Neighbourhood, would now have gladly taken me for a Clerk, and the Gentleman himself would have given a Sum of Money with me. But my indulgent Parents hearing of the great Dishonour intended to their Family, by binding their Son in Indentures, came in great Wrath and fetched me away. They told me, " That it would " have been better for me, and more for my " Honour, never to have learned a Letter, " and remained in the laudable and hereditary Ignorance of the Family, than to be " bound to any Man living : That I might do " any Thing else, with all their Hearts, provided I did not break them by going Prentice ; " that I might keep Goats, or help to drive " Cattle over the *Severn* ; or go over into " *England* a mowing Grass, or cutting down " Corn, with other *Welsh* Gentlemen, my " Kinsmen and Neighbours : But to go Prentice ! — Here my Mother cried bitterly, and tore her Hair : But, my Father bid her comfort herself, *for splutter Nails ! Hur Son should never co Prentice, he should peg hur Pread first.* This pacify'd my Mother, and made her Heart easy.

I lived miserably at Home for about a Fortnight ; sometimes I went a Fishing for Victuals ; and sometimes gathering Heath for Fewel ; at last, Heaven be praised, I was relieved, and yet the Honour of my Family saved. My young Master was going to the University, and God inspired his Father to send me along

with him. I went thither full of the *Church* and the *Martyr*, and of the Importance, Learning and Sanctity of *Oxford*. In Consequence of these Prepossessions, I came freely, and blindly, and impiously, into all their Notions and their Healths, and their Cant, and thought them all hallowed. I did as the rest did, and drank down vast Quantities of Ale and Sediton.

I lived in this Manner for Two Years, and then, getting acquainted with a sensible Fellow of the *Constitution Club*, he lent me, and perswaded me to read, *Locke upon Humane Understanding*, and upon *Government*, with his *Letters concerning Toleration*. The strong Reason, and invincible Truth, which run thro' these Books, made such strange and sudden Impression upon me, that I became like One awakened out of a ridiculous and turbulent Dream, into the Exercise of his Sense and Understanding; I grew, all of a sudden, sober and studious, which rendered me presently suspected to the University of ill Principles; besides, the above-mentioned Books were found in my Room, which confirmed me an Apostate from the Principles of the Place. The first Opportunity was therefore taken to expel me; which I soon gave them, by erecting a Bonfire on King George's Birth-Day, and drinking his Health to one of the Fellows of *St. John's College*.

Having, by my Loyalty and Sobriety, and *pernicious Reason*, scandalized the University, and merited Expulsion from thence; I was hard put to it how to dispose of myself; I had not enough of any popular Science, to live by it;

it; and I was so well qualified for Holy Orders, that I despair'd of ever obtaining them. I was *Moral*, and had the Reputation of a *Scholar*: But I had been busy with *Reason*, and was notoriously well-affected to Human Understanding, and the present Government; for which grievous Errors, and damnable Crimes, I had the Brand of the University put upon me. My Friend, the Squire's eldest Son, took Part with the College against me, and continued true to *Oxford*, and *Oxford-Ale*, which is the Study he delights in, and is encouraged in. He is taught that, what signifies Learning to him, who is only to be Knight of the Shire, and a Member of *Parliament*? And with this Instruction he is extremely well satisfied. For, we must know, that tho' it is necessary for any *vulgar Cub*, who is to be a little *Country Curate*, or *School-Master*, to have his Head perplexed with Logick enough to improve his want of Sense, and make him impertinent, or, in other Words, to qualify him for taking Orders; yet any kind of Learning, especially of useful Learning, is thought at *Oxford*, unsuitable to a Gentleman, who is only to be one of the Keepers of the Liberties of his Country, and one of the Makers of its Laws. And it is very true, that the *Pedantry* which passeth there for Learning would spoil any *Gentleman*, and entitle him to another Name. And for that sound and generous Learning, which enlarges the Heart and the Faculties, and improves Human Reason (and what does not that, deserves not the Name of Learning) it

is far above the Capacity of the *present Professors*, and utterly opposite to the *Genius* and *Politicks* of the Place.

In this Perplexity and Straitness of my Affairs, I stragled up to this Town, thinking it every whit as comfortable to starve in *London*, like a *Scholar*, as in my own Country, like a *Gentleman*; tho' perhaps it may not appear quite so *Honourable* to the high Spirits of my *Ancient Nation* and *Family*.

When I arrived at my Inn, I saw a thin pale Spectre of a Man walking in the Yard, as if he wanted something, and yet had nothing to do. Being curious who this *Human Phantome* might be, I was told he was a Book-seller in the *Strand*, who, every Day that the Coach or Waggon came in, hawked at the Inn for *Oxford Scholars*, as Fishmongers do at *Billingsgate* for a Mackrel Boat.

Before my Informer had done speaking, this *Living Ghost*, who, it seems, haunts most of the Garrets in *Grubstreet*, clapped his Glass to his Eye, and drawing up the dry Skin of his Face into a hideous Form, fell a kenning me for some Time, and then approached me. He told me, that having a particular Veneration for the University, he was proud of being acquainted with every Gentleman that came from thence, that he presumed I came from *Oxford*. I told him I did: *Sir*, says he, *I Honour that Learned Body. There's the Seat of the Muses! there's the Fountain of Learning! Sir, I Honour the University.* Here I told him that he must then honour me very much, for
that

that she had expelled me ——— *How, Sir, Expelled you, Sir!* quoth the Ghost; *I am not Sir, at all amazed at it! just so she serves every Ingenious Man!* I know Oxford very well; (here he damned it) *Sir, will you accept of a Pint of Wine?* I Honour you for your Misfortune ——— pray, dear Sir, let me welcome you to Town with a Glass of Wine.

I wondred at the Aspect and Behaviour of the Man; but submitted, like a Well-bred Person, to his Courtesy. While we were over our Liquor, he railed at the University, with great Fluency and Bitterness of Words, out of a pure Zeal to me, for whom his Kindness encreased every Moment; he presently knew me better than I did, and obliged me with a very pretty Character of myself. He made it plain to me, that I had a *fine Genius*, and a *World of Merit*; he added, that the Town was quite destitute of Wits and good Writers; and oh! how glibly it would swallow any *Satire* or *Lampoon*, or any *Case of Bawdy and Divorce*, or any *Narrative about Witches*, or any *Translation*, or any *Second Part*, or any good *Imitation*, or any *Last Will and Testament*; says he, *I don't doubt but you have some good Things by you*; and invited me to dine with him next Day.

When I came to his House, he made a shift to know me presently, with the Assistance of his *Third Eye*; he told me, that my Lord such a One desired to see me, (now thought I my Fortune is made.) But quoth he, *I wish we had something of your's to shew his Lordship:*

It will increase the good Impressions I have given him of you. Here, transported as I was, I lugged out a Pocket full of Lucubrations, and presented them with a *thankful Heart*, and a genteel *University Scrape*, to my kind Friend the Ghost.

Next Time I saw him, *my Lord* had perused my *Poems* with infinite Delight; nay, his Lordship presented his Humble Service to me, and begged of all Things in the World they might be printed. At these Words, I was afraid my Heart would have skipp'd out of its Skin: I already felt myself rolling about in my Chariot. With my *most humbly Duty* to his Lordship, I consented, and instantly I was *in Print*. My loving Friend, the Ghost, advised me to defer my Visit to his Lordship, till I could present him with One of my Books. Here again I was all Submission.

The Book came out, but still *my Lord* was sick, or out of Town, or to be married, and I was to wait upon his Lordship *next Week* for half a Year together; during which time I and my Landlord (for I was now at Bed and Board with the Ghost) writ several other Books, and *Answers* to those Books, and *Replies* to those *Answers*, and *Confutations* of those *Replies*, and so forth; for all which I had several half Crowns of him at several times, and he had several Notes of me for the same; for it so always happened, that he never got a Farthing by any thing of mine, tho' it came to a fourth Edition, and tho' he was eternally and sinfully tempting me to defile more Paper.

In the End, out of Tenderness to me, he put on a strenuous Resolution to know of my Lord, when, *precisely*, he would be waited on; and for that Purpose one Evening he went out, and I went after him; I dogged him into a Tavern in the *Strand*, and out of it again, and so Home. I was grieved to see myself so deceived and abused, — Next Morning he came to my Bed-side, with twenty Compliments and Petitions for Pardon from my Lord, who invited me to dine with him that Day Sennight, which never came.

Having made this Discovery, I began to doubt whether he was at all known to my Lord; and to be fully satisfied, I went one Morning to his Lordship's House, when the Ghost said he would be there, and asked the Porter if Mr. — was there, naming the Ghost? *Sir*, says he, *I know no such Man*. I beg'd him to know of my Lord, whether he had been with him that Morning? The civil Porter did so, and brought me back Word that my Lord swore a great Oath, and ask'd what Business he should have with that R—? Why, says his Lordship, *By — I should not know the Rascal's Face if I met him in the Street.*

Instantly I returned Home; and having put up my Books, my Linnen, and *all* my other Moveables, in a Sheet of whited-brown Paper, I descended from my fourth Story at the Ghost's, and left him, and his House, with a true *Welch* Heart, full of Ire and Resentment; not at all abated by empty Pockets. I have now
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taken a Room only up three Pair of Stairs backwards, at a Printer's in *Little-Britain*, where I hope to thrive better; and therefore, O indulgent Reader, encourage this Work, which, if it prospers, so shall I also prosper.

N. B. The Ghost, who, besides his other Trade, is also a Clap-Doctor, would fain have initiated me in the Mysteries of *Drury-Lane*, in order to get off a few of his Pocky-Packets; but tho' he tempted me with all his Might, and offered me several Mistresses of *Men of Quality*, yet I obstinately persisted in my Health, and was never his Customer.

The Ghost has sold a Book of mine, which never had but one Impression, under Five and Twenty different Titles already, and I hear he will advertise it next Week with a Six and Twentieth.

Of the Bubbles.

THE World has often been ruled by Men, who were themselves ruled by the worst Qualities, and most sordid Views. *The Prince*, says a great *French* Politician, governs the People, and Interest governs the Prince.

The Manner by which Men climb to Greatness, makes no Difference in the Respect paid them by the People: A King, who makes his Way to a Throne by the Means of Blood and Treachery, meets with the same Incense which

which is presented to the virtuous Monarch; who comes to Empire honestly by Choice, or quietly by Descent; and a Minister, who gets his Staff by Sycophancy, and keeps it by Lies and Oppression, is not less adored, than the Statesman who owes his Exaltation to great Abilities and pure Merit.

Hence it comes to pass, that few Men care how they rise in the World, so they do but rise: They know that Success expiates all Rogueries, and never misses Reverence; and that he, who was called Villain, or Murderer in the Race, is often christened *SAINT* or *HERO* at the Goal. The present Possession of Money or Power, is always a ready Patent for Respect and Submission. He that gets a Hundred Thousand Pounds by a Bubble, that is, by selling a Bag of Wind to his credulous Countrymen, is a greater Idol in every Coffee-House in Town, than he who is worth but Ninety Thousand, tho' acquired by honest Trading or ingenious Arts, which profit Mankind, and bring Credit to his Country: And thus every *South-Sea* Cub, shall, by the sole Merit of his *MILLION*, vie for Respect and Followers with any Lord in the Land, tho' it should strangely happen, as it sometimes does, that his Lordship's Virtues and Parts ennoble his Title and Quality. It matters not, whether your Father was a Tinker, and you, his worthy Son, a *Broker* or a *Sharper*, provided you be but a *South Sea Man*; if you are but that, the whole Earth is your humble Servant.

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The Behaviour therefore of Mankind having shewn, that they think Money the *CHIEF GOOD*, it is no wonder that Pride follows Riches, and that he who bears a heavy Purse, bears likewise a stately Brow; when he sees all Men adore him, it is very natural for him to adore himself, and to exalt his own Head in Proportion, as others debase theirs.

At present, nothing further is necessary towards getting an Estate, that is Merit and Respect, than a little Money, much Roguery, and many Lies. With what Indignation have I beheld a Peer of the Realm courting the good Graces of a little Haberdasher with great Cash, and begging a few Shares in a Bubble which the honourable *Goodman Bever* had just then invented to cheat his Fellow-Citizens!

But exalted Boobies being below Satyr, I shall here only consider a little the Mischiefs brought upon the Publick by the Projects which bring them their Wealth. It is melancholly to consider that Power follows Property, when we consider at the same Time into what vile Hands that Property is fallen, and by what vile Means, even by Bubbles and direct Cheating.

Of our Second-hand Bubbles, I blame not one more than another, their Name shews their Nature. The *GREAT BUBBLE* of All set them an Example, and began first. By it immense Fortunes have been got to particular Men, most of them obscure and unheard of; happy for their own Characters, and for the Nation's Trade, if they had still remained so. I hope our All is not yet at the

Mercy

Mercy of Sharpers ; ignorant, mercenary Sharpers : but I should be glad to see it prov'd that it will not be so. Are we a Trading Nation ? Where is our Trade ? Consult the Books of Export ; number the Ships that go laden out of the River, and the Stagnation and Ruin of Trade will stand confessed. There's one Comfort remaining to the City of *London*, from the miserable Loss of that Trade, which rendred that City so long the Mark and Envy of Nations ; in Case of a great Frost, our Ships will make as good Fires as *Newcastle* Coals.

Do our People and our Poor subsist by Manufacture ? Where is our Manufacture ? Even at almost an utter Stand ; while a few are getting Millions here in Town, many want Work and Bread in all the Trading Towns through the Nation ; and personal Prosperity is built upon the Ruins of the Publick.

Of the same.

EVERY *Religion* which refuses to tolerate other *Religions*, charges itself, by so doing, with *Tyranny* and *Imposture* ; for no *Religion* can be true that is not merciful, nor merciful if it punishes Men for their *Faith*.

There are but few *Societies*, that look with a kind Eye upon each other ; even where they have not, for their Basis or Chief End, the Acquisition and Preservation of Riches and

and Dominion, which are the most jealous Things in Nature, as they are the hardest to come at. They will be piquing themselves upon Point of Reputation, and some will be striving to appear great, by representing others as little : All *Clubs*, whether they be *Worldly* or *Ghostly*, have their *Rival Clubs*; and their Love of themselves makes them hate one another, tho' it must be owned, that your *Holy Clubs* have been ever the most Bitter and Bloody of all others.

But it has so happen'd, that at present a great Share of our Zeal and Violence for the Church, is changed into a Zeal for the Stocks; and the Reason is plain, there is now-a-Days more to be got by the *Alley* than the *Altar*; so that whenever you hear a Sermon, extorted out of the Gospel, against the *South-Sea*, you may swear the *Parson* has got nothing there.

But to return to my Discourse upon *Clubs*: If we would preserve all the distinct Societies in the Common-wealth, whether they be for *Speculations* and *Mysteries*, or for *Trade*, or for *Physick*, or for *Arts* and *Sciences*: I say, if we would preserve them safe, and independent of each other, we must not endow one with Privileges destructive of all the rest. In the Business of *Companies* and *Stock-Jobbing*, for Example, if you do not keep an equal Hand, your Partiality will infallibly beget *Persecution* on one Hand, and *Oppression* on the other; *Interest* teaches all Men *Zeal*, *Stock-Jobbers* as well as *Churchmen*; and that *Zeal*,

if you put a Knife in its Hand, will be sporting with Misery, and dabbling in Blood.

All Men, as I humbly conceive, have an equal Right to *cheat* the Publick, tho' every Man, if you would let him, would keep the whole Advantage of Cheating it to himself: It is nothing to the Nation, whether it be bubbled by the *North* or the *South*; but it is of much Importance to Mr. *South*, and Mr. *North*, which of them shall be the happy Man, and the *privileged Bubbler*. If the People will be buying Bags of Wind at a great Price, it matters not a Farthing, who is the Seller, provided that to make the Market more plausible, he has got a *Licensed Bag*; one Man's blown Bladder is good as another's, and they are only Arts and great Names that makes the Difference.

We have at present, in this Land, a great Number of *Wind-Sellers*, who are daily forming themselves into Societies, and taking in Subscriptions for improving and carrying on the Trade and Mystery of *Wind*: This *Wind* is of several *Climates*, according to the several Fancies or Guesses of the *Projectors*. Some have chosen for their Portion a large Region of Wind beyond Sea, toward the South of *America*, and they have talked many Years of sending thither great Numbers of Ships for the Company, on this profitable and *substantial* Trade; but the Voyage is so long, that tho' the Lading be *exceeding light*, yet I do not find that any of the said Ships have yet arrived in our River, or perhaps they have
not

not got out of it. Others go *Northward* for their Wind, to *Germany, Greenland, or the Orca-des*, where there is Store of *rare bleak Winds* at *reasonable Rates*: Others again, who love a warmer Sun, have invented their Wind in certain *American Islands*, and these last boast that their Wind is the most gainful Wind of all.

Now all these worthy Gentlemen agree in this, they sell their Wind before it is caught; for, say they, we cannot *Purchase* nor *Manufacture* our Wind, without some ready Money; and so they sell you a swinging Parcel of wild Wind for a small Price, and you are to be put in Possession of it as soon as 'tis caught and tamed.

Now all these fair Dealers were going on and getting their Thousands by their said Trades, till a certain great Wind Company in Town, who would engross the whole Commodity to themselves, took a cruel Resolution to crush these their Brethern and Rivals: In order to this, they did not pretend, that their Wind was a Bit better than any other Wind in the Alley: No, their Consciences would not let them go that length; so they only alledged, that their Bags were *Stamp'd Bags*, and their Wind was *Excised Wind*; whereas, said they, all the other Corporations of *Wind-Merchants* are no better than *Smuglers*. This Plea was allowed to be good by the Bench, (for the Thing was try'd at a Quarter Sessions) and so the Sale of all other Wind was strictly prohibited.

Here

Here then is the Beginning of the *Persecution* in the *Alley*. The *Establish'd Jobbers* have pronounced all that *Jobb* upon *private Judgment*, *Interlopers* and *Fanaticks*, and called upon the *Secular Arm* to crush them, *else*, say they, *this our Craft* and our *Wind* will be *set at nought*; and hereupon they all cried with one Accord, *Great is the SOUTH WIND*.

The *Dissenting Bubbles*, being all thus doom'd *Schismaticks*, are in a gasping Condition, expostulating and complaining, that in a free Country, and a projecting Age, all the ingenious *Refiners* and *Sellers* of *Wind* are not equally *tolerated*.

Say they, very judiciously, and very truly, *We are all agreed in FUNDAMENTALS*, namely, in raising Millions out of Nothing, and in sacrificing all other Trade and Manufactures to the Trade and Mystery of *WIND*; and yet we are persecuted by Men who deal in nothing else but *WIND*.

Of Stock-Jobbers.

I Must beg my Readers, for the Benefit of the present Age, as well as for the Advantage of Posterity, to allow me a little more Conversation with them, about the unhappy Circumstances of my Countrymen, who are engag'd
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in the great Affairs of *Exchange-Alley*: How easily are Men betwixt'd into *Ruin* and *Misery*! The Stocks continue falling, and many Thousands are, by the Hopes of *excessive Gain*, reduced to *absolute Beggary*. *High Expectations* and *great Plenty* are succeeded by *general Diffidence*, *prevailing Fears*, *Bankruptcy* and *Poverty*.

It is dismal and mournful to behold the melancholly desponding Looks which one every where meets with, both in the Center and Suburbs of the City. The Distraction, Apprehensions, and Desolation that at present reign in the Hearts and Circumstances of the People, are indeed almost universal; all Ranks of Men suffer. It is however to be observed, that many of those who so largely contributed to undo Trade and Manufacture, are themselves undone by the Stocks. Men have, as it were, madly clubbed to destroy their Country, and themselves; nor does this their own woful Fate excuse or extenuate their Fault. Their own Misery is the Effect of their Blindness, but the Publick is not hurt thro' Ignorance. The Overthrow of Trade, and the Discouragement of Industry, are Crimes which they have committed with their Eyes open.

People have almost ventur'd without a Chance for getting; they had a Hundred to One against them: Their principal Dependance in many Cases were placed upon the Faith and Honesty of a Knot of Knaves; who being under no Restraint, but the fear of hanging,
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are not under any Restraint at all, while they have so many Thousands in their Pocket: Alas, if a Traytor has but Money enough, what room has he to fear an Ax or a Halter! I could give Instances, but I spare the present Generation.

I was Yesterday in the *Alley*, that infamous Spot of Earth, where a few Miscreants thrive at the Expence of their Country, and Treachery preys upon Credulity: There I was shewn an unhappy Man (*amongst many others*,) with this Account of him: He had a good Estate in the Country, which brought him in a plentiful Income of 1500 *l.* a Year; but this did not satisfy him; he wanted to be worth a Million, and his Wife to be a Dutchess; it cut the Hearts both of him and her to behold *little prim, prick-ear'd Citizens* wallowing in Luxury, and boasting their *Hundred Thousands*, while they themselves, who were People of Breeding, and had never stood behind Compters, were forced to sit down with their original Fortune, which only afforded them *enough*: He therefore turned his whole Estate into Money, and brought his whole Money into the *Alley*; and behold the Effect! Two Months ago he had 45000 *l.* but it's now all gone, and 10000 *l.* into the Bargain; and all the miserable Man has left is, *a Wife and seven Children*.

Stock jobbing is the accursed Art of preying upon one another, and of *cheating* and being *cheated* by Consent. One cannot get in this abominable Mystery, what another does not lose; and a Bargain struck between two
Stock-

Stock-jobbers, is only a Trial of Skill, which of them two shall prove the luckier Knave: But whoever gets, the Nation certainly loses: and all Ranks of Men engaged, run into real Expence and Luxury, without real Wealth; and the Kingdom becomes most prodigal, when it is most decaying; which is also the Sign and Behaviour of particular Bankrupts, when they are first becoming such.

This Nation cannot, nor never did thrive but by Industry and Trading, *both of which, are much at a stand for the present, by the ingenuous and publick-spirited Management of Stock-jobbers, and of those who abet them for the Sake of going Snacks.* A potent Body of Men! And yet in spite of both, the Credit of Jobbing seems expiring, and the People, at last, seem appriz'd of a merciless Conspiracy, to deceive and plunder a free, believing Nation, to enrich a vile Tribe of Stockjobbers. *Thank God, they want the arbitrary Engines of France to support Projects borrowed from France:* We are yet free; and I am told, that *Jack Ketch* has very powerful and very plausible Hopes of making his Fortune this Winter, and of stripping those who would strip the Kingdom. I must own, it would be very natural, and not unpleasing to one possessed with the honest Principles of Liberty and Justice, to see the *Spoilers* of a free People *spoiled* by the Hangman,

Of

Of South-Sea Directors.

THE greatest *Empires*, and the mightiest *Stock-jobbers*, have frequently risen from small Beginnings. The Kingdom of *Macedon* was but a despicable Kingdom, till *Philip* and *Alexander* came to be *Directors* of it; nor were Sir —, and Sir —, at present two potent Emperors, of a more Noble Original than the Kingdom of *Macedon*; tho' they are, in this our Day, Names of much greater Importance, than those of *Alexander* the Great, and his Father *Philip*: Nay, it is confidently asserted by some considerable Antiquaries, that none of the *Roman Emperors*, tho' often basely born, nor any of the *Heathens Gods*, however dishonestly begot, could boast an humbler Beginning than our great Sir I —-n, the famous *Heathen God*, and *Cobler of Stocks*, who from an humble Stall, the inglorious Scene of his Infancy, by *Figures* and *Conjuring*, brought a whole People to enrich and adore him, at the Expence of their *Estates*, and their Senses.

But as it happened to *Cæsar*, *Alexander*, and several other of the principal *Directors* and *Disturbers* of the Affairs of Mankind, that they have been often snatched away by uncourteous

courteous and disastrous Destiny, and their Estates have suffered amazing Revolutions; even so it is justly apprehended that many, alas! too many of our *Dictators in Stock*, and *absolute Monarchs of the Alley*, will fall, or rather rise, by the *basest Blow of Fate*. This considerable Comfort will, however, attend them, that they will die *nearer Heaven* than ever they lived; or ever they will live after they are dead; for it is written, *that the Spirit of a Beast goeth downward*.

There are already several mournful Prefaces of their approaching Doom, and their *evil Genius* does already haunt them. Wherever they go, they are pursued by the *Mob* and the *Ravens*, the former hoot them on every Side, and the latter croak over their Heads; at the Name of *De Wit* they tremble; at the Name of *Jack Ketch* they wax pale. The Sight of *Timber* puts them into Agonies, and when they enter into a Door, they shut fast their Eyes, from the Dread of beholding a *Post*: A *dry Salter* is their Aversion, for lo! he dealeth in *Hemp*, and they swear at the Sight of a *Sessions Paper*. If a Man, having Business with them, pass one of them upon the Shoulder, he starts, looks wild, and pulls out his Purse, as who should say, *Take this Bribe, and let me run away*.

It is thought, that having ruined all Trade, and *sandified* all Knavery, they were in hopes for *filthy Self Ends*, to have utterly ruin'd Mr. *Ketch's* Trade also; and had their raw Empire been a little established, probably
honest

they might have succeeded, and stopped the honest Course of our Gallows, as effectually as they have stopped the Course of our Navigation, and our Industry. But *Jack* being a discerning Fellow, and wisely foreseeing that what Men are born to, will necessarily befall them, is going to set up his Equipage as well as they, and hopes to maintain it more honestly out of their Spoils, than they do theirs out of the Spoils of a seduced People.

Such is the woful Plight they are in, such the terrible Prospect before them; Money will not do, a whole Nation may be *betray'd*, but a whole Nation cannot be bribed: When the People have been up, a *Million* has not been able to save *one Throat*.

To shew them that their Fate begins to operate in good earnest, their Noses are daily put in mind of what their Necks may soon expect from the Publick Justice. This is an unlucky Omen; for there is such a strict Confederacy between these two Members, that they seldom suffer separately, and in some Diseases, I am told, never.

These Princely Jobbers feel likewise frequent Marks of the Peoples Favour at their *other End*, and receive *sensible Warnings* from their very Posteriors. But their great and principal Monitor is the *Nose*, which by the many *Tweaks* and *Convulsions* it feels, foretels its miserable and short Duration; and when that is gone, will the Persecution cease? Verily nay! Not satiated with demolishing the comely *Sceptre* of the Face, it will rage against the

rest of the Fabrick, and make Martyrs of Member after Member, till it has not left one Muscle upon another. *Woe be to you Stock-jobbers and Traytors ; you are exalted into Chariots, but you shall be cast down into Carts.*

The greatest Felicity that can, at present, attend a *Director* of a *Bubble*, is to have ne'er a *Nose* at all, or to be blessed with a short one ; for then *Revenge* not meeting a sufficient Handle in the *Front*, will naturally fall upon the *Rear* ; where, tho' its Marks may prove *black* and *blue*, and very grievous to be born, yet will they remain hid, and consequently unknown to all but those who saw them given ; whereas a *Pinch* in the *Snout* proclaim its own Infamy to all that behold it, and is Matter of *Fear* as well as *Sorrow*.

Now, to those great *Heroes* in *Stock*, who are neither blessed with a *short Nose*, nor ne'er a *Nose*, I would humbly propose a Piece of Advice : I do not pretend to advise them to run away from their *Roguery*, and do honestly by the Publick ; *no, no such Matter* : I shall advise them to nothing but what is possible : *Let them but soak their Noses thrice a Day in Oil*, and it will enable them to beguile the Gripe of the hardest Mastiff in the *Alley*.

This Receipt will not do for their Necks, which I do not pretend to ensure. *God forbid* I should have any Share in stopping or disappointing the due Course of Justice.

But as Men are never *hanged* by the *Nose*, I am only proposing an Expedient to make it endure pulling with the more ease ; and I hope

hope I shall not for this my Ingenuity be blamed, as if I was partial to the *Noses* of these great and wealthy Men, any more than I am to their Persons. The whole Secret of my Kindness lies here: I hate to see disfigured Faces; and if every *Directing Money Monarch*, who has play'd the Rogue, carried a Purple Nose about him in Token thereof, I could not, without great Offence to my self, do my Business at the *S—S— House*.

But now, to conclude: Tho' many Powerful Princes, and Almighty Stock-jobbers, have risen to be so from small, and often sudden Beginnings; and tho' the Death of the latter will, in all Probability, have this in common with the Death of the former, that they will die in perfect Health; yet (which is wonderful) the World has paid a Regard to these Princes very different to that which it pays to Stock-jobbers. I never heard, that an Imperial Knave received a Kick in the Breech, or a Twang by the Nose; whereas it often happens, that the Hams of our most illustrious Stock-jobbers are, by such ugly Usage, render'd unfit to carry them; and then their Noses looked as if they were parboil'd.

Enquiring into the Causes of this unequal Treatment of Men, who are by different Means equal Enemies to Mankind, I find them to be these two: In the first Place, none of our Clergy have yet appeared so abandoned, as to found Stock-jobbing upon Divine Right; and in the second Place, there is scarce a Director, either of the South or the North Bubble,

who possesses one great or good Quality, to prevent or lessen the *general Detestation* of all Mankind.

Of AUTHORS.

EVERY Man being a considerable Person in his own Eyes, he thinks he appears, or ought to appear, to others such as he appears to himself; and that his Affairs are the Affairs of Mankind. Having dreamed himself into this Importance, he modestly desires the World to suspend their Business, and hold their Ears open till he has tired them with his Tale. Instances of this in private Life would be endless. If you visit a Lady, she entertains you with her uncommon Fancy in Dress, and in a Husband; or with what was said to her at a Ball; or with the eminent Wit and Endowments of her little Boy, aged just two Months and three Days, on such a Day of the Week, of all Days in the Year; or with the Number and Quality of her Acquaintance; or with her Skill in Jelly and Stomach Water. The Conversation of a Beau rolls upon much the same Subjects, but with more Impertinence and less Sense. A Soldier gives you a whole Afternoon's History of the Bullet in his Shoulder, or of the Life and Adventure of his late Leg:

Leg: The Oaths all the while flash in your Face, as if he still vomited the Gun-powder, which he once swallowed at *Namure*. The Tradesman praises to you with humble Breath the Goodness of his Goods, and makes you a Prose Elegy upon the much lamented Absence of his dearly beloved Cousin, *Ready Rino*. The Stock-Jobber, because the Stocks fill his Soul, will be eternally filling your Head with the Stocks. The Courtier annoys you with his endless and insipid Breeding; which of all the nauseous Things in the World, I know is the aptest to turn a sensible Stomach. "Send me sweet Heaven, I humbly beseech thee, any other Companion, a *Russian Bear*, "a *belching Pot-belly'd Alderman*, a *disputing Parson*, a *roaring, barking Fox-Hunter*; any Thing, any Thing, sweet Heaven! but the stupid soft Solemnity, the tasteless Grin, and the vile, unmeaning Wire drawn Complaisance of an *humble and vouchsafing Courtier*.

All, and every of these above-named grievous Offenders against good Sense, and the Drum of one's Ear, are still more pardonable, than a certain bold Species of Sinners, whom I am about to mention. I mean those Folks, who by themselves or others write Books, of which they make themselves, or their own Observations, the Subject. One particular Man thinks that he has something to communicate, which will oblige and edify the World, and every Man in it thinks the same. So to it they go, and the whole Earth turn Authors;

thors ; Woe is me ! My Heart throbs while I speak it.

Now, Brother World, and Gentlemen Authors, let me tell you, this Procedure is not at all just. I hope I may be allowed to know something of this Matter, it being my profess'd Trade ; and upon the best Computation I can make, I do not find that out of a Million of *Englishmen*, one can cull above Nine Hundred and Fifty Thousand solid and statutable Authors — Indeed, if we admit Triflers, Sonneteers, Conveyancers, Physicians, and the Army of Sermon-makers, there will not be one in the whole Million left unmark'd for the Standish. But leaving out these halting Scribes, and enrolling on the List of Authors only such as are Men of bright Genius, and deep Reading, I humbly conceive the Account will run no higher.

I have long wish'd that the Wisdom of the *Two Houses*, many of whom are themselves famous Authors, would put us their Brother Wits under some Regulations. *Hackney-Coaches* and *Hackney-Chairs* are under the Inspection of a certain Office appointed on Purpose ; and it seems strange that the Carriage Cattle of *Grub-street* are as yet tied down to no Limitations or Rules at all, either as to their Number, Limits or Wages ; as if WE were of less Consequence in a Commonwealth, than Draught-Horses and Chairmen ! This touches a sensible Spirit like mine, I being also partly concern'd. A Coach Horse, when he grows gouty, or doating, is laid aside

side as disabled, or superannuate : But an Author, tho' he is seized with Lameness or the Staggers, or grows blind with hard Labour, scorns for all that to drop his Pen ; albeit, that his Hand shakes, and his Mouth drivels, while he holds it : And it is certain he never will drop it, unless the Law takes Mercy upon him, and forces him to it — Be it therefore enacted — But I will not rob the Parliament of their just Power, nor forestal the Business and Glory of Mr. Lowndes.

But, some may say, *these Grey-Headed Wits, and several green ones, must write or starve.* To this the Answer is ready — Let the latter be sent to the *Plantations*, and for a *Quill* give them a *Spade*, which I engage they will handle with equal Dexterity ; and as to the *Beaux Esprits* of the decay'd Kind, let them be honoured with an *Alms house*. I myself would willingly have a Bed and a Bit after the Town is grown tired of me ; and yet I cannot promise them to maintain myself at my own Cost upon any Failure of my Genius, which God avert ! I must therefore, when that Time comes, humbly court either the fortunate Fate of that sublime City-Poet, Mr. *Elcanah S—le*, now residing in the *Charter-house*, or the more fortunate Fate of that ancient and memorable Songster, Mr. *T—D—y*, who, I am told, lets Lodgings at *Windsor*, in the Quality of a poor Knight thereof, but a happy one.

Whoever takes Pen in Hand, with an ambitious Purpose of coming forth in Print, demands Audience of Mankind, and expects their

their Attention and Approbation, while he chides them, and calls them Names; for there is scarce a Book or Paper that comes out, but calls the World a Fool or a Rascal to its Face, and sets up to chastise or instruct it. Every Author does in effect speak thus, or at least mean thus:

“ *Reader*, You are a damn’d silly Fellow,
 “ who knows nothing, but I have a Mind to
 “ make a Man of you; be ruled by me, and
 “ read with due Respect and Attention the
 “ following Books; which, as I hope to be
 “ saved, will teach you more Wisdom in half
 “ an Hour, than all the Books in the World
 “ could do since the beginning of it. *Sir*,
 “ there’s no such Book upon the Earth, if
 “ there was, I would not have publish’d this.
 “ Alas! Alas! That Mankind should live near
 “ Five Thousand Years in deep Ignorance;
 “ and they would have lived in the same Ig-
 “ norance Five Thousand Years longer, had I
 “ not luckily lighted my Torch of Knowledge,
 “ and sprung forth to illuminate the dark
 “ World. *Reader*, read, and be edified;
 “ otherwise I pronounce thee an impenetrable
 “ Dunce.

Of PROJECTORS.

THE Philosophers have defined Man in general to be *A Reasoning Animal*; which, with proper Restrictions and Explanations, may, for ought I know, be a proper Name for him: But if one was to define an *Englishman* in particular, especially since the miraculous Rise of Stocks, I do not know how it could be done better than by calling him, *A Projecting Animal*. I can foresee no Objection to this Definition, unless it be, that it fits only those who *catch* others, but not those who are caught themselves: But to this I answer, that as soon as the *Project* is on Foot, even those who do not understand it, fall a projecting: how to get by it, tho' it often happens that the *projecting* Gain ends in Loss.

There is a certain Word, which was formerly of no great Reputation, but has of late gained great Credit in the City, and has, at present, numerous Followers, and Votaries, in *Exchange Alley*; it is, in short, the most considerable, and most bewitching Word within the Liberties, except the Word *SOUTH-SEA*, which is *above All, and before All*, in Court, Coffee-House, and Country, (God preserve the King's Majesty!) the Word

BUBBLE is the Word I mean ; it signifies so many Things, that it is impossible to describe it in its full Extent ; but its principal End and Meaning is to get a Million or Two out of Nothing.

There are Two or Three other *Gentlemen Words*, which are of fashionable Importance, and Rivals to Mr. *Bubble* ; such as *Stock*, *Project*, *Chimera*, *Bear-Skin*, and the like modern Noun Substantives, which cannot stand by themselves : But as the Word *Bubble* carries in its Sound and Signification the full and true Meaning of all these other Words, which are only its Deputies and Representatives ; so it is in higher Vogue than they are, and has the Honour to be oftner mentioned.

The Manner of a Bubble is thus. Two or Three Millions are to be raised out of a few Half-Crowns, for some great Purpose never to be executed : Suppose for catching of Red-Herrings, and other Salt Fish ; or for improving the Manufacture of Raw Silk, for which we have too many Hands already ; or for carrying on some impracticable Trade, without Shipping, in unknown Countries ; or for making Remittances of Money from one Part of the Nation to another, which is already performed by every Shopkeeper in every Town. Now it is to be observed, that those who subscribe towards carrying on these great and gainful Undertakings, do not mean to carry them on at all, but only to sell their Shares to others ; who likewise do not mean to carry them on, but only to sell the said Shares.

Shares at a higher Price to new Buyers; who also do not mean to carry them on, but only to bite fresh Comers, who likewise have the same honest Aim.

I find a very good Account given of these Bubbles, in a late Pamphlet, entitled, *A Detection of the artful Schemes of the Dutch, and other foreign Lotteries, now on Foot, with occasional Remarks, &c.* in which the Author, at the End of his Book, speaks as follows.

“ If only a Million be subscribed, (which
 “ Term is so common, that we are like to
 “ lose the Use of the Words, *Thousands,*
 “ *Hundreds,* and other inferior Denominations)
 “ and but the one half *per Cent.* be called in,
 “ then the real Value of the Capital is 5000 *l.*
 “ the pretended Value, 1,000,000 *l.* and the
 “ fictitious Part thereof is 995,000 *l.* and if
 “ the Stock goes on rising 1, 2, 3, &c. *per*
 “ *Cent.* on the pretended Value, which will
 “ be 200, 400, 600, &c. *per Cent.* on the
 “ real Value; during this Rise *Exit Projector*
 “ to a new Scheme, and *Enter Bubble,* till
 “ the Stock is in new Hands, suppose at 10
 “ *per Cent.* Cost, which is 100,000 *l.* to which
 “ the 5000 *l.* is 12 *d.* in the Pound; but then
 “ (instead of adding Interest) deduct Expence
 “ of the Substance in Proportion to the Rise
 “ of the Stock, and there may remain one
 “ Penny in the Pound to the last Proprietors,
 “ provided Care to be taken not to run in
 “ Debt more than the Profits produce.

He also observes, that we have learned from the *Indian Cannibals*, the savage Practice of
 feeding

feeding upon one another ; and, in Truth, there is scarce one that comes into these Bubbles, but knows that in the End, all that are deeply concerned in them, must be greatly hurt, or quite ruined by them. A shameful inhuman Principle, to derive Profit to our selves knowingly, and avowedly, from the Loss and Ruin of others !

I was extremely diverted with an Advertisement in a News Paper about a Week ago ; I have not the Paper by me, but the Advertisement was to this Effect, “ That whereas
 “ there were Projects on Foot for the Improvement of the *British Fishery*, and (says the Author) great Quantities of Fish they
 “ are like to take ; and whereas the said Project, and the said great Quantities of Fish
 “ were like greatly to inhanche the Price of Butter ; therefore, in order to provide sufficient
 “ Sauce for the said great Quantities of Fish, several publick-spirited Gentlemen intended to
 “ raise by Subscription, a Sum of One or Two
 “ Millions for the Improvement of the Manufacture of Butter, &c.

The Advertisement concludes with a N. B. *That the Directors of this New Company intended to reserve to themselves, out of the said Subscription, but 50000 l. each.*

I do not believe there is Money enough upon the Face of the whole Earth, to answer all the Schemes and Projects contrived of late within the Precincts of *London and Westminster*. Wise therefore and seasonable was his Scheme, who publish'd Proposals not long since,

since, for discovering a New Source of Gold, by making a fresh Gash in our Mother Earth, and tearing up Mountains for hidden Treasure somewhere in the New World.

Indeed, so Mighty and Expensive are our modern Understandings, that I have long waited to see a Project on Foot, for removing the *Alps*, and draining the *Mediterranean Sea*. If nothing has hitherto been offered that Way, I presume the Reason is, because it has not been thought of: I therefore, who have started the Hint, do hereby make a Present of the same to *Messieurs Ram and Shales*, desiring only for the Reward of my Invention, a small Share of 500,000 *l.* in the Subscription for executing these noble Designs; other Advantage I desire none, being a Philosopher, and Contemner of Wealth, in the midst of a *Crooked and Stock-Jobbing Generation*.

Amongst so many Projects for Gain, I was long expecting the Broach and Publication of some *Moral Project* for the Encouragement and Promotion of Virtue; but I have since considered that there can be little Hopes of Profit or Success from such Project, and so I expected it no longer.

It is very odd, tho' these Bubbles destroy all Trade, and consequently prevent any Increase of our Gold and Silver; yet as every one of these Projects is only *Imagination and Sound*, so at present *Millions and Thousands* are as familiar in every Mouth, as were formerly *Pounds, Shillings and Pence*; insomuch that it is now a common Thing to hear a Cobler boast

boast of his *Thousands* in some new thriving Company, tho' at the same time he cannot pay five Shillings for a Quarter's Rent of his Stall, or half the Sum towards his Arrears at the Ale-House. To conclude these Thoughts upon modern Projecting: It is all *Delusion*, all *Destruction*; it is nothing but *deceiving*, and *being deceiv'd*; it puts an End to all honest Industry, and begets *Idleness*, *Pride*, *Knavery*, *Credulity*, *Necessity*, and *Despair*.

Of TRADE.

IT is easy to propose Difficulties and Doubts, whether in Politicks, in Trade, in Science, in Law or Religion; but it is not so easy to solve 'em: As a Fool may ask more Questions than Ten wise Men can answer. If I were to propose one very essential Question to the present Age, it should be, When will this Bubbling and Sharping, Tricking and Cheating one another, cease in the World? *When shall Gaming cease, and Trade return?*

A Tradesman running into Projects, seems, to me, to be like a Weaver contriving New Patterns, and running his whole Stock and Credit out upon the Venture; and, when he has done, and the Spring Trade comes in, some new Whim runs away with the Town's

Fancy,

Fancy, or some foreign Nick-Nack becomes the Fashion, or a general Mourning comes upon him, and all his projected fine Things are baulk'd and disappointed. And what is the Consequence of it all? Nothing, *but only* the Man is ruined, and others get the Money instead of him.

I am, indeed, for encouraging Arts and needful Improvements in Trade; I am for prompting Merchants to rational and probable Adventures, and Sailors to new Discoveries: These are all Things valuable in their Nature, solid in their Design, and gloriously advantageous in their Success.

By seeking out such Adventures and Discoveries, all our Increase in Colonies and Plantations has been produced: 'Twas by such happy Attempts that the famous Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, and his Assistants, settled the *British* Nation upon the Northern Continent of *America*; and, had he been encouraged, or rather, had he not been basely betray'd, he had settled us also upon the Southern Continent too; and the Power of *Great Britain*, in her Colonies and Islands, in that Part of the World, had been superiour, as well in Wealth as in Extent of Land, and in Strength of People, to all the Nations of the World that ever settled there: And perhaps, by this Time, we had wanted no *Affiento* to carry Negroes to *America*; no Licence to trade to the Gulph of *Mexico*; but the *South-Sea* had been our own, and all the Wealth and Glory of *America* paid Homage to King
G E O R G E. But

But Fate, and the ill Politicks of those Times hinder'd, and the Golden Mountains of *Chili*, the Silver Mines of *Porosi*, the Wealth of the richest Part of the World is sacrificed to the Lust and Sloth of the poorest and proudest Nation under the Sun. But this is by Way of Digression ; my present Design leads another Way : These noble Designs, these glorious Undertakings, cannot be call'd Projects, cannot be call'd Bubbles ; no no, far from it ; nor, as I can find, did all our Bubble-Projectors ever propose one Subscription for making Discoveries.

Where was the Set of Men that offered to subscribe to a Fund of Adventures, to search out the North-West Passages, to navigate to the Pole, and solve the Difficulty which all the Proficients in Geography speak of, only by Conjecture, *viz.* whether *Europe* and *America* join or no, or whether the *Tartarian* Ocean is to be travers'd or no ?

Have any Men, yet, subscribed to a Company for discovering the Continents or Islands in the Seas, more truly call'd *South-Seas* ? I mean, due South of the *Cape de Bona Speranza*, or due South of the *Terra del Fuogo*. Do we think there are any Lands worth possessing in all the vast Southern Tract, from forty or fifty Degrees South, to the other Pole of the World ? Why are not these Parts as well worth searching into, as the Bottoms and Deepes of *Hudson's* and *Davis's* Streights, or the Icy Mountains of the *Waggats* and *Nova Zembla* ?

But

But the Short of the Story is, that our Projects are all Bubbles, and calculated for *Exchange Alley* Discoveries; not for enlarging our Commerce, settling Colonies, and spreading the Dominions of our Sovereign from Pole to Pole.

Why has no bold Undertaker followed the glorious Sir *Walter Rawleigh* upon the River of *Amazon*, the *Rio Parano*, and the great *Oroonoque*, where Thousands of Nations remain undiscovered, and where the Wealth, the Fruitfulness of the Soil, the Goodness of the Climate, and the infinite Numbers of the People, exceed all that has ever been conquer'd or discovered in the *American World*?

But all is owing to the mercenary low Humour of the Times we live in; who, groveling in the baser Methods of getting Money by Fraud and Bite, by deceiving and over-reaching one another, scorn the glorious Ways by which our Ancestors grew rich; when they pursu'd, together with their private Advantages, the Honour and Interest of their native Country, and of their Posterity.

If our Subscriptions had been for such Things as these, and the Management had appeared to be as fair as the Design was honourable, we had never had an Act of Parliament to suppress them as publick Nuisances, and a Scandal to a Christian Government; but the *British* Nation would have been encouraged to exert herself to the utmost in them: Whereas now, we are all degenerated into Bubble and Bite; and the *Exchange*, as well as *Exchange-*

change Alley, is become a mere Gaming-Stage; where, instead of Merchants carrying on useful Commerce, we see Throngs of Setters and Cullies, sharpening and cheating one another.

Of TRAVELS.

AS every Man is, in his own Opinion, fit to come abroad in Print; so every Occasion that can put him upon prating to Mankind, is sufficient to set his Pen a running; provided he himself can hold the principal Character in his own Book. Old *de Montaigne* has given the World a Book, which is little less but a Muster-Roll of his own Appetites, Adventures and Infirmities, interspersed with cunning Speeches and numerous Quotations; which seldom are much to the Purpose, but brought in, as I conceive, to prove the memorable Frailty of his Memory, of which he is always complaining; and yet he shews, by a thousand Instances, that he has an extraordinary good one. This old Talkative Piece of *French* Vanity, is a good Author in the main, but he is good a Author by Chance: His special Drift was to fill a Volume with himself; he indeed says many good Things by the by, but no Thanks to his Design.

There

There is scarce a Man living, who does not think, that a compleat History of his Affairs would be a sensible Gratification to the Universe. We are a Generation of Scribblers; and if the Booksellers would but print every Book that is offered to them, as sometimes they do not, more through Fear than any Knowledge or Skill they have in the Matter, the whole World would not contain the Books that are and would be written.

A Citizen of my Acquaintance, who is something litigious, has been these Five and Twenty Years engaged in a *Chancery-Suit*: He says, it cannot last above Twelve Years longer; because, by that Time, the Defendant will not be worth a Groat, and therefore not be able to stand his Ground in that Court; which, being a Court of *E Q U I T Y*, is a dear one: And then, says my Friend, I will have my whole Case printed; it will make Forty pretty Pocket Volumes; and Mr. — will give me any Money for them, if I will take his Word for Payment, which is all the Coin the poor Man has to part with; and even that, alas! is not current: However, I will let him have my Work; he will garnish it with some instructive Bawdy.

If an ignorant Mariner goes a Coasting a Month or two to catch Herring or Mackerel, the first Thing he thinks of, after he comes Home, is the printing his Voyage. I have seen a Book of Voyages come forth in a smart Size, with a good decent Letter and Cover, and yet the most important Thing I could learn from it was, how the Wind fate two Years before

before upon the Coast of *Malabar* ; or how the Author dined heartily in such a Latitude upon a large *Porpoise*, and drank a Drachm of Rum after it.

There are Sermons enough in *St. Paul's Church Yard* to build another Cathedral, were the Matter solid enough.

Then for *Biography*, or the Lives of particular Persons, there is no End of them. If an honest dead Dunce has been but a Lord, or has writ an Epigram, or been a Dignitary in the Church, or endow'd a Vicaridge, — whip, you have forthwith his Life and Character, and perhaps a Funeral Sermon, naturally tacked to the End of the stupid Story.

I cannot, on this Occasion, omit an Epigraph which I lately met with near *Newberry*, in *Berks*.

“ Here lies interr'd the Body of B. B. Vicar of this Place: A little before his Death
“ he went to Law for the small *Tithes* of
“ his *Farm*, and recovered them; and is since
“ gone to receive the Reward of so GREAT
“ MERIT.

You observe, Reader, how this holy Vicar, knowing that *The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth Violence, and that the Violent take it by Force*, got it by the Dint of Squabbling: Happy Man! he purchased Paradise for himself, and Eggs and Apples for his Successors.

Of all the several Classes of Scribblers, there is not a sillier than that of your Authors of Travels. There are several Things com-

mon

mon to all these Travellers, and yet peculiar to every particular Traveller. In the first Place, every one of them has escaped some imminent Danger, which no Man was in before; either a Bridge has fallen under him, or a House over him, or Bravo's have set upon him, or his Horse has stumbled, or has broken his Shins. In the second Place, he meets with astonishing Instances of Respect at every Court, Convent, or Publick Place that he visits; some Dutchess dances with him, or some King drinks to him, or some Minister complements him, or some famous Antiquary shews him Cockle-Shells, and the like curious Rarities. In the third Place, he makes wonderful Remarks and Discoveries, that had not been made ever since the last Book of Travels came out, which made just the same: He lays it down for certain, that the Commonwealths of *Holland* and *Geneva* are both governed without a King; and if he is not mistaken, the King of *France* has more Power, and more Soldiers, than the King of *Great Britain*. *Holland* produces good Butter, and in *France* they wear wooden Shoes; he did not meet with a Bit of Bag-Pudding in *Italy*, except at an *English* Merchant's at *Leghorn*. He saw a fine Church at *Milan*, and another at *Rome*. N. B. *The Pope lives in the latter*. In some Cities he stays a Week, and gives you a full and true Account of their Civil and Ecclesiastical Polity, with the Manners of the People, their Trade and Manufactures; others he knows as well by Hear-say, and describes them

them every whit as accurately. It is Ten to One but for an irresistable Sample of his Sagacity, he talks of *habitable Lodging Rooms*, and acquaints you that a *Chamber of Thirty Foot Square will hold more People than one of Fifteen*. See the **GRAND TOUR** by a *Right Honourable Author*, or as he calls himself, *A Person of Honour*.

A Traveller, when once he takes it into his Head to be a Writer, does not blot Paper with the meer Purpose of giving his Readers a Detail of *Wonders* and *Remarkables* only: No! his Business is to entertain you with every paultry personal Nick-nack that came in his Way, whether it relates to his Back or his Belly.— Now, what the Devil is it to Mankind whether the Booby passed the *Alps* upon a Mule, or upon a Beast that is still nearer a-kin to him? or whether he dined upon Soup or Salmon? or whether he went such Stage in a Coach or a Gondola? The Truth is, a Book of Travels is often nothing else but a *Journal of the Author's necessary Occasions*.

I have at this time in my Hands a little Manuscript, intituled, **TRAVELS from EXETER to LONDON**, *with proper Observations*. By the Sagacity shewn in the Remarks, I take the Author to be some polite Squire of *Devon*; but the Spelling being better than is usually found in the Writings of that *Worshipful Set* of Men, I conceive he might have committed the Care and Decorations of the Style to the Parson of his Parish.

*Travels made and performed from
Exeter to London.*

IN our first Day's Journey nothing signal befel us, save that the Coachman stop'd at least a dozen times to drink and light his Pipe. Furthermore, a hard Shower of Rain fell upon us five Miles beyond *Dorchester*, but wet us not, we being in the Stage-Coach. We din'd this Day upon a Leg of Mutton and Spinnage, and had good *Southam* Cyder.

As soon as we came to our Inn, I took a View of *Dorchester*; it has a Market-House in the Middle of it, and there is a River running by it, in which it is credibly reported there is some Fish. We supp'd this Night upon a Neck of Mutton and Broth, and had some rare October, as pale as Sack, as soft as Sherry, and as strong as Brandy——Rare Beer, indeed!

When we came to *Piddle Town*, they brought us some Run Wine; it was small and lower, so that I (being also fasting) could not drink above a Quart thereof. When we came to *Blindford*, I also took a View thereof; it has also a Market House in the Center, and a River running by it, near unto which there is Store of Meadow Ground: I saw there a very comely Bay Gelding, lame of the String-halt——it was a thousand Pities. We dined this Day upon a good fat Gammon and Greens, and had moreover excellent October.

We

We stop'd in *Cranbourn Chase* at a small House upon the Highway; there I gulp'd a thwacking Glas of rare *French Brandy*, and eat a Bisket: The Ways here are very good, being all upon the Down; and you see on every Side Flocks of Sheep. We din'd this Day upon Beef and Carrots — The October not strong enough.

When we came to *Salisbury*, I walk'd into the Market-place, and round it, for at least a Quarter of an Hour, because I would be able to give a good Account of this City. It lies low, and has Water about it. It has a large Market-place, and they say they have a brave large Church; but our Beer at the Inn was very bad. We supp'd this Night on Bacon and Fowls — The October stark nought!

Stockbridge is famous for Store of Fish; upon which I concluded, before I saw it, that it had a good River near it, and it prov'd so. Here I drank some Butter'd Ale, and a Dram after it: Excellent *French Brandy*! *Sutton* has nothing extraordinary, but that it is a poor little ordinary Town. We din'd this Day upon a Hog's Face, and a Couple of Rabbits. No good Beer!

Basingstoke stands upon the Side of a Hill, and near it there is a Common; there is also hard by, a Deer-Park, belonging to some great Duke, but I know not who he may be; it is like he has a Place at Court, for they say he seldom lives there: Here we drank a Dram, and I jogg'd on.

We lay at *Hertford-Bridge*. It stands close by a good Heath, twenty Miles over for ought I know to the contrary. My Landlady was a Widow Woman, and a very good Woman she was——I never sup'd better in my Life.——

We had Bacon and Eggs, and a roasted Turkey, and some good brown Beer. As we went through the aforesaid Heath, we saw a Gibbet, where a Highwayman had been hang'd; may they all come to the same untimely Fate!

Egham is a long Town, not worth one's Pains to describe it so exactly as I have described the rest. There are two or three Inns in it, but ne'er a Market-House: Here I first saw the River *Thames*, and a lovely sweet River it is—we din'd at *Tim Harris's*: we had a Leg of boil'd Pork and Turnips, and some curious *Red Port*. The Maid of the House knew me; but I pretended not to know her; for I suppose she expected something from me; so I thought it became us Travellers to carry our Wits about us.

Brentford is the longest Town I ever saw: it stands upon the aforesaid River *Thames*, and has a Market House in it. Here I saw sitting upon a Bench in the Street, a grave, fat, old Gentleman, with Whiskers, and a Fur Cap; he had likewise on a long grave Coat, like a Gown; I bow'd to him, taking him to be Mayor of the Town, but they told me he was a Waterman, past Business—Here I drank half a Pint of *Lisbon*! very good!

D

Beyond

Beyond *HammerSmith* I began to see a great many fine Houses on both Sides of the afore-said River *Thames*; I was surprized to hear that many of them belonged to Tradesmen in the City; for I thought they had all along belong'd to *Noble Dukes*. Just as we came into *HammerSmith*, a Wheel broke off from the Coach; and while it was mending I went to an Ale-house, where I ask'd the Tapster several Questions about the Place and the People; as well knowing that we Travellers should improve our selves. He prov'd in Conversation to be an understanding Lad; for I found he had been once at a Grammar School; so when I paid for my Pint of Ale, I gave him a Penny over and above for himself. The Ale here was but poor Stuff. The Country hereabouts is well wooded, and very full of People.

At *Kensington* the King has a House, and a large Garden. Here are also several other Gardens very fine; but (more Shame is theirs) they sell whatever they produce. The Ale here also is stark naught. We went thro' *Hide Park* to *London*, which is as pretty a Piece of Road as ever Crow flew over.

Our Author goes on to tell us how he came to his Inn, what he had for Supper; and again he disgraces the Ale.

LONDON is certainly the greatest City upon Earth; at least there is nothing like it in *Devonshire*: But our Beer is infinitely better than theirs, which is as black as Bull's Blood, and as thick as Mustard. Every thing is shamefully dear there; you pay Half a Crown
or

or three Shillings for a Chicken; which with us would not yeild above a Groat or Five Pence: But they have so many Customers, that they just ask and have what they please. You see a great Number of Coaches standing in the Street ready to be hired; and they will carry a Beggar for his Money, as soon as a Lord, and sooner; for they say that Persons of Quality, instead of paying the Coachman, do often run him thro' the Body, and it seems there is no Law against Lords; which is the Reason that Persons of Quality are greater — than any Sort of Men whatsoever. These Coaches are very convenient, if they were not so confounded dear; but if one of them carries you but three Doors he will have a Shilling; whereas in our Country you may have a Couple of Horses a dozen Miles for Half a Crown.

The Houses are all built of Brick, and for the most Part, one House holds several Families: So fond are People of living in *London*, notwithstanding the Badness of the Drink.

Here are also hiring Chairs; they are cover'd with black Leather, and brass Nails; they have fine Sash Windows, and a Sash Door, and fine Silk Curtains, and rare soft Cushions; one of them is carried by two short Fellows, with no Heels to their Shoes: They use two long Poles, and pace along with wonderful Expedition. *These Chairs too are devilish dear.*

There are Houses here call'd Chocolate-Houses, covered all over with Sconces and Looking Glasses. Hither Gentlemen, who have

have nothing to do but to dress themselves, repair to shew their fine Cloaths. It is worth while to see a whole Row of these Beaus sit looking at one another, or at themselves; or if they do any thing else, it is only to swear, and take Snuff, or to play at Dice; and then all the while they play, they are constantly damning themselves. It is almost become a Proverb here in London, that *all your fine Fellows are prodigiously ignorant, and prodigiously wicked*; insomuch that they are the Jest of Men of Wit, and pity'd by Men of Virtue; and shun'd by both.

There is a fine River running by London full of Ships and Boats; one of these Boats will carry you for Six pence, and some of them for Three Pence, a great Way: And it would be very pleasant, if it were not for the Abuse and ugly Language you meet with; for the People upon the Water will affront you to your Teeth, and call you a hundred Names, tho' you do not say a Word to them. It is to no Purpose to be angry, and to threaten them; they laugh at all that. I offered to get out of the Boat, and to box with several of these saucy Fellows, but not one of them would accept of my Challenge; nay, the Women are as bad as the Men; *the more Shame is theirs*.

I went to St. Paul's Church, which is almost as big as a Town, and much taller, to see my Lord Mayor; he was an elderly Man, in a red Gown, pretty fat, and he slept all the Time of Divine Service; for which I thought he was to blame, seeing it would have better become

become a Magistrate like him to have re-
proved the People for walking about the
Church as they did, and talking of their own
worldly Affairs.

Westminster-Hall is a vast great Room,
where Law and Justice have been often
sold so dear, that one had often better go with-
out them. The Lawyers stroll about here,
and look devilish sharp and greedy for Fees.
There are in the Hall other Toymen besides
the Lawyers; and they too sell you their Baw-
bles at treble Prices: So here is nothing but
biting on all Hands.

Not far from hence is the House of Com-
mons: I went to see it, and to see the Manner
of their Proceeding, and came away very
much dissatisfied, for a dozen Members talk'd
at a time, and I could understand not a Word
of the Debate. I also visited the House of
Lords; there indeed I perceived more Order,
but neither heard nor saw any thing remarka-
ble, but some grave Folks in odd Habits.

There is a Street in *London* call'd *Drury-Lane*,
which is a very scandalous Place, being for
the most part inhabited by filthy lewd Women;
and yet it is frequented by *Great Men*, and
grave Citizens; it is therefore no Wonder these
shameless Jades wear fine Cloaths and gold
Watches.

In this great City People are quite another
thing than what they are out of it; insomuch,
that he who will be very great with you in
the Country, will scarce pull of his Hat to
you in *London*. I once dined at *Exeter* with

a Couple of Judges, and they talk'd to me *there*, and drank my Health, and we were very familiar together : So when I saw them again passing through *Westminster-Hall*, I was glad of it with all my Heart, and ran to them with a broad Smile, to ask them how they did, and to shake Hands with them ; but they look'd at me so coldly, and so proudly as you cannot imagine, and did not seem to know me ; at which I was confounded angry and mad ; but I kept my Mind to my self. At another Time, I was at the Play-House, (which is a rare Place for Mirth, and Musick, and dancing) and being in the Pit, saw in one of the Boxes a Member of Parliament of our Country, with whom I have been as great as Hand and Glove ; so being overjoy'd to see him, I call'd to him aloud by his Name, and ask'd him how he did ; but instead of saluting me again, or making any Manner of Answer, he look'd plaguy sour, and never opened his Mouth, tho' when he is in the Country, he is as merry a Grigg as any in forty Miles, and we have crack'd many a Bottle together.

Of FANCY.

REASON and Imagination, tho they are very unlike each other, the one acting by Certainty and Rule, and the other roaming casually from Object to Object, and sporting it self with Phantoms and Non-entities, yet seldom, or never, are absolutely separated; Reason checks Fancy in its most extravagant Sallies, and Imagination enlivens Reason in its most solemn Demarches. Reason without Fancy is dull, and Fancy without Reason is mad.

I have seen in some of our devout Formularies, if I remember right, Prayers against romantick Thoughts; which Prayers I thought as romantick as the Thoughts they were employ'd against. I cannot apprehend that rambling Imaginations, which are not exercised in the raising and improving any criminal Appetite, have any Taint of Vice in them; nor do I see what Sin results from building Castles in the Air. It is certain, that Men of the most lively Imaginations, have much more Pleasure in Life, than those groveling Mortals, who walk very regularly, but very stupidly, by the Leading-Strings of common Sense. I believe it will be hard to shew, that the Quick-

ness and Velocity of the animal Spirits, is any Iniquity, or their Slowness, any Virtue. I break no Commandment by imagining myself a King; nor is it the Sign of any Grace in me, that I live and act like an Earth-Worm.

For my own part, I must own myself a mighty Debtor to my Imagination; it has furnished me, and does hourly furnish me, with finer Sight, and higher Scenes of Pleasure, than ever the visible Creation has done. To demonstrate this to my Reader, I shall present him with the Travels of my Imagination, for about half an Hour, as I walked Yesterday by the Side of a River, among a Parcel of Cows.

Giving full Scope to my Fancy, it carried me, the first thing it did, in the Twinkling of an Eye, to *Rome*; there in as short a Space of Time I climb'd through a Gradation of Preferments, till I was made a Cardinal, and Favourite of the *Pope*: But the most Holy Father tempting me to something very wicked and indecent, I deserted the *Vatican* in great Wrath and Resentment; and, like a good Protestant, throwing away my Beads, and my Scarlet Hat, I took a short Trip to *Constantinople*, where, after having shewn eminent Marks of Wisdom in the *Divan*, and unparallel'd Proofs of Valour in the Field, I was for my great Merit, by the universal Consent, declared *Grand Seignior*. Here I reigned with vast Applause for several Years; but at last considering that an Emperor of the *Turks* is only

only the chief Butcher of his own People; and remembring withal, that a Plurality of Wives is inconsistent with the Doctrine of the establish'd Church of *England* (to say nothing of the *Alcoran*) I stole out of the *Scraglio* one Moon Light Night, and walked five hundred Leagues before Morning; and then I arrived at a certain King's Court, where, by my good Dancing, and my Skill in Dress, I merited the King's Daughter, and had her given me for a Wife; but she prov'd such an errant Scold, that there was no living with her; so we were divorced.

My next Tour was to another King's Court, where half an Hour after I arrived, I was made first Minister, and had the absolute Disposal of his Majesty and his Dominions committed to me: I filled this Post with great Sufficiency, and made a sweet Penny of my Master and his Revenues; and I was cried up every Moment in my own hearing, for the ablest Statesman in the World; and indeed the highest of my Master's Subjects shewed me humble Faces, and supple Backs. It is remarkable, that all the while I sustained this Character, I was possess'd with an irresistible Spirit of Lying and Oppression; and yet I spoke all Men fair, and seem'd the openest and sincerest Creature living; I was two Years at the Head of Affairs, when his Majesty took a sudden Liking to his Barber, and at once made him his principal Counsellor in my Place, and instantly all the World run after the Barber,

extolling his vast Genius for Business, and his great Experience in State Affairs.

While I was preparing to leave this Court, not without some silent Fears of being hang'd before I could escape : His Majesty concluding, that tho' I was good for nothing else, yet I would make a good and statutable Churchman, created me, unexpectedly, an Archbishop. I thought I now should live opulently and safely in the Bosom of the Church, and was wonderfully pleased with my new Figure, and Equipage, and Revenues. But alas ! my Content soon vanished ; for such a Train of turbulent Passions took up their Abode in my Breast, that I found no Content at all : I grew covetous, ambitious, impatient and revengeful ; I wanted to reduce all the Lands in the Nation into my own Possession, and all Men in the Nation to my own Standard of Thinking ; and because I found them both impossible, I grew stark mad. I declared for Racks, Tortures and Burnings, and shewed all other Symptoms of Inhumanity and Phrenzy ; but luckily calling to mind, that when I was a Cardinal, I had the self same Tortures and Ravings, I concluded the Cause to be in the Cloth, and so off I tore it, and presently I was in my Senses, and my easy and merciful Temper returned.

After this I travelled a long Way, and coming into a pleasant Country, I turned Peasant, and marrying a jolly Milk-maid, we lived together in a Cottage with great Quiet, Industry
and

and Content; till my Landlord, who was a Man of Quality, debauched my Wife, which had almost broke my Heart. This Sting and Disgrace having thrown me into a violent Melancholy, I was in a declining Condition, and sending for a Physician, I grew worse: *so I discarded him, and grew better.*

Having gathered a little Strength, I came to *London*, when, without knowing how, I was made a Director of the *South Sea*. I met them at all their Courts and Committees, and think in my Life I never kept such unfavoury Company. In this Station, my Mind was as violently rent with Avarice, Emulation, and the like mischievous Passions, as when I was a Churchman. I had already got one Million, and could neither rest by Day, nor sleep by Night, till I had got another; I was therefore teasing my Head with Plans, and Schemes, and Rogueries, how to come at the said r'other Million; when my Landlady's Maid, by calling me to Dinner, stopp'd the Wantonness of my Imagination, dissolved all my Wealth, and reduced me to an humble Author, with Three and Six-pence and a few Earthings in my Pocket.

Of JOURNALISTS.

MAny of our Journalists might properly take for their Titles, *The Diaries of the Mob*, whose Actions they diligently record, and whose *Wit* and Language they faithfully imitate, and make their own.

It provokes one's Indignation, almost as much as it does one's Pity, to see those lifeless Drudges, with all their native Dark-ness and Impotence about them, pretend to be witty.

Wit is a Thing as much out of their Reach, as Truth is out of their Practice. *Wit* is the Sparklings of a fine Understanding, quick in its Apprehension, clear in its Conception, and lively in its Communication : It is the Workings of a powerful Fancy, happy in starting new Images, or throwing old ones into new and surprising Lights : It is a perpetual Fund of Entertainment to itself and to others : It sees Things as the World sees them not ; it dwells not on stale Objects ; it is always new making or new-moulding ; it finds Ridicule where others find Merit, and finds Cause to laugh where others find none ; it suffers nothing to pass unheeded, but pulls Things to Pieces, and examines with admirable Quick-ness,

ness, whether they are really what they pass for: It peeps through all the Disguises of exalted Knaves, and shews their most solemn Pretences for the publick Good, to be often but mere Cloak and Farce: It sometimes puts Eyes into the buzzard Multitude, and shews them the vile Tricks and dishonest Ends of the Knaves that lead them; though this last too seldom happens; so thick is the Sealing of their Light.

By these few Lineaments of Wit, which I have here drawn, may be easily seen whether our Gentlemen Journalists have the least Provocation to be thankful to Heaven for a Gift which it never gave them. Sure never lived a more stupid Tribe. They are Diggers, mere Diggers, and in the vilest Soil about Town, the poor and unprosperous Region of *Grubstreet*: The sleepy Slaves have not Invention enough to tell a dull Lye, without being beholden for it either to the *Church*, the *State*, or the *Coffee-house*; Places that a Lyar, who had any Parts or Soul in him, would scorn to be obliged to.

But these unfurnish'd Animals will, in spite of Instruction, and in direct Violence to their heavy Natures, be still labouring at *Jest* and *Sarcasm*; and to shew that they are impartial Men, they first make a Jest of themselves; and it is to be observed, that their *Waggery* is often personal, and *happily* and *properly* aimed at some particular Man, who is either above their Abuse, or below the Notice of all other Men. I have been sometimes amazed how these Wretches could set up for being rational, and

and yet be diverted with the ill-favour'd Stupidities that they publish : But their Case is much the same with the Clowns in the Country, who, though cast in a different Mould, are formed of the same Metal with their Oxen. These Creatures, to shew their Wit, and the Sprightliness of their Natures, will often salute a Gentleman, with *Soho, Sir, you leave your Crupper behind you.* Now though all the Joke of this was, that the Gentleman's Crupper was not *before* him; yet the *Wag* opening all his Jaws, and shewing his immense Throat and dreadful Gums, has often set his Admirers into such a roaring Laugh, as must have rent their Sides, had they not been covered with Calf-Skin. Now pray enquire of some of our witty Journalists, whether they have not often been full as loud on as small Provocation.

The Way of these Brutes, when they would be severe upon any whom they single out for an Antagonist, is to rob the Bench at *Billingsgate* of their most refin'd Names and Phraes, and to bestow them without Intermission or Mercy; after which they utter a conquering *Bray*, and triumph all over the Town.

Now, tho' to be scurvily treated by such contemptible Pens, who can treat neither Men nor Matters well, is no worse than a Beagle's Belch in your Face, after a hearty Meal upon Carrion; yet the falling publicly upon Mens Persons, and raking into their private Affairs, when the Publick is not concerned, argues such a monstrous Baseness and Cruelty of Mind, that whoever is guilty of it, ought

not:

not to be tolerated in the Society of Men and Christians; yet such is the Practice of many of them, in whom I have seen much raving and stupid Abuse, but could never yet find the least instructive Reflection, or the faintest Glance of Wit.

Of the WEATHER.

IT is remarkable what a Sympathy there is between a humane Spirit and the Weather: I own my self one of those who are most affected by it, and the Condition of the Atmosphere is always mine. When the Sun is under a Cloud, so is my Spirit; and when he shines, so does it. The Reader, I doubt not, is beforehand with me, and has already observ'd that this Essay is writ in the finest of Weather. When it is a rainy Day, I droop and yawn over my Pen, and then I never fail to send my Lucubrations, by way of Letter, to some Journalist, who, I thank him for his Complaisance and Discernment, never fails to print them.

When the Ancients reckon'd *Phœbus* the Patron and God of Wit, they only meant the wonderful Efficacy of Sunshine towards animating the Fancy, and inspiring gay Thoughts. Hence it is, that tho' I see a dull Piece of Work coming from the Hand of a Brother-Writer,

yet

yet I do not at first Sight dub the Man a Dunce, till I know whether it rain'd or shin'd while he was about it. If the Air has not been favourable to him, during the Time of his Pregnancy and Lying-in, I have Patience till *Phæbus* smiles ; and then, if, upon Trial, his Brains prove heavy, I shake my Head, and wish his Right Arm in a Scarf, and a Seal upon his Scrutore, if he has one.

All our Journals are such feeble phtisical Performances, and so constantly so, that one may boldly pronounce 'em either to be writ in a thick Air, or, which I much more suspect, that the Heads of their Authors are unhappily and everlastingly wrapp'd up in Clouds and Darknes. The same might be said, with equal Truth, of many other Books, Poems, and Papers, pretending to more Genius and Politeness : But hush ! *Genus irritabile Vatum* ! Tho' *Moles* have no Eyes, they may, for ought I know, have Teeth.

Sun-shine also opens People's Hearts, and displays Chearfulness round their Faces. My Friend *Joskua Scrape*, in the City, is worth a Hundred Thousand Pounds ; but he lives generally in great Fear of Want ; or rather, he starves himself for fear he shall starve. And yet, in a Sun-shine Day, he bestows a generous Two-pence upon the powdering of his Wig, he puts on a clean Cravat, and Stockings without Darns ; and fearlessly fills his Belly. I met him once in a fine Morning upon *Change*, and he took me by the Hand, led me to a Tavern, and treated me with a

Gill of *Mountain*, which cou'd not cost him less than Three-pence: I thank'd the Sun in my Heart, for having open'd the old Man's. I never met him since but upon dark or rainy Days, and then his Person is very dirty and neglected, and his Face full of Despair. The Gift of another Gill, in such Weather, would make him Customer to the Rope Makers.

I have so long made Observations upon the Weather, that I know perfectly well its great and certain moral Effects upon humane Minds: When therefore I have Business with any one, I consider the Man and the Element; I know several, who, with the Assistance of the Sun, are very honest Fellows, but in a Shower of Rain, are as great Knaves as any in the *Alley*. I carry'd a Bill one Morning, which required prompt Payment, to Mr. *Brass Farthing*, in *Lombard-street*; he scratch'd his Head in an equivocating Manner, and made a Thousand Shifts, and a Thousand Words. Just as I was going to be angry at the Man, I happened to look out, and finding there was a great Fog, I knew there was no good to be done with him till the Sky was more favourable, and disposed Mr. *Brass Farthing* to more Honesty—so away I went. I stay'd at Home all Day, watching the Weather, and happily about Six in the Evening the Sun came about. I blessed my Stars, and took Coach, driving with all speed to Mr. *Brass Farthing's*; I guess'd right, the Man was in an honest Humour, and without my saying a Word, he pull'd a Bag out of his Drawers, and fell a count-
ing

ing out my Money to me with great Alacrity. But before he had told it all, the Sun dipt in, and then I saw the old Man's Face settle into Sullenness, and his Fingers linger'd over the Gold; however, he could not now go back, and I carry'd away my Money with me.

Of H O P E.

IF it were not for Hope, Heart would break; says an old Proverb. I have taken from this venerable Saying a Hint, or rather a Text, for my following Discourse, upon the *Wildness of humane Hope*. I call that *Hope* wild, which has only a strong Imagination for its Foundation; for I do not mean to say any thing here concerning Hope grounded upon Reason or Christianity.

We are misled by the Partiality we have for our selves, to suppose that the Universe is by our Merit engag'd in our Interest; and so there is not an *old Washerwoman* in Town, but thankfully believes that the Sun-shines purely to dry her Linnen: Tho' our *Dyers*, and several other important Tradesmen, humbly conceive that the Favour is meant altogether to them. Once, upon a rainy Morning, I heard a Hackney-Coachman, as he was driving through *Temple-Bar*, cry to one of his Brethren, *You*
see,

see, Jack, Providence takes Care of us ; *Ay, says Jack, the Weather, G—d d—mn it, has not favour'd us this Fortnight before.* At Night the Rain ceas'd : Now, says a Woman that sold grey Pease, *this is what I pray'd for.* The Author and Publisher of the *Shrewsbury Puddings* was once praising the Excellency of his own Works to me, and begging me, if I had any Relish for 'em to let him take some of my Money. Master, quoth he, *there is none like them in all the three Kingdoms of Europe.* I asked him why others could not make 'em as well as he ? *Because,* says he, *God Almighty would not let them take the Bread out of my Mouth.*

A Widow that keeps a Country Inn, had a Son, who work'd Journey-work with the King's Baker, who makes Biskets for the Navy. The Lad had Mettle in him, and kept a Mistress ; by which means, running into greater Expence than his weekly Revenues would answer, he was forced to borrow Money on *Hornslow-beath* ; but not doing it in a legal Way, the Law took Advantage of him, and he was condemn'd to be hang'd for the same ; No matter, said his Mother, *I warrant that the King will soon fetch him out of Newgate ; for his Majesty, God bless him, would never eat a Bit of Bread but what was of my Isaac's Kneading.*

No Man's Condition is so good, but that he hopes it will be better. I believe it never happens that a Man, in the lowest Station of
Life,

Life, aims presently at the highest; and as seldom that he does not aim at one higher than his own. *Hope* being begot by our Desire, is only a Compliment paid to our Wishes; so that while we have any thing to desire, we have always something to hope: *Hope* therefore is as immortal as Desire, but more limited: For, Desire having for its Object *All Things*, good or agreeable, which it is out of human Power to procure, must be frequently deserted by Hope: But *Aim*, which is a Species of *Desire*, or the Desire of something which we think we can procure, has always *Hope* for its Companion; and Hope is said to be Chimerical or *Vain*, when it is built rather upon Fancy than Probability and good Judgment.

I know not how I am become guilty of so much Philosophy, a Theme far from my Thoughts when I began this Essay. Whether it will conduce to the profess'd Design of it, the Reader will judge, when he has read the Whole.

This same Romantick Hope, like many other earthly Things, is, in its Beginning and Continuance, attended with Pleasure, but never fails to end in Mortification and Sorrow. He, who for seven Years together, hopes for a fine Lady, or a fine Post, enjoys so far seven Years Happiness, which is perhaps wofully cancell'd by twenty Years Grief. Hope, which is a Thing profuse of Money and Time, often wastes a whole Estate, and the larger
Part

Part of a whole Life in idle Pursuits ; and then kindly drops its miserable Votary within the cold Confiners of Poverty and old Age.

To cherish vain Hopes within one's self, may be only Complexion, or at worst, Folly ; but for another Person to feed them, by fair Professions, and delusive Promises, is wicked and barbarous. It implies a wilful and cruel Intention to rob a Man of his Life and Fortune, which is complicated Murder. This is a Crime which may be committed by People of any Degree or Figure ; but is actually committed ofteneft by those who are in the highest. Statesmen are usually said to practise it more than any others, because they have more Dependents than others. Happy therefore is that Minister who stands clear of this terrible Guilt ; and more happy they who have escaped the terrible Effects of it.

Some hope themselves into Goal, and some into a Halter, but few into their Wishes ; *Utopius* had once a good Estate, but he has spent it, in Hopes of getting a better. He had done some Service at the *Revolution* ; and knowing little of Mankind, believed that Merit was a good Recommendation to a Ministry ; he therefore turn'd Courtier, and had good Countenance shewn him, being promised any Thing he asked for, twenty Years together. This kept him in Heart, tho' he never got any Thing ; and he frankly minc'd away a large Mannor, selling it by Piece-meal, twenty Acres at a time. When it was all gone, and his House stood a Trespasser

passer in another Man's Fields; and *Utopius* having withal too much Spirit too keep his Mansion-House without a Foot of Ground to it, he even sold the antient Hall, for which he boasted he got as much as bought him a Birth-Night Suit, and a Couple of Perriwigs. While his Money lasted, he lived very comfortably, and very chearfully upon Promises; but when his Cash was consumed, Matters did not go quite so well; tho' he breakfasted every Morning upon the Smiles of a first Minister, yet he often found himself very hungry at Noon. At present, he has neither Money, nor Liberty; he lives in the *King's-Bench*, in hourly Expectation of a considerable Employment; for thirty Years Disappointment has not cured him of his Credulity. He still hopes.

I knew a Lady in King *Charles II's* time, who having Money, and a fine Person, had the Tender of many Hearts, and mine among the rest; but she read Romances, and refused us all, because we were not *Heroes*, and Kings Sons. She *hoped* for nothing less than a Husband gifted with an Empire; but having staid long for the Arrival and Addresses of some *Prince Royal*, and staid in vain; she out of Spite to him, marry'd (in the forty fifth Year of her Age) her Brother's Footman: However, to shew that she has not altogether departed from her Character, she *hopes*, one time or other, to see her Spouse a Lord.

Of EDUCATION.

PEOPLE, put by their Education into a narrow Tract of Thinking, are as much afraid of getting out of it, as Children of quitting their Leading Strings when first they learn to go. And whereas a Mind that would improve itself, must, before it can do so, set it self at large, be free from Prejudice, and bold in its Enquiries, the very contrary Method is, for the most Part, practised in bringing up of Youth. They are taught a raging Fondness for a Parcel of Names, that are never explained to them; and an implacable Fierceness against another Set of Names, which are always explained falsely to them; so they jog on in the heavy Steps of their Fore-fathers, or in the wretched and narrow Paths of poor-spirited and ignorant Pedagogues: They believe they are certainly in the right, and therefore never take the Pains to find out that they are certainly in the wrong.

I would here observe, what an artful Piece of Knavery it is in those, who are entrusted with the Education of our Youth, to be eternally praising to their Pupil's, the peculiar Orthodoxy and Advantages of their *University* above all others. This is a Way to sour the
Minds

Minds of Youth; and instead of enlarging them, which is the Business of Education, to contract them, which is the Business and Effect of Pedantry. Such Teachers make their Pupils Bigots to themselves, and ill-bred and uncharitable to all the World besides; that is, they make them like themselves.

From this Cause it comes to pass, that many *English* Gentlemen are as much afraid of reading some *English* Books, as the poor blind Papists are of reading Books prohibited by their Priests; which are, indeed, all Books that have either Religion or Sense in them. I once heard a noble *English* Lord declare, upon the casual mention of Mr. *Hobbes*, that he had heard that he was a great Man; but, says his Lordship, *I never read him, for it is dangerous*. I easily guessed what had put his Lordship into so great a Fright about Mr. *Hobbes*: The Peer had had a narrow *University* Education. It is true, he had been for a short Time abroad, but he was all the while under the Government of a poor ill-judging scanty-hearted Priest, who brought home his Noble Pupil quite out of Conceit with *Old England*, his own native Country, of *Holland*, or *Geneva*, the latter of which he had never seen; but full of the Funnery of the *French* Court, and of the Praises of its Government.

How nicely are those Men taught, who are taught Prejudice? A Tincture of Bigottry appears in all the Actions of a Bigot. He will neither, with his good liking, eat or drink, or sleep, or travel with you, till he has received full

full Conviction, that you wash your Hands, and pare your Nails just as he does.

Here is a *Squire* come down from *London*, who is very rich, and has bought a World of Land in our County of *Wilts*; the first Thing he did, when he came among us, was to declare that he would have no Dealings, nor Conversation with any *Whig* whatsoever; and, to make his Word good, having bespoke several Beds, and other Furniture, to a considerable Value, of an Upholsterer here, he returned the whole upon the poor Man's Hands, because his Wife had a Brother who was a Presbyterian Parson.

But this worthy and ingenious 'Squire was very well served by an Officer of the Army, at a Horse-Race here: They were drinking, among other Company, the *King's Health*, at the Door of a publick House, on Horse-back; the Officer, when it came to his Turn, drank it to this *Doughty Highflyer*, who happened to be next to him; upon which he made some Difficulty at pledging it, suggested that publick Healths should not be proposed in mixed Company. *You would say*, says the Officer, if you durst, *That a High Churchman would not have his Majesty's Health proposed to him at all*; upon this, he swore he was a High Churchman, and was not ashamed of it; so I guess'd, said the Officer *by your Disloyalty*; but, Sir, says the Officer, *even Disloyalty to your Prince, need not make you shew your ill Breeding in Company*. The 'Squire chafed most virulently at this, and urged, as a Proof of his

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good

good Breeding, that he had been bred at Oxford; so I guess'd, says the Officer, by your Ignorance: This nettled the Squire to the height and fired his little Soul at the Expence of the *outer Case*, for he proceeded to give ill Words, and to call ill Names; but the Officer quickly taught him, by the *Nose*, to hold his Tongue, and ask Pardon. Thus it always fares with High-Church in *fighting*, as it does in *disputing*, she is constantly beaten; and the *Courage* and *Understanding* of her *Passive Sons* TALLY to each other.

But when promiscuous Conversation, and promiscuous Reading, are thus declined and forbid, two of the greatest Cures of Bigotry and Poorness of Soul are lost; therefore the grossest Ignorance among those that live thus, and resolve to live thus, is nothing wonderful. The greatest Genius upon Earth, beset with such Fears and Restraints, would be useless and concealed; and Motions and Discoveries made by his own Thoughts would alarm him, and for his own Ease he would check them all he could, and be a Blockhead for the Peace of his own Mind; so that deprived of the Benefit of his Reason and of Information, he must lead the Life of a Mole in perpetual Darkness; He might indeed make a good Plowman, a good Mechanick, and a very good High-Churchman; but there he must stick, he can never be a Christian in point of Charity, nor a Gentleman in point of Breeding; nor a good Citizen in point of publick Spirit, tho' originally capable of being all Three.

What

What shall we say then to the Bulk of the World, naturally heavy and dull? The Task of keeping them blind, must be very easy; as it is further evident, from the wretched Qualifications of most of those *High-Church Kn — s*, who perform it.

Of PRATING.

THE design of my writing this Essay, is, to convince dull stupid reasoning Blockheads of the Pleasure and Advantage of *Prating*, and the Authority there is for the Practice of it.

As the greatest Perfection I have is talking in all Companies on all manner of Subjects, I am frequently, and in Derision, call'd a *Prater*; but my natural Temper being more inclinable to Talk than Fight, I always get the better of my Adversaries by the Sharpness of my Tongue, or the Length of my Discourse; and am now resolved to bring that Name into Esteem, which has hitherto been a Mark of Ignominy.

Prating is of so great Antiquity, that I am at a loss where to fix its Origin; but 'tis to this Spirit that we owe the celebrated Productions of *Socrates, Plato, Speusippus, Xenocrates, Aristotle, Zeno, Theophrastus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Zanchius, Vossius, Origen, Justin Martyr,*

Tertullian, Græg. Nazianzen, Duns Scotus, and many other laborious Philosophers and Fathers: To this Spirit we owe the inimitable *Pratings* of *Reeves* and *Muggleton*; and to this Spirit we owe the ingenious *Lucubrations* of *Mist* and *de Foe*.

To strengthen the more this my Defence of *Prating*, by the Authority of the Ancients, I shall ment on the famous *Pyrrho*; who, as *Laertius* informs us, was so remarkable for it, that tho' his Hearers left him in the midst of his Discourse, he nevertheless continued *Prating* till he ended it. This is still imitated by many Professors at our Universities, who constantly *prate* their Philosophy, tho' without an Audience. The same Author says of the great *Aristotle*, that he thought it a Disgrace to be silent, and *St. Hierom* affirms, that he was the Prince of *Praters*. *Theophrastus*, who was a Scholar to *Aristotle*, said to a young Man who was silent, *You do foolishly in holding your Peace*. In short, Antiquity is full of Professors of this Art; for we have Examples of greater Weight than the above-mentioned, such as the *Pythian Priestess*, and the ancient *Sybilline Oracles*, which were exceeding famous for answering Questions before they were propos'd; and to come to our own Times, we have the famous *dumb Prater Campbell*, who is notorious for the same Practice.

It is a common Observation, that the less a Man talks, the more he is able to write: This may be true, perhaps, in my Friend *Campbell*; but it will appear ridiculous to any one

one who frequents the *Grecian*, where he hears Pamphlets in *Embrio*, and a whole Packet of succeeding *Journals*.

All *Praters* have their desired End, which is to be heard; and tho' their Discourse be ever so ridiculous, they ought nevertheless to be encouraged, because it gives an Opportunity for free Debate and Enquiry.

'Tis with Pleasure I reflect on the undetermin'd Disputes of Philosophers, Astrologers, Mathematicians and Divines in all Ages, who gain'd no Credit with their Adversaries, and by the Impartial were only esteemed according to the Elegance of their *Prating*. There is no fix'd Rule to judge of the Strength of an Argument; but all Nations and all Religious have their different Principles, by which alone they will suffer themselves to be try'd. This makes me admire *Praters* of all kinds: Yet I confess, those who are supported by Authority, and have the Liberty of prating Weekly to the Idle and Unlearned, should in a more especial manner be regarded; but at the same time that I rejoice at this Liberty, I cannot but regret our Loss in the Restraint on the whole Body in Conv—n, where *Prating* always flourishes in Perfection, and mutual Discord and Harmony daily encrease. It may be said perhaps by the Enemies to Con——ns, that if they were permitted to sit, they would prohibit all *Prating* but their own; but no one would be a greater Enemy to them than my self, if they wou'd not allow the same Liberty to others.

By what I have said, it will appear I am no Friend to the *Pythagorean* System; for nothing provokes me so much as their Practice of forcing any of their Scholars when his Parent dies, who has been in the least remarkable for Prating, to sit with his Legs in cold Water till the Corps is burnt, as a Charm to prevent Hereditary Loquacity. Yet the Author of this System seems to be the most confirm'd *Prater* of Antiquity; for the five Years Silence which he enjoin'd his Disciples, was calculated only as a Latitude for his own *Prating*, as *Jamblicus* informs us in his Life of that great Philosopher; and, if we may depend on the same Authority, he was not only successful in his prating to Men, but to Beasts also; as *St. Anthony* was to Fishes, " For (says he) he laid hold of the *Daunian* Bear, which did much hurt to the People thereabouts; and having stroaked her a while, and given her Maza and Fruits, and sworn her that she would never more touch any living Creature, she straitway hid herself in the Hills and Woods, and never after attempted any Assault. At another time seeing an Oxe at *Tarentum* in a Field cropping Beans, he reprov'd him for it in so handsome a manner, that the Oxe not only refrain'd immediately from Beans at that time, but would never after touch any.

Many are the Examples of this Kind, in all Ages, and in all Countries; and, not to mention the profound Adepts among our Nobility, we see the same noble Spirit even in the

meanest People, especially in their politick Pratings. How many noble Exclamations, and sharp sarcastic Sentences on the Ministry, have proceeded from the Mouth of my Shoemaker, while he has been fitting me with Shoes? And how many ingenious Dissertations on the miserable Effects of delivering up *Gibraltar* and *Port-Mahone* to the *Spaniards* have I heard from my Barber, while he shaved me. In this they seem to imitate the meaner sort of the *Athenians*; for, as *Plutarch* says, an *Athenian Servant*, while he is digging and delving, will give his Master an Account of the Articles and Capitulations in a Treaty of Peace. The *Romans* were all great Encouragers of Prating, except *Publicus Piso*; but the following Accident was the Cause of his future Delight in it. “ *Publius Piso*, the Rhetorician, as the “ above Author informs us, being unwilling “ to be disturbed with much Talk, gave Orders to his Servants to answer to such “ Questions only as he should ask him, and “ say no more. Then having a Design to “ give an Entertainment to *Clodius*, the chief “ Magistrate, he order’d him to be invited, “ and provided a splendid Banquet for him: “ At the time appointed several other Guests “ appear’d; they only waited for *Clodius’s* “ coming, who tarried much longer than was “ expected; so that *Piso* sent his Servant several times to him, to know whether he “ would be pleased to come to Supper or no? “ Now in regard it grew late, and that *Piso* “ despaired of his coming; *What*, said he to “ his

“ his Servant, *did you call him?* Yes, reply'd
 “ the Servant. *Why then does he not come a*
 “ *way?* ——— *Because he told me he could not*
 “ *come.* ——— *Why did you not tell me so*
 “ *before?* ——— *Because, Sir, you never ask'd*
 “ *me the Question.*

There are other sorts of *Praters* in Esteem, such as Mountebanks and Merry-Andrews; *Esculapius, Hippocrates, Galen* and *Paracelsus*, stand the foremost in this Class. Certainly these are Men that command Respect from all, their Design being to *prate* Mankind into Health: I know not how this Practice came to be so little in Use, as it is at present among us; but since the Reign of King *Charles II.* when Men of Figure and Fortune became Merry-Andrews for the Good of the Nation, I do not hear that any one has been very famous this Way. Their Custom now is gravely to kill; formerly 'twas merrily to save: Doctor *Fossilino* comes to a Patient, feels his Pulse, writes a Receipt, takes his Fee, makes a Bow, and sullenly retires; so that the Pulse must declare the Case, not the Patient: He will as soon bear the rude Winds to reach him, as the Patient's Words; and whatever the Distemper is, Oils and Vomits must restore him. I was, not long since, pleased with the Performance of a Mountebank, before a Multitude of Country-People, who harangued in a most florid Manner, on the ill Consequences attending the Neglect of their Constitutions, and on the Goodness of his Medicines; and having ended his Discourse, he left

left *Merry-Andrew* to finish what he so well begun; who diverted the Audience with a facetious Ridicule on Vomits, telling them, that when he practised himself as a Doctor, his sole Remedy was a Vomit; and notwithstanding he had Patients troubled with the Spleen, Cholick, Gravel, Stone, Small-Pox, Ague, Fever, their Bones put out of Joint, or broken, or had lost Silver-Spoons, or seen Spirits, Vomiting was the only Cure; and unless they would submit to that, he would not pretend to help them.

Many Things more might be said in Defence of this Art; but let it suffice to add, that *Prating* is an exercising of the Tongue; by which is acquired the true Knowledge of Good and Ill, and the Distinction of a happy or a miserable Life; and it has this Advantage of all other Arts, that it leads to the Choice and Enjoyment of a happy one: From which it may be argued, that all young Men should immediately learn to *Prate*, and all old Men continue to do so; the Young, that whilst they are growing old, they may gain this Excellence; the Old, that they may be youthful in Mind, and still enjoy that Tranquillity which arises from the Continuance of so pleasing and profitable an Art. 'Tis true, we have lately had Examples of Men running into what is call'd Distress, by *Prating*, but as Happiness consists in thinking our selves happy, and as Men differ in the Notion of it, what appears to us to be Fines, Imprisonment, Pillories and Banishment, may

by others be esteemed Ease, Honour, Pleasure and Happiness.

I shall conclude this useful Subject with some Verses of a late celebrated poetical *Prater*, who, after having given a Description of the many Years Toil and Trouble of Philosophers, in searching for a happy Life in Cells and Desarts, says,

*Again to view the World they are inclin'd,
And what they sought in Cells, in Cities find;
Despise the studied Schemes of their creating,
And own no solid Pleasure, but in Prating.*

Of MODERN INVENTIONS.

IT is a common Observation, and sadly lamented by some topping modern Authors, that we are miserably inferior to the Ancients in Genius and Invention. I confess, I am not so fashionable a Despiser of my Contemporaries, as to think this Complaint entirely just; which I shall endeavour to evince in the following Instance.

One Art in which Those, who flourished in the wonder-working Days of Antiquity, are supposed to excel us, is that of *Restoring old Age to Youth*; an Art, which we find mention'd more than once, in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*,

ses, to be practis'd with great Success ; and particularly in the seventh Book, where we have a very pompous and beautiful Description of this Operation, as it was perform'd upon one *Æson*, by a certain Sorcerers named *Medea*, whom his Son *Jason*, the famous Knight-Errant, picked up in *Colchos*, brought back with him to *Greece*, and married. This *Æson*, it seems, was very old and decrepid, having one Leg in his Grave, and the other just upon the Brink of it.

Jam propior Letho, fessusque senilibus annis.

Upon their Return, their Father *Æson* not being able, by Reason of his Age, to partake in the Rejoicings which his Countrymen made upon this Occasion ; *Jason* requested his Spouse to exert her Magick Art, and make his Father younger, by taking from himself some of those many Years which he had yet to come, and adding them to him ; but she, like a fond new-married Lady, would by no means be prevail'd upon to retrench her own *Dear's* Life, but offered to take another Method, which would fully answer the same End, without injuring her Husband, namely, by *Restoring old Æson to Youth*.

In order to this, she retires from Court, and in the Dead of the Night offers up a Prayer to the Goddess of *Night*, the *Moon*, and to several other gloomy Powers, (the Deities that preside over Sorcery and Witchcraft,) to favour her

her Design; who received her Petition very graciously, and immediately dispatched a Chariot drawn by Dragons through the Air, into which she mounted, and drove through several Countries, (too many to recount,) where she gather'd magical Herbs, and other Ingredients for her mysterious Operation.

All these she put together into a Cauldron, and boiled them up into a sacred Hodge-podge, with twenty solemn Ceremonies and Incantations. This Soup (says my Author) had that wonderful Virtue in it, that whatever it touch'd, was endowed with a sudden Bloom; and where-ever it fell, it occasioned an instant Spring. When our Priestess saw this, she took her hoary Patient, whipp'd his Wind-pipe asunder, and let out all his frozen inanimated Blood; then with two Funnels (one fixed in his Mouth, and the other in the Wound which she made in his Throat) recruited his old Carcass with her holy Preparation, or Sovereign *Elixir Salutis*. Immediately my old Gentleman reviv'd; his grey Locks and Beard turned into a dark Brown; his pale wither'd Cheek plumped up, and assumed a rosie Freshness; his Limbs grew as vigorous as ever, and he danced a Rigadoon for Joy, to the Amazement of all Spectators.

Bacchus look'd down from his Summer-House in Heaven, and observed this Metamorphosis; which tickled his Fancy so well, that he made the same Experiment upon his old Nurse with equal Success.

The whole Transformation is described at length by *Ovid* very elegantly; but I take the miraculous Manner of it to be merely Fictitious and Poetical; the Moral of which in plain *English* is, that *Medea* was a very understanding Woman in those Days, and had found out the Secret of *Cosmeticks* and *Restoratives*, which she imposed upon that superstitious Age (when such *Arcana* were but little known) for the Effects of a supernatural Art.

But because Witchcraft and Sorcery are forbidden by our Laws; and it is made Death to dig up magical Roots, Herbs or Bones; or to make Invocations to infernal Powers, or to ride in flying Chariots, whether drawn by Dragons or other Creatures; therefore too many rashly conclude, that the Art of *Restoring old Age to Youth*, is entirely lost amongst us; whereas it never flourished in so much Perfection. I believe, there are in this Town no less than Fifteen Hundred or Two Thousand Souls that get their Living by this Art: Indeed they do not practise it in so theatrical and splendid a Manner as the ancient *Medea* did, for the Reason before-mention'd; but if I can prove from daily Experience, that their Operations have the same Effect of making old People young, I hope it will not be denied that we still retain the same Art.

I suppose, by *making Old People Young*, no Body will understand me to mean the actual Restoration of *Youth*, so that the Patient shall be, strictly speaking, fewer Years old after the Operation than before, which is a Thing impossible

possible to God and Man, and what the Ancients never pretended to; but only a Restoration of all the Powers, Faculties, and Beauties of Youth, so that the Person thus metamorphos'd is to all Appearance, and to all Intent and Purposes whatsoever, a young Man, though in Reality he may be Fourscore Years of Age. Perhaps I need not have premis'd this; but as the Point before us is a very nice Point, and of the utmost Consequence to Mankind, I am willing to guard against all Mistakes and Objections.

To proceed therefore, who that ever peruses the Fag-End of our News-Papers (which are crowded with Publick Notices for the Good of Mankind) can be ignorant that this City abounds with certain Artists, who make it their Profession to take away or prevent all the Infirmities, Blemishes and Deformities that are incident to human Bodies, especially in their declining State, and to preserve a blooming Beauty, and youthful Vigour in both Sexes to the extremest old Age? Every Day produces some new Discovery of this Kind, and the World is earnestly invited to partake with the Author in the Benefit of it. Any Persons therefore that do not like their present Complexion, or have missed their Opportunity, and are apprehensive of falling into Contempt, may be *repaired and beautified*, after the newest Fashion, at very reasonable Rates. Amongst all the numberless Preparations of this Kind, the following, as they seem to be most curious, I shall recommend to the Publick.

The Chymical Liquor for the Hair, which gradually changes red, grey, or Hair of any other disagreeable Colour, whether of the Head or Eyebrows, into any Degree of a Brown, or by observing the Directions given with each Bottle, into the most beautiful *Black* in Nature, that neither *Time* nor *Weather* can alter; for the Colour will for ever remain as lively as if it naturally grew so. It has, with general Satisfaction to the World, been sold above Six Years by Mr. Lockton only, at the Griffin, the Corner of *Buckler's-Bury*, in the Poultry; where a Lock of Hair may be seen that was stained with it before it was exposed to Sale. Price Half a Guinea a Bottle. If it does not prove infallible, return the Liquor, and the Money shall be repaid.

Published for Twenty Years past, with great Success and Encouragement, *The fam'd Royal Eye-Water*, which is never known to fail of curing red, swell'd, or sore Eyes, in 24 Hours: It strengthens weak and watry Eyes, and adds Vigour and Briskness to the Sight, especially where the Eye is naturally dim, or of too dull a Water. If frequently used, it will keep your Eyes in constant good Temper, and preserve the Sight to an incredible Age, without giving the least Pain or Smart in the Application. Sold for Twelve Pence a Bottle, at Mr. Crouch's, at the Bell in the Poultry, Bookseller, and Mr. Huxley's, an Hatter, at the Black-Boy, against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleetstreet.

Beauty's Restorative Lotion, or Wash; being the most beneficial one of that Kind in the World,

World, for all Deformities in the Skin, as Pimples, Scurf, Tan, Pits from the Small Pox, Worms about the Face, Chin or Nose, Wrinkles, &c. — It likewise restores *lost or decay'd* Beauty, and gives a graceful and sprightly Air to the Physiognomy, rendering dingy Skins, yellow Necks and Breasts, red Hands or Noses, (those Enemies to Beauty,) of a pure White—being the only approved Wash now used by most Persons of Quality, and is only to be sold at Mrs. Garway's Toy-Shop, the South Entrance of the Royal-Exchange Gate. Price Five Shillings the Quart Bottle.

The Pleasant Odoriferous Tincture for the Breath, Teeth and Gums; a few Drops of which instantly make the most offensive *Breath* smell incomparably fine and charming — Make the blackest and most foul Teeth extremely white—Absolutely cures the Scurvy in Gums, &c. and is now sold only at Mr. Radford's Toy-Shop, at the *Rose and Crown* against St. Clement's Church-Yard in the Strand, near Arundel Street. Price Three Shillings and Six Pence a Bottle, with Directions.

Specifick Drops for Deafness, Thickness of Hearing, Pain and Noise in the Ears, &c. to be had only, by the Author's Appointment, of the Gentlewoman at the *Two Blew Posts* in Haydon-Yard, in the Minories, at Three Shillings and Six Pence a Bottle, with Directions.

Vivifying Drops for Barrenness in Women and Imbecillity in Men; which renovate the vital Ferment of the Blood, rectify the languid State

State of the Fluids, rouze, fortify and increase the Spirits, invigorate the Nerves, restore Juvenile Warmth, &c.—They potently strengthen and corroborate the Parts of Generation, effectually promote Conception, and render both Sexes prolifick in a wonderful Manner, as Thousands have experienc'd; are now only sold at Mr. Radford's Toy-Shop, &c. Price Five Shillings the Bottle, with Directions.

Here is, you see, a compleat System of artificial *Youth*, as it is every Day advertis'd in the Publick Prints. From whence it appears, that we may furnish our selves with new Heads of Hair, either *Black* or *Brown*; new Eyes, Ears, Cheeks, Necks, Hands, Breath, Teeth, Gums; as likewise with a new Set of animal Powers; and all for the Value of about *Thirty Shillings*; for so small an Expence may we be (as it were) born again, and flourish a second Time in the Bloom and Vigour of Youth.

I cannot help thinking that our modern Artists excel the ancient Ones, because they frequently perform their Operations upon Persons, whose Constitutions are broken and exhausted by Diseases, (unknown in former Times,) as well as Old Age; nay, what is still more, we have the Art of *Restoring VIRGINITY* as well as *Youth*, which I think the Sorceresses of Antiquity never attempted.

What Miracles they daily work upon all Sorts of People of both Sexes, we have from their own Hands; and there are Thousands in

in every Part of the Town to confirm the Truth of what they assert.

Were I inclined to be ill-natured, I could mention several blooming Toasts, and very good Maids, that are, at this Time, as old as my Grandmother, and have had as many Children ; as likewise many brisk old Boys of Threescore and Ten, that rake about Town with all the Gaiety of Three and Twenty, and never miss a Ball or a Birth-Night.

To conclude ; I hope I have fully vindicated the present Age in this Particular, and proved our selves a Match for the Ancients ; and perhaps I shall hereafter consider some other *Occult Sciences*, which are supposed to have perished with the *Roman Commonwealth*.

Of LUXURY.

AS I was walking, some Time ago, through one of the great Markets of this City, I was reflecting what a destructive and voracious Creature Man is, and what a dreadful Havock he makes every Day in the visible Creation ; at how vast an Expence of other Lives his own is maintained ; and how the Earth, the Air, and the Waters, are ransacked for his Support and Luxury. A Man must be void of all Thought, who can behold the immense

Quan-

Quantities of Flesh, Fowl, Fish, Herbs, Fruit, and other Provisions, which are hung out to Sale in these great Repositories of humane Sustenance, without reflecting on his own Dignity, and his Superiority over other Beings.

If the World, with all its Productions and Inhabitants, was designed by Nature for this End, what infinite Obligations do we lie under to that Power, who puts us into such vast Possessions? If they were not so designed, what terrible Usurpers and Tyrants are we grown, to commit such Depredations in the World without any other Authority, but Violence; and to sacrifice the Lives of so many of our Fellow-Creatures (though of an inferior Degree) to our own Luxury and Wantonness? For my part, I cannot help thinking that we have stretched our Power over the Creation beyond its due Limits; and that many of our prime Dishes are made up of Creatures, which were not originally designed for the Food of Man. Some People question whether Creatures that have *Life*, were at all intended for our Meat; but only Fruit, Herbs, Corn, Roots, and other Vegetables. It is certain that the *Flesh of Swine* was forbidden by God himself to the *Jews*; and I do not find that Prohibition any where expressly withdrawn in the *New Testament*. But I would not start Difficulties in Divinity, nor throw out Bones of Controversy in an Age, already too much distemper'd with Contention: I will therefore draw my Instances from Things which are not disputed, or will be of no ill Consequence.

Consequence, if they should. It was but very lately that the croaking *Frog* was forced out of his native Pool to be served up in a *Friccacee* at Tables of Quality ; the *Frog*, who used to skip about the Meadows, or sport in the Waters, without any Danger but from unlucky School Boys, who would now and then take a cruel Delight in *sticking* him through the Back, or *blowing* him up till he burst. He was in no Fear of becoming the Prey of Man, who used to look upon him as a kind of *Toad*, and would as soon have eaten one as the other. In the same Manner, it is often mentioned as an Act of great Fortitude and Resolution in the Man, who first ventured a living *Oyster* down his Throat.

*Illi Robur & Æs triplex,
Circa pectus erat.*

In Favour of this Opinion, that *Animals* were not created for our Food, it may be observed, that Bows, Guns, Nets, and other Engines, wherewith alone we can catch most sort of Creatures, which are now in the highest Vogue, are but the modern Inventions of Art, (I mean *Modern*, if we compare them with the first Ages of the World,) and consequently, that those Creatures, which could not be taken without them, were not designed for the *Natural* and ordinary Use of Man. It may be said, that *Hounds* and *Beagles* *naturally* hunt Hares, Deers, Boars, and other Wild Creatures : But I answer, that, if they do, they do

do it for themselves, and not for us; and if we wrest the Prey out of their Mouths, it is owing to Modern Art, in training them up to our Use, and at our Command. For those Creatures indeed which are tame, such as *Sheep* and *Oxen*, there is more Appearance of Reason that they were design'd for our Eating; but, even here, may it not be asked, whether these Creatures were not originally wild, till, perhaps, they were tamed by the Art of Man for his own Use; especially since we read so much of *wild Bulls* and *mad Bulls* amongst the Ancients? Or (if they were *naturally* tame) may it not be supposed that they were made for our *Labour* and *Diversiſion*, like *Dogs* and *Horses*, instead of our Food?

There is another good Reason why animal Creatures were not made for our Food; which is, that we can live without them, and that the vegetable Part of the Creation is sufficient to maintain us. Not to insist on the fabulous Accounts of the *Golden Age*, it is very reasonable to think that the first Ages of Men fed only upon Apples, Strawberries, Roots and Corn; indeed, it is unreasonable to believe otherwise, unless we believe that *Art* and *Nature* were born together, and that Men sprung up (like *Cadmus's* Harvest of Warriors) with *Bows* and *Arrows* and *Drag-nets* in their Hands. If therefore Men could at first live upon *Herbs* and *Fruit*, why not now? It is ridiculous to say that they cannot; nay, amidst all the modern Variety of invented Delicacies, we still allow *Bread* to be the *Staff of Life*, and the

the poor People in almost every Country live chiefly upon it to this Day. In *France* and *Spain*, green Herbs and Fruit feed three parts of the Inhabitants; the *Highlanders* of *Scotland* will undergo any Fatigues with *Oatmeal* and *Water*; and it is a common Reproach upon the *Irish*, that they live upon *Potatoes*; which (were it true) is only an Accusation, that they have not departed from the Laws of Nature, nor debauched themselves with the Refinements of Art. Whatever they feed upon, it cannot be denied that they are, for the Generality, Stout, Comely Men, and well qualified for any *Masculine* Employments.

Of all Nations in the World, the *English* are the most *carnivorous*, and consequently the most estranged from the primitive Institutions of Nature. We are no better than *Beasts of Prey* to all other Creatures, whom we pursue and destroy with all our Industry and Cunning. It cannot but be very surprising to many Strangers to see the whole Town almost one continued *Shambles*, bestuck, in every Part, with vast Quantities of *raw Flesh*, which might, well enough, make the *Frenchman* cry out, that *these English eat nothing but de Beef and de Mutton*.

Abstinence from *Flesh-meat* was one of the chief Doctrines which *Pythagoras*, of old, inculcated into his Disciples; and tho' his Philosophy is long since exploded, yet methinks there is something very pathetick, if not convincing, in his Reasons against eating of *Flesh*, particularly of *Oxen*; *Ungrateful Man!*

has the painful Ox deserved his Death at thy Hands? Or how can you expect that the Gods should bless you with a plenteous Harvest, if you murder your faithful Husbandmen the Steer, and barbarously shed the Blood of the Labourer of your Field?

I am acquainted with a Gentleman in the Country, who is so warmly affected with this *Pythagorean* Principle of Gratitude, that he keeps a Groom on purpose to look after such Horses as are past Service, and allows them the same Quantity of Corn every Day, which they used to have, when they carried him over Hedges and Ditches in Pursuit of an Hare or a Fox.

I do not desire to revive the *Pythagorean* Philosophy in *England*, especially that Part of it relating to *Eating*, being my self a passionate Admirer of *Beef and Mutton*; though I must confess my self a *Pythagorean* so far as to believe, that *Flesh* is not the *natural* Food of Man; but I do not say it is a Sin to eat it, or that it disagrees with our Constitutions; for perhaps long Custom (that second Nature) has reconciled it to them. I am also so much a *Pythagorean*, that I cannot behold the noble Ox, who has served Mankind several Years in the Field, nor the harmless *Sheep*, who cloaths us warm, and supports our Manufacture, brought to the Slaughter-house, and butcher'd for our Luxury, without some secret Grief and Cumpunction.

What I would infer from all this, is, That since Man (whether by the positive Institution of Nature, or by his own Usurpation and Cunning)

Cunning) is absolute Lord of the Creation; since Earth, Air, and Sea, are under his Command, and the whole Animal and Vegetative World subsists only to make him happy; he ought to conduct himself worthy of a Creature, so much distinguished in Beauty and Happiness above all others; and while he boasts himself to be the only rational Being of the Creation, let him take care that he does not sink himself by unreasonable Actions below the meanest of Brutes: For though Men who consult the Good of the Publick, and employ their Time in laudable Actions, may deserve to be made happy with all the Treasures of Nature; yet it is very unreasonable that the whole Creation should be lavish'd away in this profuse Manner, to support a worthless *Fop*, or a thoughtless *Debauchee*.

Of LIBELS.

MOST of our Malecontent Writers having either made their Peace, or their Terms, and accordingly changed their warmest Satire against some Men, into fulsome Panegyricks upon the same Persons; lest this laudable Art of *Defaming an Administration* should be lost amongst us, I intend to publish the following *Rules* for the Use of the Novices in this Way

by the Help of which a *Writer* of the lowest Class may become popular under any Ministry.

NOW, tho' it is esteemed an easy Matter to find a Stick to beat a Dog, yet to Bastinado great Men with Prudence and Discretion, is a Task that requires some Thought and *Finesse*; for as every Porter can talk gross Ribaldry amongst Women, so can every Scribler write coarse Treason or blunt Scurrility against his Superiors: But in either Case it requires a certain Delicacy and masterly Address to wrap up foul Meanings in clean Linnen, and cloath the rankest Ideas in the most decent Garb of Expression. Persons who succeed in these Arts, never fail of growing admired Writers and pleasing Companions, the Town being always tickled with artful Lewdness and courtly Invective; but broad Obscenity and unguarded Scandal offend the loosest Debauchees and most inveterate Malecontents: For this Reason *Sedley* meets with Applause, for what C——'s Authors deserve a Cudgel, and no Body pities P— or *Def-e* in the Pillory, who reads Dr. *Swift* or Mrs. *Manley* with Admiration.

The great Secret therefore of *Political Rail- ing* is to inveigh without nauseating, and to grumble securely in Defiance of the secular Arm; which is the Mystery into which I would initiate our modern Authors and political Declaimers.

In order to this, it will be necessary to review the several Styles or Modes of Scandal

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which have obtain'd in all the different Ages of the World.

The first and most ancient is the fabulous or *allegorical* Mode, which has often been made use of to convey smart Things against Courts and Court Favourites with great Success; for the Ambiguity or *double Entendre* of a Fable raises the Curiosity of every Reader, to discover the secret String which it contains, and gratifies his Chagrin with more than ordinary Satisfaction when it is discovered. Besides, here is an eternal Recourse for Slander to the most malignant Author, even of the slowest Invention; for what can be easier than to say the same dreadful ill Things of Beasts, which are daily utter'd in Coffee Houses and Clubs against our rational Governors? What Difficulty is there in metamorphosing a grave *Minister of State* into a wily *Fox*, set over an honest Flock of Sheep to guard them from Dogs and Vermin; but instead of that, intending nothing but their Destruction, and worrying them to Death? In the same Manner, and with no less Ease, a *Courtier* will make a good *Spaniel*, fawning upon his Master for a *Bone* or a Crust of Bread; by which no Body will fail to understand a *Pension* or a *Place*: The *Lion* in the Forrest will do very well for *King*, and the *Jack-all* for his *chief Favourite*. The same may be done with Birds, or Fish, or even inanimate Things, whom they have full Liberry, upon these Occasions, to endow with the Gift of Speech. Or if this Method is too common, there is another sort of

of *Allegory* less trite, which is composed by transforming the Virtues, Vices, and Passions of Mankind into shadowy or imaginary Persons, and making them talk and act in such a manner as the *Great Ones*, whom they would expose, are said to do. Thus *Ambition*, in the Abstract, may be represented in Concert with *Avarice*, *Grandeur* and *Luxury*, debateing how to enslave a Nation, and, for a Moral, he may be pluck'd from the Throne, which he had *usurped*, by *Virtue*, *Liberty* and *Religion*.

This Method of Writing is the oldest of any that is extant, and was used by the first Nations upon Record. *Æsop*, amongst the *Grecians*, is a very primitive Fable-monger, and is supposed in many of his merry Stories, to reflect upon the *Great Men* of his Country. The *Roman Grumbletonians* vented their Spleen in the same mysterious Manner; and in our own Country, *Hudibras*, *Atalantis*, and *John Bull*, are Instances that are not inferior to the Antients in this Respect.

Another Mode of *Political Satire* is the *Ironical* or *Mock Panegyrick*. This too is of very ancient Date, but not so commonly used as it has been of late. Several of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Orators made use of it in their publick Harangues to the People; and the Speech of *Mark Anthony*, in *Shakespear*, upon the Death of *Cæsar*, is an admirable Specimen of this fulsome sort of Defamation, and of the Success which it naturally obtains upon the Minds of the Populace. *Anthony* knew that

Brutus was too popular a Man for him to traduce in an open Manner; he also knew that the People were too sensible of the Oppressions which *Cæsar* had exercised over them, to revenge the Death of such a Tyrant without Art and Management; and therefore he craftily begins his Oration with a plausible Encomium upon *Brutus* and the other *Affassins*, often repeating that *They were honourable Men*, and at the same Time insinuates how well *Cæsar* had deserved at their Hands, and how unjustly they had slain him; then telling them, that *Cæsar* had made them his *Heirs*, he stops short on a sudden, and recollects himself thus,

*I have o'ershot my self to tell you of it,
I fear I wrong the honourable Men,
Whose Daggers have stabb'd Cæsar —*

Upon which the sage Mob exclaims, *They honourable Men! Villains, Traytors, Murderers, we'll be revenged — — Ho! Brands, Firebrands! Down with the Traytors Houses.*

I need not quote any *English Railers* who have followed this Method; we have for this Year or two past abounded in this sort of State-Panegyrick; I will therefore, under this Head, content my self with prescribing a Rule or two proper to be observed by all *Ironical Defamers*.

First, As there is no Man in the World, how good soever, who has not some Faults; and as, on the other Hand, every Man, how bad soever, has some Virtues; take a particular

cular Care that you do not in any of your Mock-Applauses, praise any one for good Qualities which he is thought to *possess*, but dwell entirely upon those which he is known to *want*. By this Means you cannot fail of having your Grimace understood, and raising the malignant Grin of your Readers.

The same Rule will hold, if you would lash the Times under any King or Government whatsoever; if the Nation is engaged in a *War*, extoll the general *Peace* and *Tranquillity* which reigns in it; if Money or Provisions are scarce, thank God and the Government for the *Plenty* which it enjoys; if any other Nation outwits it in a *Treaty*, commend the Policy of its Ministers; or if they lose a *Battel*, cry up the Conduct of its Generals. In short, whatever be the State of the Publick, always make that the Subject of your Panegyrick which other People complain of; for at all Seasons, and in all Governments, there will be Matter of Complaint to those whose Constitution or Interest inclines them to be discontented.

Secondly, if you find it necessary to banter any Publick Proceeding, which is generally applauded, and reasonably set on Foot; never forget in your ludicrous Approbation to give it another Turn, and insist upon such Topicks as will create Jealousy in the Minds of Men, and disgust them against those who undertake it. In case of a *War*, though ever so necessary or unavoidable, represent it as the Effect of a noble Spirit that delights in *Danger* and *Knight-*

Errantry, in quelling Foreign Tyrants, and freeing Foreign Nations, without any *Selfish* Regard to *Domestick* Considerations. Extol the disinterested Merit of a Prince, who exhauts his own Blood and Treasure in Defence of his unhappy Neighbours, and the common Cause of Mankind. If *Peace* be negotiated, set forth the Advantages of living in *Ease*, *Indolence*, and an heroick Contempt of the Concerns of the World; magnify the Terms of Pacification, and add to them *Articles* which were never proposed — In other Cases you cannot fail of applying the same Rule.

Lastly, The *Ironical Stile* may be of Service to you on the greatest Occasions, and serve to ridicule the most solemn Things, and notorious Truths, if you do but put some fantastical Expressions into the pompous Eulogium, or print some ambiguous Words in significant *Italick* Characters.

I now proceed to another *Mode* of Political Scandal, namely the *Historical*, or that of *drawing Parallels*; which is much more Modern than any of the rest, and is at present very much in vogue. How many naughty Great Men have been lashed through the Sides of *Catiline* and his Conspirators, *Julius Caesar*, *Marius*, *Francis Lord Bacon*, and others? There is scarce a Character of Antiquity that is remarkable for Pride, Avarice, Corruption, Ambition, or Domination, (all Words of great Use to *Political Railers*) which has not been drawn forth in the blackest Colours, and by the

the Addition of Modern Incidents adapted to some of our Cotemporaries.

It ought to be observed by all Persons, who desire to succeed in this *Art*, that they need not be very nice in suiting their Characters, and drawing their *Parallels*: If they do but pitch upon some Villain of Note in History, they may add what Vices they please to make the Original compleat; on the other Hand, if the ancient Knave have ever so many Vices, which the modern was never charged with, yet where a Reader has conceived an ill Opinion of the Man, he will believe any thing they can suggest of him, and being possessed that he is very bad, will proceed to believe him worse than he is; for it is a good Observation of my Lord Clarendon, *that accused Persons are commonly charged with more than the worst Men ever deserved.*

The *Categorical Mode* is that when an Author descants upon the Heinousness of publick Crimes and Corruptions, and adjusts what are so in Princes or Statesmen, with broad Insinuations against the Great Men of his own Country and the present Age.

The *Hypothetical Mode* begins with an *If*, and ends with a Declaration of what publick Ministers deserve from the People, *supposing* them to be guilty of such and such Enormities. To this and the foregoing Mode is commonly added.

The *Lying Mode*, which is somewhat like the *Ironical*, and consists (after having set forth the Blackness of Corruption, and the Punishment which it deserves) in a positive Affirma-

tion, that our present Ministers are guilty of none of the Crimes before-mentioned; and in a solemn Thanksgiving for our Happiness under a wise and honest Administration.

The next *Mode* I shall mention is, the *Foreign Mode*, which seems to be entirely a modern Invention; for I do not remember one Instance of it amongst the Ancient Railers. This *Mode* is a sufficient Guard for the most licentious Invektive against any Government, by closing it with a cautious Declaration, that what has been said has no Relation to our *own Times* or *Nation*, but only with Regard to what has happened in *former Reigns*, and in *other Countries*.

The last and most useful *Mode* is the fictitious *Mode*, or the *Mode de futuro*, which alarms the Apprehensions of Mankind with imaginary Dangers, and Designs of the Writer's own Invention. This *Mode* has one peculiar Advantage above the rest, as it gains the Author the Reputation of removing those Dangers, which had never any Foundation, and disappointing those Designs, which never entered into any other Man's Head; such as, for Instance, *making Great Britain a Province to Bremen and Verhden*, or *subjecting it to a military Power*, or *suppressing the Liberty of the Press*, or *pulling down the Church*, or any such terrible and provoking Design.

It would be easy to recollect other *Modes* of Railing at Governments; but I think these are sufficient to set up any Person of the least common Sense, in that Trade, and to carry him
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him through it with Applause and Impunity, which latter is the surest Mark of a fine seditious Genius : For as we commonly say, that Highwaymen or Housebreakers are not hanged for being Rogues, but for being caught in their Rogueries ; so it is the Opinion of most People, that a Man who cannot talk or write Treason, without incurring the Penalty of the Laws, deserves to lose his Ears.

Of POPULAR DISCONTENTS.

AS the Body Politick has, in many Respects, been compar'd to the Body Natural, so there is one Particular that shews the Weakness of both, in which the Parallel holds very exactly ; and that is, the Tendency that some Governments have to particular Defaults or Mischiefs, as some humane Bodies have to particular Diseases.

I think it may be affirm'd with Freedom, and I am sure it may be mainrain'd with Truth, That the weak Part in the Constitution of our Government, is a Tendency to Tumult, Sedition, and Rebellion ; and never did the natural Ill-Will to superior Power, and the inbred Malice to Authority, shew itself more, or diffuse itself farther, than it has of late Years.

There is no Grievance that any Subject of *Great Britain* can be liable to, much less that any Numbers of 'em can suffer, that the Law has not prescrib'd a Remedy for. And it is very obvious, that the seeking Redress by legal Methods, is the only sure Way of obtaining it. Any other Methods are much more likely to lead to greater Evils, than those complain'd of; and if any one looks so far back into our History as the Reign of *Henry III.* or comes down so low as the late Civil Wars, which began 1641, he will be sufficiently convinced of this Truth, by those two Instances, tho' he intermits all the intervening Calamities which the People suffer'd within that Period of Time, and which (almost all) arose from the same Origin.

The several Turns that appear'd in those tumultuous and bloody Times, (I say, in those two great Instances,) will convince any Man of good Sense, how little he ought to depend upon the Fury of a Mob, or upon Prosecutions forc'd by tumultuous Petitions. I may challenge any one to shew a single Instance where the many-headed Beast was made use of, that the blind Monster did not turn upon those who first taught it to know its own Strength.

How strictly therefore ought we to guard against the Disease we seem most subject to. And yet it was Matter of great Surprise to many, who wish well to the Peace of the Kingdom, and to the Security and Happiness of the present Government, that in a late Instance, many Gentlemen, for whom we
ought

ought to have very favourable Sentiments, with Regard to their great Estates, as well as their known good Dispositions to his Majesty and the Royal Family, should yet give Way to the popular Clamour of that Time, even in their Legislative Capacities; not considering that the same Spirit which they endeavour'd to raise, or at least did not attempt to allay, might very soon turn upon themselves, but would most certainly upon the Government, to which those Gentlemen, no doubt, were well affected.

This Spirit of Discontent has something in the Nature of it like Fire; and if 'tis kept up, there must be Fuel for it to prey upon; and that always ends in the Government itself, whatever the first Pretences are.

The Reason of this is evident; because as long as humane Nature continues depraved, there will always be a Reluctancy to Obedience: And therefore 'tis observed, That those Proceedings never set up any thing, but are always employ'd to pull down; and for this I shall quote no less Authority, than that of the Usurper *Cromwell*, who, mounted upon the Back of this Monster, had driven the People of *England*, like Cattle, before him; yet, in 1653, they had so far turn'd against him, and his Measures, that he was forced to declare, *That they had a Principle among them of destroying and pulling down, tho' nothing was set up in its stead.* Those whom he had taught to cry, *No Bishops, No King, now cry'd, No Chancery, no Laws, no Property.*

It imports little, from what poor small Springs the Torrents of Faction first arise, if they are fed with Care and improved by Industry, and meet with Dispositions fitted to receive and embrace them. That of the *Prasini* and *Veneti*, was as violent and fatal at *Constantinople*, as that of the *Gwelphs* and *Gibbellins* in *Italy*; though one began only upon the divided Opinions and Affections, about two publick Theatres, or Play-Houses, called the Blew and the Sea Green: Whereas t'other pretended the Right of investing Bishops, to be in the Emperor, or the Pope. Whatever the Beginnings of Factions are, the Consequences are the same, and the Ends too of those chiefly engaged in them, which is to act the same Part in different Masks, and to pursue private Passions or Interests, under publick Pretences.

Upon the Survey of these Dispositions in Mankind, and these Conditions of Government, it seems much more reasonable to pity, than to envy the Fortunes and Dignities of Princes, or great Ministers of State; and to lessen or excuse their venial Faults, or at least their Misfortunes, rather than to encrease or make them worse by ill Colours and Representations. For, as every Prince should govern, as he would desire to be governed if he were a Subject, so every Subject should obey, as he would desire to be obey'd if he were a Prince; since this moral Principle, of doing as you would be done by, is certainly the most undisputed and universally allow'd of any other

ther in the World, how ill soever it may be practised by particular Men.

It would be hard to leave Princes and States with so ill Prospects and Presages of Ease or Success in the Administration of their Governments, as these Reflections must afford them; and therefore I will not end this Essay without some Offers at their Safety, by fixing some Marks like Lights upon a Coast, by which their Ships may avoid at least known Rocks or Sands, where Wrecks or Dangers have been usually observed: For, to those that come from Heaven by Storms, or the fatal Periods decreed above, all the World must submit.

The first Safety of Princes and States, lies in avoiding all Councils or Designs of Innovation, in ancient and establish'd Forms and Laws, especially those concerning Liberty, Property, and Religion, which are the Possessions Men will ever have most at Heart; and thereby, leaving the Channel of known and common Justice, clear and undisturbed.

The second, in pursuing the true and common Interest of the Nation they govern, without espousing those of any Party or Faction; or if these are so formed in a State, that they must incline to one or other, then to chuse or favour that which is most popular, or wherein the greatest or strongest Part of the People appear to be engaged. For, as the End of Government appears to be *Salus Populi*, so the Strength of the Government is the Consent of the People; which made the Maxim of *Vox Populi,*

Populi, Vox Dei: That is, the Governors who are few, will ever be forced to follow the Strength of the Governed, who are many, let them be either People or Armies, by which they govern.

A third, is the countenancing and introducing, as far as is possible, the Customs and Habits of Parsimony into the Countries they govern; for frugal and industrious Men are usually safe and friendly to the establish'd Government, as the idle and expensive are dangerous, from their Humours or Necessities.

The last consists in preventing Dangers from Abroad; for foreign Dangers raise Fears at Home, and Fears among the People raise Jealousies of the Prince or State, and give them ill Opinions, either of their Abilities, or their good Intentions. Men are apt to think well of themselves and of their Nation, of their Courage and their Strength; and if they see it in Danger, they lay the Fault upon the Weakness, ill Conduct, or Corruption of their Governors; the ill Orders of State, ill Choice of Officers, or ill Discipline of Armies; and nothing makes a Discontent or Sedition so fatal at Home, as an Invasion, or the Threats and Prospect of one, from Abroad.

Upon these four Wheels, the Chariot of a State may in all Appearance drive easy and safe, or at least not to be too much shaken by the usual Roughness of Ways, unequal Humours of Men, or any common Accident: Further is not to be provided against; for though the Beginnings of great Fires are often discovered,
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and thereby others easily prevented with Care; yet some may be thrown in from Engines far off, and out of Sight; others may fall from Heaven; and 'tis hard to determine, whether some Constellations of Celestial Bodies, or Inflammations of Air from Meteors or Comets, may not have a powerful Effect upon the Minds, as well as Bodies of Men; upon the Distempers and Diseases of both, and thereby upon Heats and Humours of vulgar Minds, and the Commotions and Seditions of a People who happen to be most subjected to their Influence: In such Cases, when the Flame breaks out, all that can be done, is to remove, as fast as can be, all Materials that are like to increase it; to employ all Ways and Methods of quenching it, to repair the Breaches and Losses it has occasioned, and to bear with Patience what could not be avoided, or cannot be remedied.

Of GREAT MEN.

There are divers Enormities which are highly complained of in *Great Men* by an inferior Sort of People, at the same Time that they imitate them in those very Enormities, and very often outdo them. I therefore, being an impartial Person, and determined in this

Essay

Essay to apologize for my Superiors, and endeavour to prove, that those Gentlemen call'd *Men of Quality*, are not worse than the meanest of the People.

The first I shall mention, is their *Breach of Promises*, and the frequent *Disappointments* which they are said to be guilty of. I confess, this is a grievous Charge, and no Body has a greater Aversion to kicking his Heels in a *Levee-Room*, or hearing sham-sham Excuses from a *Great Man*, than my self. I think it very provoking, when my Lord has appointed me to wait on him at such a Time, to be told by his Porter, that he is gone out, or not well, and cannot be spoken with; neither can I at all relish a thousand Disappointments and dilatory Excuses for not serving me, after I have had ten Times as many Promises, that he would do it — But, for God's sake, is this Grievance confined to *Great Men*, or ought the Accusation to be so? Is not the same Practice common to the greatest Part of Mankind, and have we not Instances every Day of Persons of all Ranks and Conditions, who shew their Dexterity in deceiving their Dependants in the same Manner? How many worthy Attornies do I know, who put off their Clients from Term to Term, with solemn Promises that their Business shall be done out of Hand; and yet never remember a Word of it after their Backs are turn'd? There is another Set of Men, who fall into this Enormity, not out of an evil Disposition, or any vicious Intent, but merely out of Wantonness, and to give

give themselves an Air of Importance. I know one of this Sort, who is so careful of being punctual on any Account, that rather than be true to any Appointment which he has made, he will walk to and fro by the Door, for an Hour together, in the Rain till he is wet through: And I was lately pester'd with a Printer of this Complexion, who (when I have been publishing a Poem) has given me more Vexation in attending the Press, than the noble Lord did to whom I inscribed it—Another Charge against great Men, is that of refusing to pay their just Debts; this also is a very heinous Charge, especially if we consider how reasonable most Tradesmen are in their Bills, and that they do not make their noble Customers pay, at most, above *Cent per Cent* for their Credit; is it not a very hard Case that for such a moderate Profit, the poor Men should be obliged to call ten or a dozen Times for their Money, and perhaps not get it at last without allowing the Steward twenty Shillings *per Cent.* out of their just Demands?— But neither is this Charge, if I apprehend right, so peculiar to great Men, as it is generally imagined; indeed I wonder to hear this Complaint urged against a Set of Men, at a Time, when it seems to be a Maxim agreed on by all Men, *To pay no Body if they can help it*; not to mention that it is also inculcated as an Article of Religion, by the Example of several Reverend Divines, whom I need not mention: Only I must observe by the way, that I do not mean the Right Reverend Bishops, who, being

en-

enrolled amongst the Number of *great Men*, partake in the general Calumny, and in my present Apology — But to proceed; who are more polite Pay-masters than most of the smart *Black-bag* Beaus and fine Gentlemen about Town, (who can in no Sense be called *great Men*;) or what is more fashionable in all Professions than to be *dunn'd*? It gives Men an Air, to be followed and solicited for Money, and shews them to be Persons of Business and Importance: A very fine Gentleman of my Acquaintance in the *Temple* is so sensible of this, that he is always busy when his *Washerwoman* wants to be paid, and makes the poor Soul run after him twenty times before he has Leisure to put his Hand into his Pocket; at other Times no Body is more *fashionably idle* than himself; and you may find him humming a Tune out of his Window, or jaunting from one Coffee-House to another, in search of Engagements. In short, I know no Persons in the World so remarkable for *prompt Payment* as our modern *Poets*, and other ingenious *Authors*, who always go with ready Money in their Hands; which they seem to do for this sage Reason — *because they know no Body cares to trust them.*

I am obliged to a Book, intitled, *The Fable of the Bees, or private Vices publick Benefits*, for another good Argument in Defence of my Clients in this particular, which is contained in this following Paradox, (*viz.*) *That if every Body paid his Debts honestly, a great many honest Men would be ruined:* For, as it is learned-
ly

ly argued in the aforesaid Book, that we are indebted to particular private Vices for the flourishing Condition and Welfare of the Publick; and as, if Luxury ceased, great Part of our Commerce would cease with it; and if the *Reformation of Manners* should so far prevail as to abolish Fornication, Multitudes of Surgeons would be ruined; so, if every Body should grow honest and pay his Debts willingly, what would become of the long Robe and *Westminster-hall*? I shall leave this Consideration with those whom it may concern, and pass to another Objection against *great Men*, which is the weightiest of them all; namely, their accepting of Places and Pensions from the Crown. I readily agree with these Objectors, that it would be much better for the Nation, if the King would be pleased to have no Ministers at all, but do all his Business and dress his Dinner himself. This would certainly be the most effectual Method to lessen our Taxes, and pay off the publick Debts: Or, in case he does not care to undertake so much Business himself, let him turn away the present Sett of Ministers, and put the Trust into other Hands, and I'll warrant you Things would be much easier. But while great Men have all the Places, and we are forced to work for our Bread, how can it be expected that People will not complain.

But is it not very unreasonable to hear a Taylor or a Shoemaker railing at the Ministry, and calling all Men in Places bribed and corrupted; at the same time that he is himself,
with

with great Industry, and an hundred little underhand Practices, making Interest to be Church-warden or Overseer, that he may have the fingering of Publick Money, and play over the Tricks of State in a lower Sphere? And yet what is more common than to see this? Or where are Factions, private Interests, Corruptions and Cabals more commonly carried on to obtain Offices of Trust and Profit, than in Colleges of both our *Universities*? And yet where is there more clamour, grumbling and preaching against their Superiors, for the like Practices?— I mention this to shew, that the old Proverb, *Set a Whore to catch a Whore*, may be observed to be true thro' all Stations of Life.

But, methinks, of all People, our common Hackney Writers have the least Reason to rail against Pensions and Pensioners; since it is plain that they are Pensioners themselves in the most abandoned Manner. Is it not very merry to hear the profound Journalists weekly exclaiming against being the Hirelings of a Court, and doing the dirty Jobbs of a Ministry (which indeed are infamous enough!) whilst they are palpably Pensioners of the Multitude, and get a skulking Livelihood by writing to the Taste of Porters and Carmen? A mercenary Spirit is not to be justify'd in any Man, or upon any Occasion; but certainly it is full as honest, and somewhat more creditable, to be the mercenary Instruments of a Court, than of an ignorant Rabble.

There

There is one Complaint more against the present great Men ; which, if it be true, even their Apologist cannot justify them in ; I mean the Neglect and Disregard of all their Friends under Misfortunes and Prosecutions upon their Account. I have often heard this urged against them ; but it seems so romantick an Accusation, so inconsistent with their own private Interest, (even supposing them not to have a Grain of publick Honesty left) and so opposite to the Conduct of all great Men before them, that I have not Faith enough to believe it. I thank God I never had the Trial of 'em my self upon such an Occasion ; and hope never to see an Instance of it in any other, it being certainly the most melancholly Case in the World, to be violently prosecuted by one Party, purely upon a Party Account, and ramely deserted by the other.

Of THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

IF I might be allowed a little Suspension of more serious Thinking, I would beg my Readers Attention to some Account which I have to communicate concerning the gay Part of Mankind, but more particularly, the Stage, and the Lovers of that manly Diversion.

I am sorry to say, that the Managers of both Houses have enter'd into a Confederacy to ruin a Sett of inoffensive harmless Fellows, I mean, those Authors and Actors of portable Pieces of Drollery, the Raree-show Men; and am concerned to think, that Men whom the World allows to have no Religion, should have it in their Power to marr the Endeavours of others, who have suffered Persecution for theirs, and are, by the Voice of our Legislature, pronounced to be good Protestants and natural Subjects.

This is principally owing to the Manager of the *New House*. I won't pretend to assign a Cause for so ungenerous a Proceeding of his; but it is to me a strong Reason to suspect him tainted with *Jacobitism*.

I confess this is the only Way I have found of accounting for those prodigious Phænomena, which of late have appeared on our Stages; tho' some People who have Faith in Prophecy think they portend Destruction to Poetry, and Downfal to Wit, while others more superstitious, attribute their Appearance to Miracle, and say, that Comedy having received foul Play from some about her, died a little suspiciously, and ever since her Ghost haunts in those dismal Shapes the Place in which she was murder'd. If it be so, I know of no Conjuror qualified to lay the dreadful Goblin, tho' I hope Doctor *Faustus* may do something.

If I knew under what Species of the Drama to rank these new Whims, I would entertain you with a Criticism upon them; but neither

Aristotle

Aristotle nor *Horace* can inform me : However, my Landlord, who is a Wit by Accident, and Joiner by Profession, has given me some Light into the Mystery. I find by his Discourse, that he had a great Hand in composing the famous *Opera* of *Jupiter* and *Europa* ; nay, his Vanity often hints, that the wittiest Things in it were entirely his : From him I learn'd, that the Reason why *Mercury* and others of the Gods were not burlesqued in that Entertainment, as *Jupiter* and the Majority were, was pure Zeal for the Christian Religion, and that the Author thought the best Way to bring the Pagans and the Poets into Contempt, was to make some of their First-rate Gods keep very scurvy Company : He told me a Number of other idle Stories ; but none with so much Warmth, as when he railed against the Joiner, who works for the other House, for stealing the same Conceit, and out-doing it by introducing a Crowd of Deities into *Doctor Faustus*, and that Way mimicking the Catastrophe of a Puppet shew.

This noble Emulation between the Two Houses, recalls to my Mind a Passage that happened in a City, where I spent a Winter some few Years ago. There was in Town a Company of Comedians, who now and then play'd with tolerable Profit and Applause, till unluckily for them arrived in Town another Shew-Master, with a Company of strolling Puppets : Upon his beginning to act, War was declared, and during the Season several Hostilities were committed on both Sides, but the
Victory

Victory seemed to incline to the Puppets: They had such a pleasant way of mimicking the Actors, and burlesquing them at the same Time, that all the Town gave the Cause for them: This enraged the other to such a Degree, that they were resolved to make Reprisals and accordingly took up a Whim of mimicking the Puppet in their Voice, Gesture and Wit; which they performed so well, that they recovered their Fame, and crowned the Season with the Glory of having foil'd their Adversaries in these Feats of Stupidity, and excell'd the Wooden Actors in their own Way.

To be a little serious; if Affairs go on at this Rate, the Poet and the Player will become useless Things, while the Joiner, the Dragon-maker and Posture-Master run away with all the Credit and Profit. How far the Interests of the Actors are struck at, is plain from a Design which I hear is form'd of making these wretched Interludes the sole Entertainment of one of our Theatres. What the good Actors have to apprehend, will only appear to those who know that the Persons who acted the Parts of the *Bull* and *Dragon* in the two late Pieces of Mummery, (which two Parts all the Criticks allow to be the best written of the Whole) are upon that Occasion dispensed with from their usual Employments of Candle-snuffing.

I can't but observe, that in the new Entertainment, tho' the *Dragon* has much the Advantage of the old one, yet the *Devil* is far inferior, as being a Person of no Honour in the World, the first Thing he performs being

a Breach of Promise to the Doctor; though I have heard several ingenious Persons in his Excuse say, that therein consists the Moral of the Farce; it may be so, but I can conceive none unless it be allowed, as some others give out, that he learned those Tricks from the Author; and then indeed, a notable one will arise, to wit: *Evil Communication corrupts good Manners.*

*Of the TRAGEDY of HUMPHREY
Duke of GLOUCESTER.*

THE Town has been lately obliged with a Dramatick Performance, in which the honest Spirit of an *English* Poet against Popery, and all its Adherents, is very conspicuously and boldly discovered: I believe I need not trouble my Readers with any other Apology for the following Observations upon that excellent Tragedy.

I design to do this, without taking upon my self the Air of a Critick, and without examining nicely into the Conduct of the *Drama*, the Unities of Time and Place, or any other of the Mechanical Parts of Writing; but shall consult the Passions, and point out such Sentiments as, I think, ought to warm the Heart of every good *Englishman*. I do not take this

G

Method,

Method, because I think that Mr. *Philips's* Play will not bear a more critical Examination, but because this has always been my Method of judging of these Performances; and I freely declare, that I had rather see one Play which abounds with nervous Sense and bold Thoughts, even though the *Dramatical* Rules were but indifferently observed, than a Thousand cold languid ones, written with all the Propriety in the World.

The Two chief Characters in this Play are *Humphry Duke of Gloucester*, and *Cardinal Beaufort Bishop of Winchester*, between whom there is an admirable Contraste drawn, the former being an able and honest Politician, the latter a wicked, turbulent and ambitious Prelate; so that the monstrous Vices of the One brighten and set off the inimitable Virtues of the Other. I have not heard any Objections made against the Poet for drawing the *Duke* so good a *Man*, but abundance for making the *Cardinal* so bad; whereas all History sets him in the same bad Light, and mentions him in the same infamous Manner. What is the Reason of such Objections, or who are the Authors of them, I shall not at present enquire; but since it is so, I will say no more of the *Duke* (who is tacitly confessed to be justly drawn) but confine my self to the *Cardinal*, and shew, by several Passages in this Play, that he is drawn consistent with the Character of a *Popish* or *High-Church* Prelate.

The first Place where the *Cardinal* appears, is in the second Scene of the first Act, in which
he

he prevaricates with the Earl of *Warwick* about the false Accusation laid against the Duke's Wife, for conspiring the *Death* of the King by *Sorcery* and *Witchcraft*, pretending that he had no Hand in that Charge ; upon which, in the third Scene, *Warwick* breaks out into this excellent Soliloquy :

*Farewel, Hypocrisy and Pride ! grey Hairs
And griping Hands ! — ambitious, harsh and
dreadful*

*Ev'n to thy Friends — what a Disgrace, that
Men,*

*That Kings should stand in awe of such a
Pageant,*

A Shew of Sanctity trick'd up in Scarlet ?

*Believe in Sorcery ; — No, Cardinal,
Thy Wit is not so dull — What have the Laity
To do with Faculties they dare not use ?
Reason, in us, is carnal — Beasts that we are,
To suffer Rome to shackle our free Thoughts,
And fool our very Senses.*

In the eight Scene of the same Act, the Duke of Gloucester is introduced with his Dutcheſs, bewailling the Sentence passed upon her by the Church, upon the Pretence before-mentioned. Upon which the Duke exclaims thus,

*Audacious Prelates ! Ministers of Rome !
Most wicked Agents to the infernal Foe !
But I defy your infamous Tribunal,
Upheld by Frauds and superstitious Fears ! —*

*Are there not Crimes sufficient in the World;
But you must raise fantastick Trespases,
And tyrannize by Fables?—foul Delusions!*

In the second Scene of the second Act, the Duke upbraids his Uncle the Cardinal with the Treatment of his Wife; upon which the Cardinal speaks thus,

*Beau. Was she not sentenced by due Course
of Law?
Though sentenc'd short — far short of her
Demerits.*

The Duke replies,

*Glouc. Her whole Demerits are, that in Religion
She reasons more perhaps than you allow:
Perhaps rejects, as frivolous and vain,
What Churchmen teach of Witchcraft and of
Spells.*

Again in the same Scene,

*Audacious Priest! — unworthy of the Garb
Of holy Men: Unhallowed by thy Life;
The Scandal of the Church;—a VIPER in the
STATE! ———
Thou Reprobate! dost Thou presume to censure:
Malice, Hypocrisy, Avarice and Pride,
And Turbulency and Ambition ——— and
Leud Desires (the Infamy of Age!)
Pollute thy sacred Dignity and stain thy
Robes: ——— In*

In the next Scene follows this Soliloquy,

*Away! — I would not learn from Thee!
Thou temperate Villain; in Unforgiveness
cool;
Who puttest a Gloss of Sanctity on Malice,
And seem'st to weep, and seem'st to pray, for
those
Thou would'st destroy —*

In the second Scene of the third Act, the Queen speaks thus disdainfully of her great Favourite the Cardinal,

*— We must join with Gloucester;
Ask his Forgiveness: — and renounce this
Cardinal,
This wily, this most inauspicious Priest; —
But, 'tis the Curse of wild ambitious Church-
men
Ever to Plot, and never to succeed!*

In the same Scene the Cardinal defies the Parliament in these Words.

*Beau. Let them arraint — We shall appeal
to Rome.*

In the eleventh Scene of this Act, he speaks thus to *Warwick*, who threatened to call him to Account for ill-advising the King.

*Beau. Rash Boy, thy Menaces rise short of me,
Who move within a Sphere, exalted high
Above thy Lay-Condition !*

The Earl of *Warwick* ends this Act very pathetically, in these Words :

Warwick solus.

*Proud—and rich Cardinal—No wonder thou
art proud ;*

*Thy Order can be proud and poor : In Shew
Most humble ; in Heart most arrogant—the
Monk*

*That asks an Alms, is a proud, lazy Varlet.—
Fie upon this Mockery ! —*

*O, might I live to bless the happy Day,
When Rome no more usurps tyrannick Sway !
Or, that deny'd ; may our Descendants see
The Land throughout, from Superstition free,
With Kings, who fill an independent Throne,
And know no Pow'r supreme, besides their own.*

In the second Scene of the fourth Act, we meet with *Beaufort* again dissembling with the Duke of *York*, and feigning a great Respect for his Nephew the Duke of *Gloucester*, particularly on Account of the *Ties of Blood*, which gives Occasion to this just and beautiful Reply.

*York. The Ties of Blood ! — No, Winchester,
the Priesthood,
To Celibacy vow'd, are dead to all Endear-
ments—*

What

*What Ties have you? — Nor conjugal, nor
filial Love,*

*Nor Brotherhood nor Parents Grievs or Joys,
Nor Friendship's generous Flame, nor Sympa-
thies*

Of any Kind, affect your Hearts ———
Beau. ——— Forbear,

*I must not hear you thus inveigh against
Your Spiritual Guides.*

York, Our merciless Oppressors! ———

*In all your Interests sever'd from the People,
Of worldly Wealth, and Pomp, and Power,
you would*

*Engross the whole; and leave to us, the Cares,
The Servitude, the Penury of Life:*

*Giving us empty Benedictions, in Exchange
For the substantial Blessings you enjoy.*

In the seventh Scene of the same Act, we
meet with this seasonable Observation out of
the Mouth of the Earl of Salisbury.

————— *When Treasons, manifest,
Are so contriv'd (as Treasons often are)
That they defy the Force of written Laws;
Or when the Wealth, or Dignity of Traitors,
Sets them above the Reach of common Justice,
ATTAINERS are the Refuge of the State.*

In the tenth Scene, the same worthy Salisbury
speaks of Beauport in this manner,

————— Nor must he hold
A Seat in Parliament ——— for what have we

*To do with Cardinals, whose whole Allegiance
The See of Rome usurp.——*

In the seventh Scene of the last Act, when he is charg'd by *York* and *Warwick* with murdering the Duke, he replies in the modern Cant,

*And shall the Church, you wound through me,
not censure !*

O Religion !——

Again, in the tenth Scene, *Warwick* tells him ;

Nothing thy Soul abhors, but Truth and Virtue !

In the same Scene, when he is told that the *Ruffians*, whom he employ'd, have confess'd the Facts, he breaks out into this Exclamation,

*Daring Impiety !—— Where will it end,
When holy Dignities are vilify'd ? ——*

Salisbury returns ;

*Presuming Insolence of Rome's Authority !
You think, that with Impunity you may
Offend against the Civil Pow'r.*

This is the Character which *Mr. Philips* has drawn of Cardinal *Beaufort* ; and I will appeal to all unprejudic'd and unbigotted People, whether it is not the Character which History delivers down ; whether it is not the
natural

natural Character of an ambitious Popish Prelate; and I hope we ought not to blame the Author's Address, if under this Character he has couch'd an *Allegory*, and (as the Proverb says) *killed two Birds with one Stone*. I know there are some Persons who are so nice, that they cannot hear an ill Clergyman described (though with the greatest Regard to Truth); without a thousand Fears for the *Church*, and Apprehensions for Religion: But I despise such vain Superstition; and if there lives in this Island any Prelate who resembles that antient one, in his Pride, Ambition, Turbulency and Rancour; one who is (as Mr. *Philips* describes him) a *Scandal to the Church*, and a *Viper in State*; I shall rejoice, for the Honour of Religion, to see him treated as his Iniquities deserve.

You see, Reader, that I have confined myself in this Letter to the Character of the Cardinal; but I cannot conclude, without acknowledging the Satisfaction I received from several other Parts of the Play, particularly those two excellent Scene's where *Beaufort* attends the Murder of the good Duke, and that where he dies distracted with Remorse, which are above any Commendation.

Of METHOD in WRITING.

TIS most certain that they have very good Grounds who make the Observation, That the too strict and over-scrupulous Care of Connexions renders the modern Compositions oftentimes tedious and flat. And by the Omission of them, it seems to me, that those noble Remains of the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, and the Reflections of the excellent Monsieur *Paschal*, are two of the most useful and entertaining Books which Antiquity, or the later Ages has produced: This is copying after Nature herself. Thus, as a most ingenious Author expresses it, a Meadow where the Beauties of the Spring are profusely blended together, makes a more delightful Prospect, than a curious *Parterre* of sorted Flowers in our Gardens; and we are more transported with the Beauty of the Heavens, and Admiration of their Creator, in a clear Night, when we behold Stars of all Magnitudes promiscuously moving together, than if those glorious Lights were ranked in their several Orders, or reduced into the finest Geometrical Figures.

When

When that wise and great Emperor observes;
*That the Business of Mankind is strangely tri-
 fling and transient ; Things, says he, are so hol-
 low, and so quickly hurried off, that the World
 looks somewhat like a Scene of Necromancy, and
 seems to be more Apparition than real Life: He
 does not spin out his Subject to its utmost
 Length ; but leaves it so, that we may apply
 to his Manner of Writing what my Lord Ros-
 common says upon another Occasion.*

*The weighty Bullion of one Sterling Line,
 Drawn to French Wire, wou'd thro' whole
 Pages shine.*

This Way does not hinder his resuming the
 same Subject, or something very near it, at
 another Time : As when he says in another
 Place with that (*Brevitas Imperialis*) Imperial
 Brevity, which *Pliny* the younger so justly ad-
 mires in *Trajan*, *That the Extent of human Life
 is but a Point ; that the Faculties of Sense and
 Perception are weak and unpenetrating ; the Bo-
 dy slenderly put together, and but a Remove from
 Putrefaction ; the Soul a rambling sort of Thing.*
 Man is indeed compounded of Appetites in-
 consistent with each other, and of jarring In-
 clinations : It seems not improbable that we
 are the lowest Degree of rational Creatures,
 of a Nature between Angels and Beasts, lying
 open to Depredations of various Kinds, and
 harra's'd by the Excitements of Sense, and the
 Suggestions of Reason ; for Human Nature,
 like a Frontier-Country, is almost always the
 Seat of War. But to proceed. This

This Manner of Writing does not arise from thinking superficially, and lightly touching the Surface of Things ; there is a great deal of Difference between thinking more than you write, and writing all that you think. If I were asked this Question, Why does a Man spend so many Hours of his Time in thinking, and to so little Purpose ? My Answer would be, That no doubt it is for want of a Method to regulate the Thoughts, and from a Weakness in the Mind, whereby we are unable to fix them long on a Subject ; for few Peoples Minds have Strength enough to continue with a steady Intention upon one Subject : There is an Agility in the Body, which is a Proof of its Strength ; but there is an Activity in the Mind, which is a Sign of its Weakness ; as we see little Children run, when they have not Strength enough to walk slowly. If the Assertion be true, That Mankind are all equal in the chief Endowments and Privileges of Nature, it seems probable, that the Differences which appear between the Capacities of Men, does not arise from the Inequality of Reason, but from a different Method in the Use and Application of Reason, and from the various Nature of the Subjects upon which it is imploy'd.

Of S U C I D E.

AS there is not a Nation in *Europe* in which *Self-Murder* is so frequent as in our own, it is a melancholly Consideration that there can be no Methods found out sufficient to deter us from this detestable Practice, and to prevent the Mischiefs that generally ensue from thence to our Friends, Relations, and Families.

Men indeed, that thro' Troubles and Disappointments, thro' real Misfortunes, or a natural Sourness and Dissatisfaction in their own Tempers, are grown into a Distaste of Life, and weary of themselves and the World, are not to be bound and ty'd down by the same Laws and Restraints that usually influence others: It is the Fear of Punishment only that can keep us in any Order or Obedience Human Nature is too perverse, base and untractable, to be subdued by gentler or more reasonable Means, and therefore it must of Necessity be a Matter of the greatest Difficulty (as well as of the utmost Importance and Concern) to put a Stop to an Evil of this sort, the very perpetrating of which renders all Laws that Men can contrive against it, vain and ineffectual.

The

The Condition of humane Life, it must be acknowledged, is none of the most elligible; the Variety of Ills and Calamities that even the best State of it is subject to; the Shortness and Uncertainty of its Duration; the Weakness of our Reason; the Want of Fortitude to support ourselves under the least Pain or Affliction; the Extravagance, the Impetuosity of our Passions; the Disorders they occasion in us, and the little Satisfaction we find in the Enjoyment of them, are sufficient Testimonies of the Truth of this Assertion: We are perpetually hurried away from one Extream to another; all our Happiness consists in Novelty and the Desire of Change; and provided we can but in any Circumstance alter our Condition, we care not whether it be for the better or the worse; we have not Judgment to discern our own Good, nor Resolution enough to embrace it if we had; our boasted Wisdom and Abilities may serve to raise our Curiosity, but can never satisfy it: The Knowledge we have, only adds to our Unhappiness, and 'tis a Misfortune to us that we know so much, since we cannot know more; it is chiefly Noise, Ostentation, and Show, and the most that we can learn from it, are our own Infirmities and Weaknesses.

Neither is the Remedy, consider'd in itself, however it may be represented, worse than the Disease: Upon due Reflection we should find that the terrible Ideas which we are apt to form to our selves of Death, are only Phantoms of our own Imagination; that there is

nothing in it so frightful or alarming but it may be looked upon with the greatest Tranquillity and Indifference ; Men may with Ease reason themselves into a Contempt of it : If it were only a Dissolution of this transitory and fantastick Being, only to be annihilated, to be deprived of our Existence, it were no Evil, because we should not be sensible of the Loss ; had we no other Prospects, no Hope of a happy Futurity in View : Were our Expectations, our Desires, to terminate in this Life, the Vanity, the Folly, the Impertinence of it would justify the laying violent Hands upon ourselves, and *to live* would be the most senseless and idle Thing a wise Man could do ; we should wonder what our Errand here could be ; it would in all Appearance be too trifling to keep us in Countenance in the Performance of it ; and what the ancient Sage said of the Priests of Rome, *That he was surpris'd that they who were so well acquainted with the Farce and holy Juggles of their Religion, could see one another without laughing ;* might with vastly more Justice be apply'd to all Mankind in general : Is not Life itself a Farce more ridiculous than any other that we can act ? Wherein does the Dignity of human Nature, the Superiority that we claim over other Creatures, discover itself, but in that Immortality which the Author of Nature has assured us from his own Mouth is peculiar to us alone ? For the rest, we are pretty much upon a Level with the other Works of the Almighty, and the Instinct of Brutes answers all the Purposes of living as well

well and as fully as the Reason of Man; nay, perhaps, if the Matter was duly examined into, the Advantage would lie on their Side: Tho' their Enjoyments and Pleasures may not be altogether so exquisite as ours, they are, at the same time, free from all our Anxieties and Troubles.

Since therefore we should be in a worse Condition than the Brutes, or any other Animal, unless we were to have some Retribution in another World, it is no Wonder that Men should become their own Murtherers, in proportion as the Belief of a future State lessens in the Esteem of the People; which it must necessarily do, when all Means that can be thought of, are taken to bring it into Contempt, and it is industriously insinuated both in Discourse and Writing to be only a Chimæra, or the Dream of some distempered Imagination. How prejudicial such heterodox Opinions are to Society, what an Effect they have both upon the Morals and Actions of Men, let this one Article of *Suicide*, which seems to prevail among us in a greater Degree now than ever, be a Witness. Were we to have that just Sense of another Life, and the Certainty of future Rewards and Punishments, which we are taught by the revealed Word of God himself to entertain, we should readily perceive that we have not the Disposal of ourselves so absolutely vested in us, that it is in our Power to put an End to our Being without offending the Author of it in the highest Manner imaginable, whenever Spleen, Vexation,

tion, or the common Accidents of Life shall make us out of humour with it. It was certainly for the best and wisest Ends that we were sent upon a Pilgrimage into this World, tho' they may be past our finding out; however the whole Universe is as much a Mystery as this; we see perfect Harmony, Beauty and Order in every Part of it, and yet the Design, the Reason for which it was created, is not possible to be guess'd at, at least by Beings so imperfect, so short in their intellectual Faculties, as we seem to be. This considered, ought not we to leave complaining, and be contented with our Condition here, to bear with Chearfulness and Patience all the Calamities and Afflictions that are the undoubted Portion of this Life, and are inseparably annex'd to our very Nature; to desist from our vain and useless Inquiries after Things which can never be known; to wait the Determinations of Providence, and to rest intirely satisfy'd in the Assurance that in the End he will order every Thing for the best?

It is an Observation, which may perhaps have some Foundation in Truth, that *Suicide* has always been most in Request among the most brave and sensible People; that both the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans* were famous for it; and under any great Misfortune, or Disgrace, believed it not only to be justifiable, but Praise-worthy: But then it ought to be consider'd, that neither their Religion, nor the Laws of their Country, condemn'd it; nor did they apprehend any mischievous Consequences

quences from it to the Community in general, since Self-Murder was confined almost wholly to their Heroes, Philosophers, and Great Men, and seldom extended itself to any of inferior Degree: But the Case with us is quite the Reverse of this; this Evil in *England* reigns chiefly among the middling sort of People, and consequently may in time spread to such a Degree, as to make it become universal, if proper Precautions are not taken against it. As for the Great Men of these Days, they cannot think themselves unfortunate while they are in full Possession of every thing that can administer to Ease, the Enjoyments and Pleasures of Life. The whimsical and imaginary Distresses that so frequently gave Occasion to the Heroes of Antiquity to destroy themselves, can make no Impression upon the Moderns; and while we have our Health, and Means wherewithall to indulge and gratify our Appetites, we have more Sense than to disquiet our selves with Evils of our own creating; the Poor, and those afflicted with Pain and Diseases, are in the present Way of Thinking (and indeed very justly,) the only Unhappy. Conscious Virtue, and the Satisfaction that arises from a Life well-spent, are, without the Assistance of Religion, but indifferent Supports under the Pressure of Hunger, Poverty, and Want; Human Nature must exert itself with all its Power to be able to sustain so severe a Tryal; a just and reasonable Dependence upon the Almighty, a perfect Resignation to his Will, a firm

firm Belief in having ample Recompence in another Life, for what we suffer in this, are the only Means to affect this, and in the greatest Extremity of Grief, to make us look down with Disdain upon a Remedy, which no Body is to be excused for making use of, but those who never heard of any other.



Of INFIDELITY.

A Due Veneration for Religion, and a Principle of Morality and Virtue, are so necessary to the Peace and Order of Society, that if only the present Ease and Happiness of Mankind, and what respected this Life, were to be considered, the People could not receive too strong Impressions in their favour; nor be capable of making good Subjects nor valuable Members of any State or Commonwealth in the World, unless they had taken sufficient Root in their Minds, and were in some Degree to influence them in every Action of their Lives.

Superstition, Error, and Enthusiasm; the Tricks, Impositions, and Tyranny of Priests; the Heaps of Holy Rubbish; the Bigotry, Nonsense, and Imposture, which some of our sagacious Moderns have endeavoured, with so much Zeal and Industry, to discover and publicly expose in the Religion of their Country; are undoubtedly, if their Allegations be just, great Grievances, and will highly deserve to be redressed whenever the Times and Circumstances of Affairs shall admit: But nevertheless these ingenious and discerning Gentlemen would do well to consider, before such a
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thing were attempted, whether the rooting out these Evils might not introduce worse; whether it were not better, for the sake of Peace and Quier, and the good Government of the World, that Men should be even *Bigots*, than *Atheists*; and then, if the taking away from a Religion, its *Mysteries*, *Creeds*, *Articles of Faith*, and *Ceremonies*, supposing them to be no more than mere human Inventions, and endeavouring to bring its *Priesthood* into Contempt, is not the ready way to make them so?

I am sensible that at present there cannot be a more opprobrious Name than Bigot; and Bigottry indeed, in the common Acceptation of the Word, is the Bane of all Religion: and besides innumerable other Evils, is sometimes the Occasion even of Atheism itself. Thus in *Italy*, and other Countries, where it most abounds, the better Sort of People are almost all *Atheists*, especially the *Religious*, and such as are in *Holy Orders*, who, we may presume, are best acquainted with the Juggle. It is natural for Men to run from one Extreme into the other, and when they find their own Religion too foolish and absurd for their Belief, without troubling themselves to examine further into the Matter, they generally conclude it to be the same with all the rest, and so give Credit to none. It is therefore no wonder that the *Italians* should be the most vicious and profligate People in *Europe*: there can be no moral Virtue and Goodness where Religion has lost its Efficacy and Esteem,
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which it must always do among Men of Sense, when it is turned into Farce, or supported by Violence and Persecution. For this Reason the publick Worship of a Country ought to be as decent, rational, and simple as possible ; much *Pomp*, *Ceremony*, and *Show*, never in any respect answer the End for which they were designed : For as they evidently tend to make the better Sort *Athiests*, so on the contrary, they never fail to seize the Imagination of the Vulgar in such a manner, as always to leave a strong Tincture of *Superstition* and *Enthusiasm* behind them ; they strike too deep an Impression upon weak Minds, and, instead of raising in them a better Spirit of Devotion, occasion them to be gloomy, morose, full of vain and fantastick Terrors, disqualify them in a great measure for the Business of this Life, and amuse and deceive them with false and romantick Ideas of the next.

Nevertheless *Superstition*, in its worst Consequences, is not so prejudicial to Religion as *Infidelity* is ; tho' the former may render it generally ineffectual and contemptible to the *Beaux Esprits* and more Refined Spirits of the Age, (to whom, by the way, 'tis great Odds but it had been so however) yet it has not quite so ill an Effect upon the *Rabble* ; it still serves to keep them orderly and in awe, which could never be done under the Restraint of mere human Laws only. *Superstition*, 'tis true, makes the People, among whom it prevails, for the most part, degenerate, inactive, servile, mean-spirited, and unfit even for the ordinary
Affairs

Affairs and Offices of Life ; but then, on the other Hand, it usually keeps them quiet, content, peaceable, obedient, and in due Submission to the Government under which they live : If they will do nothing to promote the Grandeur and Prosperity of their Country, they will never attempt to disturb its Repose ; if they want Spirit and Bravery, or a Capacity for great Undertakings, they will not, however, be mutinous, factious, or unruly ; if they cannot be great and powerful, they may nevertheless be happy and quiet.

However, we ought not to take it for granted, that every thing is *Bigotry* and *Superstition* which the *Wits* and *Free-Thinkers* are pleased to make themselves merry with under that Denomination ; for when they are in this Vein of Pleasantry and Good-humour, they will not scruple to deride any thing that wears the Face of Religion ; the *Holy Scripture* will escape no better with them than the *Alcoran* of *Mahomet* ; and the *Doctrine* of the *Trinity*, the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and the *Miracles* of our *Saviour* (if it be no Offence to call him so) are Matter of as much Mirth to them at such a time, as the *Tricks* and *Juggles* of the *Priests*, the *Divine Right* of *Tyrbes*, or the *Danger* of the *Church* : and they deal about their *Satyr* as freely against the *Revelations* of *God*, as the *Inventions* of *Men* ; nor will ever be brought to distinguish between what is *sacred*, and what is really *ridiculous*. They scoff at the *Story* of *Ghosts* and *Apparitions* the better to destroy the *Belief* of a *future State*,
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and endeavour to remove the Apprehensions of them from the Minds of the Rabble, only because they imagine that in some measure they may promote the Cause of Religion: For if our Religion did in reality abound with as many Errors and Absurdities as they can possible charge it with, every Body ought not to be let into the Knowledge of it. It is necessary upon all accounts for their own sakes as well as ours, that the common People should be kept ignorant in these Matters; and if there are any Abuses crept into the Religion of their Country, they ought by all Means to be concealed from them, unless they could be immediately reformed as soon as known.

It has not been deny'd but *Superstition* is the Parent of many Mischiefs, and, next to *Infidelity*, of all Evils is the worst; and yet with Submission to our *profound Adepts* in *Religion* and *Politicks*, whose main Drift it seems to be to introduce *one* under colour of exclaiming against the *other*, it would be wrong to attempt the rooting out the former, if it were to give the least Encouragement to the latter. *Infidelity*, were it generally to prevail, could possibly end in nothing but *Anarchy* and a Dissolution of all *Government*; so that it certainly would be better to have but an indifferent Religion, or even a bad one, than none at all: *Religion* is the Pillar of *Government*, it sustains and supports it, and therefore if that be taken away, the Superstructure must of Course fall to the Ground.

Whatever Faults these Authors may find in our Religion, no Body ought to be acquainted with it, except those that can discover it of themselves; and they are generally more prudent than to communicate it to others, unless they have likewise catch'd the Itch of Scribbling; and a Pen in the Hand of such a Person is as dangerous as a Sword in that of a Madman: They know little, and therefore will believe nothing, and are almost as ignorant as they are positive and dogmatical; they read *Machiavel* and *Hobbes* as School-Boys do their Lesson, and almost get them by Rote without once apprehending their Meaning; they produce their Authorities for Principles, which thro' all their Writings they have opposed, and pretend to prove from them ridiculous and new-fangled Opinions of their own: They make a Jest of all Virtue and Religion, because they somewhere have heard that those Authors have done the same; and at the very time that they are telling us in their Papers, that Man is of himself base, selfish, treacherous, deceitful; and, in a Word, a Compound of Vice and Folly, they are for utterly abolishing all Religion, which, if he is as bad a Creature as they assert, is the only thing that can possibly keep him within any Bounds or Moderation, or oblige him to lay the least Restraint upon his wild Lusts and Appetites. What Purpose does all this answer? What can these pernicious and profligate Writers have in View, in thus creating Distrust and Doubts in Men's Minds, and setting them at Variance

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with

with one another? Tho' they may become the Idols of the Mob by this Means, yet it makes them the Jest and Contempt of Men of Sense; and themselves and their Writings are equally the Objects of Aversion and Scorn; their lewd and dissolute Lives are the best Recommendation that can be of their Doctrines, and *one* can't fail to set forth in a proper Light and illustrate the *other*; especially if they should continue, as they have begun, to indulge themselves in a full Liberty of *acting, speaking,* and *writing* in open Defiance of all Laws, and even of the Rules of Civility and common Decency.

Of PUBLICK SPORTS.

IT has been a Maxim among all great and wise Nations to promote and encourage, as much as possible, all kinds of *publick Sports* and *Diversions*; the Advantages that arise from them to a State, the Benefit they are of to all Degrees of People, the right Purposes they may be made to serve in dangerous and troublesome Times, have generally been so well known to those who have had the Direction of Affairs in their Hands, that the Men in Power have seldom permitted them to suffer any thing from the Resentments and Censures of their Adversaries, notwithstanding the Zeal

Zeal and Violence with which they have always been oppos'd by *narrow-spirited* and *ignorant Reformers*, who either thro' Malice, want of Sense, or some other *secret Reason*, that they have not car'd to own, have been for abolishing all *publick Assemblies* and *Entertainments*, of what Nature soever, (hopeful Project!) as Nurseries of *Lewdness* and *Debauchery*.

It were indeed to be wish'd that the Project, for a general *Reformation of Manners*, which was begun some Years ago, and carry'd on for a little while with all possible Vigour and Application, had been as easily feasible as it was well design'd: Virtue, Integrity, Honesty, and Simplicity of Manners, were they universally to prevail, would certainly procure many Blessings to a Nation, which otherwise it must be in a good Measure a Stranger to: Order, Frugality, Fair-dealing, Justice and Love between Man and Man; Industry and Submission to our Superiours, are without doubt more to be esteem'd than all the sensual Enjoyments that Wealth or Grandeur can bring along with them. The Splendor, the Luxury of the Great and Rich, their Vices and Follies, their sumptuous and costly Buildings, Food and Apparel, tho' it must be acknowledg'd that by these Means they keep the Poor employ'd, and promote Trade and Manufactures; yet we should nevertheless pay too dear for any Advantages that might flow from their Extravagancies, if it were to be at the Expence of our Virtue or our Morals. How-

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ever,

ever, as Human Nature is created in too great Subjection to its Appetites and Inclinations, to free itself intirely from their Controul, it is to be feared, and daily Experience confirms us in it, that all Endeavours to this End will yield no other Satisfaction to the Authors, than what arises from the Applause of good and virtuous Men: Vanity, Pride, Profuseness, violent and inordinate Desires are almost inseparable from Health, Ease, and Abundance: We are not so much in our own Power, as to be able to lay what Restraint we please upon ourselves; and therefore provided Crimes of a more flagitious Kind are punished with Severity and Rigour, it will become the Wisdom of a Nation to suffer those which spring only from the ordinary Frailties of our Nature to escape with Impunity.

Besides, it would be fond to imagine that human Laws could effect a Reformation, which the *Christian Religion* itself has left unaccomplish'd; the divine Author of the Universe knew too well that either we must be endow'd with another Being, or our Nature must be new-moulded, before we could arrive at such a State of Perfection; it was not his Design we should do so in this Life; our Passions, our Desires, our Appetites, fantastick and foolish as they may appear to be, were notwithstanding given us for the wisest Ends, and not only them, but even our Vices too, if I might be allowed to say it, are in some Measure necessary to our Existence: To be otherwise or better than we are at present, we must
cease

cease to be Men; our Infirmities and Follies are work'd into our very Frame and Constitution, and may be too the one is no more under our Direction than the other. This consider'd, it is plain that it can be no Offence in the Sight of God, for any State or Country, for just and prudential Reasons, to indulge the People in the Enjoyment of such Liberties and Pleasures, which tho' perhaps they may not be exactly conformable to the strictest and nicest Rules of Morality that are laid down by the Casuists for us to walk by; yet they are perfectly so to human Nature, and can be attended with no ill Consequences, or at least, if they are, with none which may not prevent Evils of a worse kind. It very frequently happens, that too strong Restrictions, too rigid and severe a Discipline, are the Occasion of more fatal and terrible Mischiefs than those that they are design'd to guard against. While Men have Appetites, as has been hinted already, they will, in proportion to the Degree and Violence of them, run all Risks and Hazards, break thro' all Laws and Restraints to gratify them, if there cannot be Means found out for them to do it at an easier Rate.

Were therefore all publick Assemblies or Diversions to be prohibited; which however in a City of any Consideration would be as well a very dangerous as difficult Expedient, it would not tend in the least to the suppressing of Vice and Immorality: Vice is not confin'd to one Place more than another; *Convents* and *Cloysters* are as much the Seat of

Lewdness and Iniquity, as *Play-houses* and *Ridottos*; and, if Report says true, exceed the latter infinitely in the Foulness and Blackness of the Kind. Confinement, Absence from Company, and the Methods that are usually taken to preserve the Chastity of Virgins, are ever ineffectual, and not seldom fatal; they are Nurseries for loose and wanton Thoughts and Desires, which Liberty, proper Recreations and Pleasures might have diverted. Freedom and Mirth are not such formidable Enemies to the Fair Sex, as Melancholly, Gloom, and the Spleen; and therefore ought not only to be indulg'd in them, but encourag'd. I would not be thought an Advocate for Vice and Debauchery, nor can I believe that every Assembly of the Gay, the Fashionable, and the Young, is justly to be charged with promoting these Enormities, however it may lie under that infamous Imputation: But to affirm, as some have done, that the Corruption and Degeneracy of the Times are owing to a Dancing or a Ball, (tho' it should continue after Midnight) is of a Piece with the rest of the Conduct of these Pretenders to Sanctity and Religion.

In a Country of such an Extent as our own, where Artizans and Manufactures of all Kinds naturally abound, one Half of the Poor and Labouring Men at least must subsist by administering to the Luxury only, and Pleasures of Persons of Rank and Condition; and therefore it is better to bear with some Inconveniences from thence, than to suffer any thing
that

that may create Expence, or occasion the Circulation of Money, to want Encouragement, or at least not to connive at it. By these means so many People that would otherwise be a Burthen and Charge to the Nation, and fill our Streets and Highways with Thieves and Vagabonds, find Employment, and become serviceable to the Publick. In peaceable Times we cannot well be too profuse, as we cannot be too frugal in Time of War; the more Hands our Riches get into, the more the Nation in general profits by it; and where it is hoarded up in the Coffers of private Persons, notwithstanding the immense Wealth of the Subject, the State is very frequently reduc'd to Bankruptcy. All Means ought therefore to be contrived to prevent such an Evil as this; and what is likely to compass this more effectually, than to indulge People of Quality and Fortune in a sumptuous and expensive Way of Living? *Operas, Balls, Play-Houses, and Publick Assemblies* of what kind soever, that require rich and costly Dress, and employ a great Number of Artificers and Tradesmen, for this Reason are publick Benefits, and ought never to be suspended but upon extraordinary and solemn Occasions, or when it can be proved that they have offended in a notorious Degree indeed against Decency and Good Manners. It would be well however, if Means could be found out to exclude Persons of an inferiour Rank from these Diversions, who cannot frequent them without a manifest Prejudice to themselves and their Families; which yet I doubt

there is no way of doing, but by raising the Prices to treble what they are at present.

It ought to be consider'd further, that these Diversions take People off from diving into the Secrets of Government, and busying themselves in Matters which do in no Measure belong to them. Men of Leisure and Fortune would else in all Likelihood at every Turn be plotting against the State, and stirring up the Populace to Sedition and Tumult; they would reflect, if they had nothing else to amuse themselves with, upon the Weight that their Wealth gave them in the Nation, and be forming Factions and Divisions consequent thereupon, to embroil and perplex the Publick Affairs, and ruin those that had the Management of them, in order to step into their Places; and the whole Kingdom might by this Means be liable to be thrown into Disorder and Confusion by every senseless Coxcomb, who had made himself popular by squandering away his Money among the Rabble.

Of LEVITY.

There is hardly one Misfortune of Life, which does not proceed from the Inconstancy, Levity, and Fickleness of our own Tempers; our Ideas are so unsettled and variable, and Things represent themselves to us in such a different Manner, at different Times, that if we were to alter our Conduct as often as we do our Opinions, and endeavour to make them square and tally with each other, all Peace and Order would be lost, the World would be turned Topsy-turvy, and become at once a Medley of Contradictions, Folly and Confusion.

A prudent Man therefore, and one well versed and practised in the Affairs of the World, never will let any Set of Principles that he may entertain, be the only Rule and Measure of his Actions, how strongly soever he may be prepossess'd in their Favour; a Man who converses daily, and has continual Dealings, with People of different Climates, Customs, and Manners from his own, smothered, according as he sees Occasion, his own private Opinions, and conforms himself to theirs, in every Respect; wherein his Interest either then is, or probably may hereafter be concerned.

His Business is to advance his Fortunes, and to make every Thing subaltern to them, and not to dispute and wrangle about Points which are fit only for the Amusement of idle People, and cannot possibly answer any Purpose, or be of the least Use or Advantage to Life, if they could all be settled and determin'd.

Beside, we are so prone to change, and have so little Power even over our selves, that we are not sure but what to Day we approve and esteem, we may dislike as much and despise to Morrow; should we therefore ever once declare our Opinions, and afterwards find it convenient to change them, it would be an Obstacle in the way, that could be hardly ever removed, were the Occasion never so great and pressing.

It is certainly a Thing not to be accounted for, that so few should be able to keep their own Secrets, when there is none but is fully convinced of the Necessity of it; we are sensible, that the Persons to whom we reveal 'em think meanly of us for it, and only make us the Object of their Sport and Contempt, and yet we very frequently ask the Advice of those whose Understanding at the same time we despise, and which we are resolved beforehand not to take, for the Pleasure of unburthening our selves to them: Every one without doubt has some particular Foibles as well as Vices, that are interwove into his Constitution, and are no more to be remedied than an ill Shape, distorted Limbs, or any Deformity of the Body; but then he ought to endeavour to hide them.

them as much as possible, to play the Hypocrite so well with the World, as not to be detected in them, to have such a Guard over himself, as to keep all his Follies and weak Sides from the Knowledge of his most intimate Friends and Acquaintance.

The highest Point of Wisdom is therefore well to disguise and conceal our Follies; how numerous soever and various they are, they will never lessen us in our own Esteem: Let us only preserve the Opinion of the World, and we may venture even to amuse and divert ourselves with our favourite Follies in private (as Folly sometimes is as alluring as Vice): provided in Publick we but keep up to the Dignity of our Character, and of Humane Nature. Were we not to endeavour to throw a Veil over our more secret and retired Actions, we should appear more ridiculous and mischievous than Apes and Monkeys, and be intolerable even to one another; for we can almost at first View discern the least Spot or Blemish in another, tho' it is with exceeding Difficulty we are brought to discover one in our selves; for this Reason Hypocrisy has such a Share among the Ingredients of which we are composed; it is given to supply the Place of Virtue, as the Apothecaries in their Medicines make use of Oyster-Shells in stead of Pearls; they are much easier to be obtained, and answer all the Purposes of the other almost as well.

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Were a Man to give a Loose to his Imagination, and to embrace every new Opinion, that should offer itself to his Thoughts, before he had well and duly considered it ; it would occasion infinite Doubt and Uneasiness to himself, and as much Mirth and Diversion to others, if he should be weak enough to discover the Delusions he lay under, or to act in Conformity to them.

We should therefore avoid all Occasions of amusing ourselves with Things, which are often idle and unprofitable in themselves, and never worth a Moment's Consideration ; the old Track, the beaten Road is certainly the best for us to travel in, and if we should deviate from that, in hopes of finding out one better or shorter, it is great Odds but we lose our Way, and meet with a thousand Difficulties and Troubles before we reach our Journey's End. Business should put Speculations of all kinds out of our Heads ; or if we should sometimes suffer our Imagination to run away with us, and follow it through all its Flights and Extravagancies, yet let it not interfere with the common Concerns of Life ; let us not make our Folly known to the rest of the World by any Means whatever, and in our Closers, and by our selves, as has been said already, we may indulge ourselves in them at Pleasure.

To conclude ; we cannot be too cautious, nor keep too strict an Eye upon our Words and Actions, when we consider how weak, how frail, how foolish a Being this is that we are.

are possess'd of; Impertinence, Loquaciousness, idle and unmanly Mirth will, in an unguarded Hour, break out almost in spite of ourselves, and in the Gaiety of our Heart we very frequently lay ourselves open, and expose all our Weaknesses and Frailties to any one that has Malice and ill-Nature enough to take Notice of them. This, however, is an Error in our Make, it is the Fault of our Complexion, and not our own, and the Ills that it subjects us to ought to be reckoned among the other common and unavoidable Calamities of Life.

Of the DUTY of AUTHORS.

THE different Notions that different Men usually entertain of the same Thing, have made it a Question among some sanguine Philosophers, whether Virtue and Vice are not merely imaginary Beings, or have any other Existence than what Climates, Customs, Opinions, and very frequently Caprice and Humour, are pleased to give them. Moral Good and Evil (say they) are confined to Countries; they vary according to the Turn of Mind, Temper, and Manners of the Inhabitants, to the Form of Government under which they live,

live, to the Nature of its Religion and Laws. In some Places a Man would be punished with Death, for an Action which in others would entitle him to the highest Honour and Reward. Our Weakness, our Want of Resolution, of Sagacity, of Knowledge, of Abilities to receive it, render it impossible for us to fix any Criterion whereby to judge of Right and Wrong, Truth and Falshood, Justice and Injustice, to distinguish between Reality and Appearances, to search beyond the Surface of Things; and therefore it is, that we can never agree in our Opinions concerning them, nor free our Minds from the Errors which in a great Measure occasion all the Follies, Infelicities, and Misfortunes of Life.

Whatever Foundation there may be in Reason or Nature for this Hypothesis, those Gentlemen who so confidently advance it, shew themselves by that Means to have but little Regard for Mankind, or the Good of Human Society; all Truths are not fit to be told; the Bulk of the People should be taught no more than what immediately concerns the Purposes of Living: To be industrious, to be peaceable, to be obedient to their Governors, to be content with their Condition, is all that they ought to be acquainted with; every Thing else is idle and impertinent to them, and will make them either Enthusiasts or Madmen; it will make them dangerous to the State, and uneasy to themselves; and, as it always happens with ordinary Capacities, the
more

more they endeavour to know, the less will they be able to understand. In too great a Thirst after Knowledge they seldom fail to lose their common Sense; it occasions them to be lazy, insolent and proud, and while they busy themselves about vain and fruitless Speculations, which they can never satisfy themselves in, or which would signify nothing if they did, they neglect all the Business and Duties of Life.

However Circumstances or Times may alter the Nature of Things, and whether there be any Reality in Virtue or no, it is certain that it is the Duty of every Man to conform himself to the Laws and Customs of the Community in which he lives, and not out of a wretched Affectation of Superior Talents and Understanding to others, to advance new Notions and new Opinions, and endeavour to render the old received ones ridiculous to the Rabble: Men must be kept ignorant to be made happy, they must be deceived and ensnared like Children into their own Good, they are in no wise capable of judging of Things abstracted and out of the common Road; and therefore the Authors who trouble themselves or them with such kind of Writings, can have no End in it either prudent or honest; every Hour that a Tradesman or a Labourer spends from his Business, except in lawful and necessary Recreations, is an Injury done to his Country, as well as to himself and his Family; he ought to consider what Advantage the Nation reaps from his Work,
and

and that to be a good Patriot (a Character that, at present, every Body seems so fond of) he must be an industrious Pains-taking Man.

It has been often observed, that when People once begin to throw off the Prejudices of Education, and set up to think for themselves, they seldom stop there; that from disbelieving the Stories of Witches and Apparitions, without we proceed with the greatest Caution, we shall be apt to carry our Doubts a little farther, and so by Degrees (however averse we might have been to it at first) bring ourselves to believe the whole Business of Religion a Fable. This, it is very much to be fear'd, is pretty near the Case at present; that general Dissoluteness and Corruption of Manners which prevails among the People, perhaps more now than ever, could be hardly owing to any other Cause except this; Religion will still be some Check upon Vice, while it continues to have any Footing at all in the World, and therefore Men would act at least with more Fear and Restraint if its Power was not almost at an end.

The remedying of this Evil, the bringing People to a due Sense of Religion and Virtue again, would be worth the while of some of us sage Instructors of the Times to attempt, if we could find Leisure from our more important Concerns to turn our Thoughts that way: I cannot indeed but acknowledge that it is expected of us, that we should keep a watchful Eye over the Administration; that we should
from

from time to time make the strictest Inquiries into their Conduct, and lay it before our worthy Patrons and Readers, with proper Reflections and Animadversions thereupon ; and therefore, that it would be beneath even the meanest among us to write dull and heavy Lectures of Morality (for every thing of that kind must be so) which no Body would read ; or if any Body did, which would be more becoming Pedants than Politicians to give. I will farther allow, that it might tend, in a good Measure, to spoil the Sale of our Works, the first and most immediate Concern of an Author, and afford a favourable Opportunity for some new Writer to raise up ; who, by pursuing the contrary Scheme, might get the Start of us in the Esteem of the Town, and live and flourish upon our Ruin. And yet methinks, notwithstanding all these Difficulties that lie in our way, we ought to employ the good Opinion that our Readers and Admirers have of us to their own Advantage, and try if we cannot with as much Ease make them honest Men, as we have made them deep Politicians ; if we cannot as well teach them their own Duty as that of Princes and Ministers of State, if they will not as readily learn to manage their own Families at home, as to settle the Affairs of the Nation.

Indeed if we would but put our excellent Talents to a proper Use, we might by our Writings promote, in a great Measure, the Cause of Religion and Virtue. Our Genius is very well adapted to that of our Readers,
and

and if we were not to use them to Treason and Nonsense, they might find Entertainment in better things; the Fault is chiefly on our own Side. Let us then, to make Atonement for what is past, endeavour to alter our Conduct for the future; we should soon perceive the good Effects of it, and by this means might have a Share in healing those Divisions and Distractions which we have occasioned. To turn the Hearts of the People against the Government, to set them at Variance with one another, to stir them up to Tumult and Sedition, to create Disturbances in the State, and Schisms in the Church; to villify and blacken the Characters of innocent Men upon account of their religious or political Principles, and to breed Feuds and Dissensions in private Families, have been the Means that we have hitherto pursu'd to acquire Wealth and Reputation: Let us put in Practice the contrary Methods, and see, if the Taste of the Town is so absolutely depraved, that they will endure nothing which is not stuff'd with Treason, Blasphemy and Nonsense.

Of a CLUB of AUTHORS.

I Have lately receiv'd an Honour so very much above my own Merits, as well as the Height of my Ambition, that I find my self irresistibly betray'd into the common Weakness of boasting of my good Fortune. It is some Time ago since Chance threw me into the Conversation of a Man, whose first Appearance promis'd very little; but upon closer View of him, I discover'd in him a Fund of surly good Sense, such as we often see in notable Men of Business; and which afterwards warm'd itself into a careless agreeable Vein of Humour, which is generally found in Men of no Business at all. The Surprise which two phlegmatick People are in, when they find themselves in tolerable Company, engag'd us by Degrees to a reciprocal Confidence: I found him a very uneasy Man in his own Temper, which was not at all sooth'd by the Liberality of Fortune. He told me he ow'd half his Subsistence to his Pen, and that he was a Pedagogue to Mankind, as he presum'd, much against their Inclination, as well as his own. He hated and despis'd his miserable Profession, and grew exasperated upon the Thought of those cruel Necessities
that

that oblig'd him to it. He mentioned some of his Productions to me, which the World have generally attributed to much greater Names; but was withal so ingenuous in discovering their Weaknesses and Defects, all the little Lapses of Haste and Heats of Imagination, that I was pleas'd with the Delicacy of his Taste, and could not but observe how injurious it is always to judge of the Spirit and Abilities of a Writer, by his own Performances. He was very sincere, and discours'd without Affectation. He was sufficiently mortify'd by the mention of most of his Works, and not perfectly satisfy'd with the best of them. He appear'd to be a Man of real Goodness and Modesty, a great deal of polite Knowledge, and strong masculine Penetration; but his Merits and his Talents are utterly lost to the World, for the want of those common Bounties which blind Fortune lavishes away, to adorn the Follies of ten thousand Coxcombs. But I shall leave, at present, the Character of this amiable unhappy Man, reserving a Right to resume it at Pleasure hereafter.

That which led me into the mention of him now, was a Visit which he made me the other Morning: Amongst several agreeable Compliments which he paid me, he told me, he had so good an Opinion of me, that he would entrust me with his very Follies: Things, *said he*, so dear, so very precious, that even my Money, if I had any, should not be so carefully conceal'd and preserv'd. He then began to tell me how many Shifts he was forc'd to,

to avoid his own Thoughts, and to deceive
those Pangs of the Mind, which a generous
Spirit endures from the Sense of its own un-
merited Sufferings, Shame and Penury. *A*
Thinking Soul, (said he, reciting from *Dryden*,)

A thinking Soul is Punishment enough:

But when 'tis great like mine, and wretched
too,

Then every Thought draws Blood —

Therefore, continu'd he, no Thinking; I am
not ashamed of running from the Enemy whom
I can never conquer; but instead of taking
Refuge in the mock Wisdom of Stoicism, and
very gravely perswading my self, that I am
not a Man, and disowning my Senses, whilst
my Wants and my Misfortunes loudly give
the Lye to my Philosophy, I plunge my self
deep in idle Amusements, I study all possible
Occasions of Thoughtlessness, I solicit the
most whimsical Acquaintances, without the
least serious Esteem of them; I listen after
Tales of News, without being concern'd in
them, and am contented to laugh at Jests
sometimes without understanding them. It is
entirely with this View that I lose my self twice
or thrice a Week, in the Conversation of an
obscure Club, composed of the most extraor-
dinary Characters, such as are very conversant
in the World, and at the same time live very
much above it. Not a Man of them but is ca-
pable of the deepest Humility, as well as the
sublimest Flights within the Compass of Hu-
manity.

manity. They are a Species a-part from the rest of Mankind; they hate all the World, and do not heartily love one another; they are not held together by Interest any more than by Affection, but by a kind of Spight, such as you may observe in the Commerce of Cats at Midnight, and because they are avoided by every other Species: There is not such a Creature as a thorough Fool amongst them; and it would be as hard to affirm, that there is one Man of cool and perfect Sense. The Coxcomb and the Madman seem to be the most distinguishable Characters, which are finely varied thro' the whole Assembly.

By this Time my Curiosity was sufficiently rais'd, to know what and who these whimsical Animals were, who had engross'd so much of my Friend's Leisure. He gratify'd my Impatience, by telling me that they were no other than the ancient and laudable Society of Authors, residing in and about the City and Suburbs of *Westminster*. I was at a loss to imagine, how so discordant a Fraternity came at first to form themselves into a select Body, unless it were in Mockery of many of our more grave and more ridiculous Institutions: But I was yet more at a loss to comprehend, how they could possibly contribute to the Entertainment of one so nice and severe in his other Pleasures as my Friend. Oh, says he, 'tis impossible to make you conceive the Jumble of the Sublime and Burlesque, the false Spirit of one, the important Dulness and Solemnity of another: You see Ridicule grafted
upon

upon Fustian, *Seneca* crying Pippins, and *Cleopatra* in a Hackney-Coach.

He then told me, that he had obtain'd Leave from the venerable President to introduce me to their Acquaintance ; and that I might, if I pleas'd, take my Seat that very Evening. I thank'd him for the Honour he intended me, but immediately apprehended, that I might find there some of my Brethren, with whom I had the Misfortune to be at War ? and therefore I propos'd to defer it for some time, till we might see if the Calm of the ensuing Winter would not produce mutual Dispositions towards a Peace. As for that, said he, be in no Pain, the Disputes of Party-Writers, like those of opponent Lawyers, are only implacable before their Clients. I found my self so much a Novice in these Affairs, that I recollected my self from my Surprize as soon as possible, and promis'd to wait upon him in the Evening.

He call'd upon me punctually to his Apartment, and conducted me thro' several intricate Allies to a tolerable House, considering its Situation, which was within the Pursue of *Vinegar-Yard* : He ascended the Grades two Story high before me, and then left me at the Stairs-head for a Moment, to give Notice of my Arrival, and to prepare my Reception. I was in profound Meditation on the Oddness of this Business, when he returned to introduce me. I enter'd with almost as much Reverence as the *Sophy's* Minister to his first Audience of the *Czar*. The President appeared

pear'd to be a very decent Person: My
 Friend first informing him who I was, he
 with an elevated Tragedy Tone pronounced
 me Welcome: After this he descended to a
 Panegyrick of my many Virtues and great A-
 bilities, which it seem'd that Assembly had
 thought worthy of a Seat and a Voice in their
 Body: He next proceeded to inform me of
 their Laws and Constitution, chiefly their Times
 of meeting, and their Penalties on Offenders;
 then he gave me a short History of the Society
 it self, and of the most eminent Members of
 it, particularly such as had sustain'd the Office
 of President, which he himself then bore,
 though (as he was pleas'd to add) far unequal
 and unworthy. Upon this, the profound Si-
 lence which had been hitherto observ'd was
 interrupted with a universal *Hum*. After this
 he proceeded to point out several of the Mem-
 bers to me, and join'd their Names to their
 respective Works, (every Person as he was
 mention'd rising up to salute me,) making e-
 very now and then an excursory Eulogium on
 the Merit of a particular Member, or the
 Happiness of the Institution in general. But
 it is impossible, said he in a pathetic Stile, by
 Words alone, to make you sensible of that
 happy Harmony which Reigns here; Time a-
 lone and your own Experience must complete
 that agreeable Discovery, while every succeed-
 ing Day shall add to your Satisfaction. Wou'd
 you believe that those two Members, whom I
 last mention'd, were entering into a determin'd
 and concerted War, which will last through
 the

the whole Winter, who now sit together in a peaceable Confederacy, and light their Pipes friendly at the same Candle !

When he had finish'd, I found my self in the utmost Pain how to acquit my self of a proper Answer to an Harangue conceived in Terms so much superiour to the Dialect of common Men : But my Friend very seasonably reliev'd me from this Distress, by informing the President, that I was so much oppress'd with the Sense of the Honour I had received, and of my Obligations to the Assembly for it, that he beg'd my Acknowledgments might be referred to some other Time, when I should be more in my own Power; which was easily granted, and I took my Place immediately.

Of HAPPINESS.

SIR *William Temple*, who lov'd Writing as well or better than any Man of that or any other Time, besides the several agreeable Tracts which he has given us, has also left behind him many Heads or Hints of Subjects, which if he had had more Leisure, or better Health, it seems probable he design'd to have treated at large. Some of these strike the Mind very pleasingly ; and a Man needs only to be sure of the same Genius which distinguishes

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guishes the Works of that Writer, to enter immediately upon his Fragments, and piece them out for the Entertainment and Advantage of the Publick.

Among these, that which he calls *Quirry's* Philosophy is not the least agreeable. This *Quirry* it seems was no better provided for in Life, than in the Circumstance of a Postillion; and after the Fatigue of a hard Day's riding, we are told, he had not Interest enough with any Body at the Inn to get his Boots pull'd off; upon which he took the Heroic Resolution, which has made him immortal, viz. *To go to Bed with them on.* The Moral of this is no more than that Contentedness is Happiness: He that has the Art of making himself easy in ill Fortune, is much richer than he that is dissatisfied in a very good one: *Poor and Content, (as Shakespear says) is rich, and rich enough.*

This is a very short Road, which most Moral Writers have mark'd out to Happiness: But the worst of the Case is, that very few, either of them or their Disciples, have ever travel'd thro' it; and, unless Morality were able of it self to give us that Content which it so highly magnifies and prescribes, it only leaves us where it first found us, with no more than this cold Advice, *Be Content*; which is the same thing in other Words, as, *Be Happy*: Whereas it is generally found a more difficult Task to be content in our present Condition, than to acquire that which we fancy would give us perfect Happiness.

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The *Epicureans*, a Sect which has been ever prevalent, have laid it down in their Writings, and asserted it in their Practice thro' all Ages, that *Pleasure* only is Happiness. And if the Idea of this Word were but justly enlarged, I do not know whether every Man is not, in some Sense or other, an *Epicurean*. By Pleasure, the Followers of *Epicurus* have generally understood those of the sensual Sort; tho' the Philosopher himself, in his own Choice, meant no such Matter. But as nothing is a Pleasure to him, who takes no Pleasure in it; it follows, that every Man's own Pleasure, not any particular one chosen for him by another, must constitute his own particular Happiness.

But the Species of Pleasure are just as various as our Tastes: The Rational, the Sensual, the Sordid, the Sublime, do all severally claim the first Rank of Happiness; and do each of them give in their respective Gratifications as Evidences of it: Money, Knowledge, Power, Fame, are so many Deities, who are all worshipp'd as the only true One, who has real and substantial Happiness in its Power, to reward the Homage of its Votaries. In the meanwhile, nothing is prov'd: We look with Contempt on each others Pleasures and Pursuits, and persist inflexibly in our first Opinions.

I presume, my particular Sense of this Matter would not be able to turn the Ballance either way, and that the World will take the Liberty to feel and think just as it pleases, and as it has done before, be my Opinion what it will.

will. I shall therefore, for this once, notwithstanding any private Inclination to the contrary, keep my Silence and save my Credit, after having just observ'd, that notwithstanding the different Notions of Happiness, every individual Man disowns he is in Possession of it, tho' every one hopes and expects he shortly shall be.

This, however, I may venture to be sure of, whether Pleasure be Happiness or no ; Pain, the Reverse of it, is perfect Misery. And thus much may be safely said in Derogation even of this Idol Pleasure, be it of what Species it will, that it is not necessary to Life, which Ease is. It seems strange therefore, that Happiness should be seated in a superfluous Thing, which any Man may be without, and the Generality really are. Pleasure may be desirable, but Ease is of absolute Necessity, and the only Thing that is so.

After Ease in a Man's Person, the next Ingredient in Happiness, is Ease in his Circumstances. I grant, that this does not naturally follow in its proper Order ; but Wisdom, Liberty and Reputation ought all, no doubt, to take Place of Wealth ; but yet, according to the World and the Times we live in, and Humour of Mankind, Riches do and ever will claim the Preheminence. Without these, a Man has really neither Wisdom, Liberty, nor any thing valuable, Your Fortune is the first Thing that falls under every Man's Consideration ; if That be considerable, you may be allow'd to speak in your Turn, to do as much
Good

Good in the World as you can; you shall not be punish'd for your Honesty, nor laugh'd at for your Understanding: But where this is wanting, what is so ridiculous as a poor Man's Wisdom? Your Integrity is Affectation, and all you say or think Impertinence.

The next Thing that follows, in my Opinion, is Knowledge, or the Liberty of the Mind. This is a Source of exquisite Satisfaction, a domestick private Treasury, hidden from the Observation of the Envy of the World; in its Security consists a great Part of its real intrinsick Excellence. He that has it, can never lose it: Like the heavenly Treasure, it partakes of an unperishable Nature; and it has this in common with Riches of all other Sorts, that it is ever increasing and begetting more. Knowledge is one of the brightest Rays of the Divine Nature; it is only bestow'd upon the favourite Creature, Man; and (if one may be allow'd to think so) only upon the highest Favourites among them.

The next Article in humane Happiness, seems to be Liberty, or every Man's Right to the arbitrary Disposol of his own Person. This is so natural a Right, that one should scarcely call it a Happiness, but that in all Societies there have been ever some unreasonable Men, who have invaded it with the utmost Stretch of Force and Cunning; and the Want of this is the most heavily born of all Misfortunes. There is something in Servitude, or Imprisonment, like Poverty, (as indeed it frequently attends it) which casts a Gloom over the whole Mind, disarms the

Faculties of their natural Spirit, and confines and oppresses the very Soul of Man. There is nothing that Mankind are so well agreed in, as the Love of Liberty; some despise Money, many avoid Power and shun Applause; but all court and admire Liberty, tho' at the same Time there is nothing truer, than that the greater Part of the World is under a miserable Slavery.

The next grand Incident in Happiness, is Reputation; and however many may affect to undervalue this, a Man must have attained very far, either in Innocence or Impudence, who can entirely defy the Censure of others, and be indifferent as to what is said about him. I do not value the Objection, that a Man ought not to fix his Happiness in any foreign Good, and which does not arise from himself. While we converse with Men, and suffer so much by Slander and Defamation, 'tis unnatural not to be desirous of their Favour and Esteem. Perhaps there is some Vanity in this: No matter; there is Virtue at the Bottom; and he who is solicitous for Fame, will at least endeavour not to deserve Reproach. Morality itself, if I mistake not, allows us to be a little selfish; and is an Action the less Praiseworthy, because when we do it, we know the Applause of Men (surely a very slender and innocent Reward) will certainly attend it?

But the highest and noblest Ingredient of mortal Happiness, which ought indeed to have been first mention'd, and which of itself is able to compensate the Absence of every other Article,

cicle, is that happy Peace of Mind which ever attends a Consciousness of Piety and Innocence, and which is an Introduction to that Happiness which is reserv'd in a future World to crown our Patience and our Sufferings in this.

Of WOMEN.

SOME of my Fair Correspondents have lately reproach'd me with Negligence and Indifference to their Sex ; but if they could know how vain I am of so obliging a Reprimand, they would be sensible too how little I deserv'd it. I am not so entirely a Statue as to be insensible of the Power of Beauty ; nor so absolutely a Woman's Creature, as to be blind to their little Weaknesses, their pretty Follies and Impertinencies.

It will be necessary to inform my Reader, that my Landlady is an eminent Milliner, and a considerable Dealer in *Flanders* Lace. She is one of those whom we call notable Women ; she has run thro' the Rough and Smooth of Life, has a very good plain Sense of Things, and knows the World, as far as she is concern'd in it, very well. I am very much entertain'd by her Company ; her Discourse is sure to be season'd with Scandal, ancient and modern,

modern, which, tho' the Morals and Gravity of my Character doe not allow me to join in, yet, such is the Infirmitie of humane Nature, I find it impossible to be heartily displeased with it as I ought.

If I come in at a Time when the Shop, which is commodiously situated above Stairs, is full of Company, I usually place my self in an obscure Corner of it, and observe what passes with secret Satisfaction. 'Tis pleasant to hear my Landlady, by the mere Incessancy of *Tittle Tattle*, persuade her pretty Customers out of all the Understanding that they brought along with them; and on the other Side of the Compter to see the little Bosoms pant with Irresolution, and swell at the View of Trifles, which Humour and Custom have taught them to call necessary and convenient. Hard by perhaps stands a Customer of inferior Quality, a Citizen's Wife suppose her, who is reduced to the hard Necessity of regulating her Expences by her Husband's Allowance, and is bursting with Vexation to know her self stinted to Lace of but Fifty Shillings a Yard; whereas if she could rise to Three Pound, she might be Mistress of a very pretty *Head*, and what she really thinks she needs not be ashamed to be seen in. But for want of this, all goes wrong, she hates her Superiors, despises her Husband, neglects her Children, and is ashamed and weary of her self.

This seems ridiculous to my Men Readers, and it certainly is so; but are our Follies and Extravagancies more reasonable? Or rather,
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are they not infinitely more dangerous and destructive? What Violences do we not commit upon our Consciences for the mere Gratification of our Avarice? How much of the real Ease and Happiness of Life do we daily sacrifice to the Vanity of Ambition? Is it possible then, since even the greatest Men are but a bigger Sort of Children, to be seriously angry that Women are not more? If in my old Age I am struck with the Harmony of a Rattle, or long to get astride on a Hobby-horse; if I love still to be caress'd and flatter'd, and am delighted with good Words and high Titles, why should I be angry that my Wife and Daughters do not play the Philosopher, and have not more Wit than my self?

General and unlimited Censures of either Sex are very unreasonable and unjust: 'Tis hard to say, to which kind Nature has been most liberal of her best Gifts; I mean those which refer to the Understanding. Judgment seems ever to have been the more proper Talent of the Male Sex; a Strength and Depth, a Closeness and Justness of Thinking, a Capacity for projecting and executing great Works, has always appear'd in Men, tho' but in very few even of them. Fancy, Humour, Spirit and Ingenuity, are every where the allow'd Talents of Women; and we see continually in the lesser Concerns of Life, they are more knowing and more *habile* than Men. The Government of the Family is very justly entrusted to them; and so far am I from exclaiming (as is the usual Topick among med-

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ding People) against the Dominion of the Wife over the Husband, that I think in my Conscience the Superiority is very natural; and all Attempts to subvert the present establish'd Government, till the Sovereign shall be graciously pleased to abdicate, are nothing less than flat Rebellion. I do firmly believe, (and shall be proud at half an Hour's Warning to be stoned to Death for my Opinion,) that the long Prosperity of the United Provinces, and of the Town of *Amsterdam* in particular, is wholly owing to this Form of Family Government. The OEconomy, the Parsimony, and extreme Neatness, which are so very visible, as well as necessary there, are the happy Effects of this domestic Constitution. I cannot forbear to mention here a Passage in a Conversation which I had with an old Dutch Man of the *De Wit* Faction, who told me, that their late *Stadt-Holder*, the Prince of *Orange*, introduced such an arbitrary *Regimen* into his Family, as made all confederate *Hollanders* tremble. They look'd upon his usurping a Dominion by his own Fire-side, as a Prelude to the Slavery of their Country; and tho' the Princess was a soft easy-temper'd *English* Woman, and suffer'd her self to be deceiv'd by his specious Appearance, he was always after his Marriage suspected among sensible Men as little better than a Traitor in his Heart.

Upon the Whole, if we reflect that Women are debarr'd of all the Advantages of Education, and Custom has prescrib'd so narrow a Sphere for their Actions, that it is become indecent

decent even to do a laudable and virtuous Action out of their own confin'd District, we shall not find Occasion to determine this Dispute so very much in Favour of our selves. And, on the other Side, the Opinion we have of their Weakness and Inability for their own Protection, and the certain Knowledge we have how much they are in our Power, and how much of the Happiness or Bitterness of Life depends upon the use we make of it, ought to be irresistible Arguments with us to treat them with that Tenderness and Affection, that Constancy and Fidelity, which they first pay us, and afterwards justly expect from us, and without which, (whatever else they enjoy,) they will never believe themselves thoroughly happy.

Tom Whistle marry'd a Wife by the Command of his Father, because the Match was, upon some other Accounts, convenient to the Family-Affairs. The Lady then was very young; and as her Choice was not at all consulted, she did not give her self much Thought about it; she knew she did not violently love her new Husband, but she did not immediately know how much he deserv'd to be hated. As her Education had been carefully virtuous, and her Principles incorrupt, she set her self assiduously to consider the Merits of her Spouse, and to find something amiable in a Man, to whom Virtue did not permit her to be any longer indifferent. She mistook, innocent and unexperienced as she was, the Transports of first Enjoyment, as the Pledges of mutual Tenderness

derness and future Happiness; but, unhappy for her, the same Discoveries which created, or at least assisted her growing Passion, visibly abated even the Formalities and Pretences of his. He begins very soon to consider her as an Incumbrance upon his Happiness; he is early disgusted at her Person, which Novelty at first only recommended, and from thence begins to quarrel with her very Fondness and Esteem of him, because they take from him all Pretence of hating her. She is frighten'd and alarm'd at so strange and unreasonable a Sourness of Temper; she is loth to believe or understand it, but persists, with renew'd Endearments, to sooth his ill Temper, and at the same time to exasperate the more his Aversion to her self. His Inhumanity now grows too plain to be mistaken any longer: What does she do? Does she exclaim with Anger and Passion? Does she resent it with Indignation? Does she appeal to the Laws, and make a Tale for the Publick? Does she urge her Birth, her Family, her Innocence, or her Fortune? No, she contents her self with the Consciousness of her own Virtue; a sublime and noble Satisfaction! She refers her self and her Cause to the Decision of Heaven; she is griev'd for her Husband, but she does not hate him; she is the less seen abroad, the less visited at home; she applies her self to the Concerns of her Family, and the stricter Guard over her self; she still meets her Husband even with a Smile, and suffers her self to be hourly insulted by the Follies which he brings home with him, without breaking

breaking out into the justest Rage and Re-
proaches. With what Words can I sufficiently
applaud such charming Virtue; or how ex-
claim against the ill-discerning World, who
are silent in her Praise, while they extol the
Husband as the Mirror of modern Gallantry,
and the perfect Model of a Fine Gentleman!

Of COFFEE-HOUSES.

I Should have acquainted my Readers, that,
in order well to sustain my present Character,
I took Lodgings in one of the busiest Parts of
the Town, for the Advantage of the most va-
rious Observation. The Neighbourhood of
the *Temple* is very proper for this Purpose.
The adjacent Coffee-houses allow one the
easiest and most familiar Introduction to the
Conversation of Men of all Characters. Bu-
siness and Pleasure are here practis'd in the same
Scene; and the Professors of both, tho' they
have the sincerest Contempt for each other, do
yet preserve a most inviolable Respect and
Toleration. In one Room, you see a Knot
of phlegmatic Politicians, with great Gravity
settling the Ballance of the North, and fore-
seeing the Event of the Duke of *Holstein's*
Pretensions: In another, you find the Com-
pany divided upon Works of Wit and Learn-
ing,

ing, drolling upon *Burnet's History*, or the *King John* of *Mr. Cibber*. In a third House, Dress and Gallantry are the reigning Sciences; Learning is ridiculous, and all Thought held in utter Disgrace: These are a Sect of Philosophers, formed entirely upon that golden Precept, *Nisce Teipsum*; for they really know nothing else: And whereas Books are the necessary Means to Perfection in other Studies, they need only Looking-Glasses to become Masters in this. These Gentlemen are in the most miserable Slavery to meer Idleness, and drag away very uncomfortable Lives in the tedious Drudgery of doing nothing. Step into the next House, you instantly mix with a dirty Crowd of busy Faces, who converse in so loud and obstreperous a Dialect, and are really so very different from the gentle Creatures you last left, that one can scarce imagine them to be of the same Species: And above Stairs, perhaps, sits a Committee of despairing *Jacobites* in the Anguish of their Souls, gnashing their Teeth at the Establishment of our present Happiness.

From Scenes so agreeably vary'd as these are, a Man of my Humour receives the deepest Amusement. I am perhaps too apt to dwell upon Trifles, and reflect solemnly upon Occurrences which I doubt affect no one so much as my self. But when I find my self in a crowded Coffee-house, the Observation immediately recurs to me, how differently the same Persons, at different Times, judge of the same Things; that *Time*, which always goes

on at the same Pace, and is ever in it self of the same inestimable Value, should at some Seasons be priz'd at an infinite Worth, and at others be consider'd only as a cumberfom Drug, a Burthen that is by all Means to be shaken off some how or other, and the sooner too the better. I have taken Notice with what Expedition and Dispatch Men get rid of their Business, tho' they are not able to pass a happy Hour out of it; and, that of all the Arts which Men have invented, how many of them only tend to the meer destroying of Time. It is with this View we daily flatter Women we do not love; we tipple Wine we do not relish; we converse without Friendship; and we go to Church without Devotion.

The Generality of Coffee-Houses are the proper Theatres of *Idleness*; but because that Word reflects a little too hard upon our dear selves, and we are resolved to be flatter'd in little Matters as well as great, we have substituted the Word *Business* in its Place; and where that will not do, *Conversation* is a plausible Pretence, and is always ready in every one's Mouth you meet. This Excuse, if it were true, would be a very good one. But of the Millions who can talk, how few are qualified to converse? The Truth is, *Conversation* is not the Genius of the *English* Nation; we conceive Things, I suppose, as well and pleasurably as other People; but we have not the same Ease in bringing forth: We cannot or we will not tell all we know to every Man we meet, nor do we care to hear those
that

that will. Hence it is that a talking Man is ever industriously avoided. We demand Brevity even from the Pulpit, tho' our patient Attendance there be instituted among our religious Duties, and though the Preacher is authoriz'd by Law to instruct us, as well as led by irresistible Inclination. At the Bar, the shortest Harangue is ever most welcome; and in Parliament, they who speak best have many times less Credit than they who say nothing. For the same reason, the whole *French Nation* is with us in utter Contempt. We deal very much in Ridicule, and we apply this severe and impartial Test to all their discursive Follies with great Success; and we seem to be in constant Apprehension of this our selves, choosing therefore to be silent and safe rather than florid and impertinent. At present, we have the greatest Hatred for that which the Ancients called *Oratory*; or at least, what we read with Pleasure in the Closet, we nauseate and despise in the World. An eloquent Man is almost certainly a very troublesome one. Were *Cicero* to live again, and be an *Englishman*, we should oblige him to alter his Stile, to retrench some of his Ornaments, put his Flowers into his Pocket, and (with Reverence be it spoken) beg him sometimes to keep to the Point. An Address to our Passions, is always very justly resented; we expect to be dealt with like Men, not like Children. An Orator that would succeed now a Days, is to lay the Reason of his Case before his Judges, if there be any Reason on his Side; and to take

take care to do it as succinctly as possible at his Peril. In short, he that would become a popular Speaker, not by the Clamour of a Faction, but by the concurrent Applause of his Country, must imitate Mr. *Reeve* and Mr. *Wearg*. He must endeavour to speak the same Things, and in the same Manner; he must know a great deal without Ostentation, and he must be very successful without Vanity.

To return to the Conversation of our *Coffee-Houses*. After the *Restoration*, the King who brought back with him many of the Manners of the *French Nation*, insinuated the same conversible Humour into his Favourites and Followers. There were several Coffee-Houses then erected, where Assemblies of the *Literati* professed to meet, and the Town had due Notice given them, at what Hour the respective Boards sat to speak Sentences, and say Things worth the Hearing. *John Dryden* took his Place very solemnly every Evening at *Will's*, which is remembred and duly honour'd, for his sake, to this Day. But these Meetings expir'd with the Reign, of that Prince or soon after; and all Institutions which have succeeded since, have discover'd more Affectation in the Projectors of them, than any of that Spirit which formed the first Assemblies of this kind. The Coffee-House where Politeness is said to reside at present, may well enough be said to be but the Leavings of *Pharsalia*, the Epirome of what was once to be there seen. At the Court End of the Town, Conversation is supported by good Breeding, which is indeed a second Sort of
good

good Sense ; it supplies the Place of it, and keeps People at Arms-Length from each other, and prevents them from a close Inspection into each others *Foibles*: Thus Ignorance is the Parent of mutual Esteem. The Wit of this Set of Men consists either in the Scandal of the Absent, (as indeed does that of most of the World,) or else in a sly Artificial *Banter* of the Person present : This is an Abuse but of late Growth. It was born within a Court, and is generally confined to it. A Man must live there to become a Master in it. It consists in a certain low Sort of Craft, a *Cant* unworthy of an Honest Man, tho' it be every Day practis'd in the very Presence-Chamber it self. To excel in this worthy Mystery, you are to invent Expressions, which the Person to be abused may well enough construe in his own Favour, and which every one else may be able to expound in his Derision and Contempt. I would fain have Men of Honour be ashamed of this mean sort of Couzenage, which the most ordinary Tradesman is as capable of as themselves, and which an honest Foot-Soldier would heartily despise.

I shall conclude with a Reflection, which to me seems melancholly enough : All loose, idle Conversation is forbidden to Christians ; Lyes are unworthy of Men of Honour ; Impertinence is far beneath the Men of Letters, and Prophaness is offensive to Men of Sense ; and yet without some or all of these, how many well-dress'd Assemblies must be dumb for ever ?

Of MASQUERADES.

I Must desire my Reader, as he values his Repose, not to let his Thoughts run out upon any thing that's lewd or frightful, for two Hours at least before he goes to Bed. *Titus Livius* the *Roman* Historian is my usual Enterainment, when I don't find my self dispos'd for closer Application. Happening to come home sooner than ordinary two Nights ago, I took it up, read the 8th and following Chapters of his 39th Book; where he gives us a large Account of some Nocturnal Assemblies lately set up at *Rome*; I think he calls 'em *Bacchanals*, and describes their Ceremonies, Rites of Initiation, and Religious Practices; together with their Musick, Singing, Shrieks and Howlings. The Men were dress'd like Saryrs, and rav'd like Persons distracted with enthusiastick Motions of the Head, and violent Distortions of the Body. The Ladies ran with their Hair about their Ears, and burning Torches in their Hands; some cover'd with the Skins of Panthers, others with those of Tygers; all attended with Drums and Trumpets, while they themselves were the most noisy. To this Diversion, says the Historian, were added the Pleasures of Feasting and Wine, to draw the
more

more in ; and when Wine, the Night, and a mix'd Company of Men and Women, jumbled together, had extinguished all Sense of Shame, there were Extravagancies of all Sorts committed ; each having that Pleasure ready prepar'd for him, to which his Nature was most inclin'd.

'Tis with Design I have referred my Reader to the very Place ; being resolv'd not to trouble him with any farther Relation of these Midnight Revellings, for fear I should draw him into the same Misfortune I unluckily fell under my self. The very Idea of it makes me tremble still ; when I think of those monstrous Habits, fantastical Gestures, hideous Faces, and confus'd Noises I had in my Sleep : Join to these the many Assignations made for the next Night, the Signs given for the present Execution of former Agreements ; and the various Plots and Contrivances I overheard, for parting Man and Wife, and ruining whole Families at once. These frightful Appearances put me into such uncommon Agitations of Body, and I look'd so ghastly at my first waking, that a Friend of mine, who came early in the Morning to make me a Visit, was struck with such a Terror at the Sight of me, that he made to the Street-Door as fast as he could, where he had only Time to bid one of my Servants run for a Physician immediately, for he was sure I was going mad.

'Tis to this very Relation of my Author, I'm now well assur'd, all our dreadful Accounts of Witches are owing ; their riding thro' the Air

on Broom-sticks, their meeting at Midnight, and dancing in gloomy Groves, together with the other very credible Pranks they play there. It does not at present occur to my Mind, whether we have any other Custom among us that takes its Rise from hence.

I can't forbear giving my Reader some of the less frightful Particulars of so extraordinary a Vision. I was convey'd (methought I knew not how) into a very large Place, lighted up with flaming Torches, and well furnished with animated Statues, as different in their Dresses, as *præternatural* in their Shapes. I had heard much of Hobgoblins and Spirits from a very Boy; and now I did not doubt but I was got amongst 'em. All the Hopes I had left was, that this was but Purgatory at most, and so I shou'd find a Retreat at last. In this Meditation I was accosted by a huge grim Phantom of a very adust Complexion, his Face like a shrivell'd Piece of Parchment just come out of the Oven. This confirm'd me in my Notions of the *middle State*; one would have sworn the Fire had parch'd his Skin, by the Colour and Driness of it; and the many wry Mouths that he made, prov'd him to be in continual Pain. At first I did not understand his Language; but finding he aim'd at *English*, I ask'd him, with great Humility and Respect, to help me out, if he could. My Business, says he, is rather to *draw* People *in*; and I don't doubt you'll be better reconcil'd to the Place by and by. To the Devil, says I; for now I begun to be angry; when we were diverted by a long meagre

gre Apparition in the Shape of an old Woman, who pass'd close by me with a slow trembling Pace, and a Crutch in her Hand ; she was muffled up in a Woolen Shroud, her Head danc'd all the Way she went, and her Voice, at every Word she mumbled to her self, kept Time to it. ' This, says he, is a handsome young Fellow that lives in my Neighbourhood, (for I was consulted in his Dress,) he's true *Flesh and Blood*, I'll assure you, and you shall see him presently, as soon as the Sign agreed on is given, follow that *Right Reverend* there in the Corner into yonder Apartment: She's a fine Lady, but marry'd against her own Consent.' — He was going on, when some Body gave him a Touch o' the Elbow ; and so we parted, to my great Regret ; tho' I think I never saw a more hanging Look in my Life. Passing forward, I was got, before I was aware, in the midst of a Set of awkward Machines, all very stiff and upright ; they were Corn-cutters, Magicians, Priests, and Tooth-drawers, as it were easy to guess by their several Habits ; they star'd in each other's Face, but not one Word pass'd among 'em. What a Labyrinth of Delusions, thought I, is here ! What a Collection of ugly Faces ! Turning my Eyes on one Side, I saw, at a little Distance, a lusty Figure all in black, with a Pair of Ram's Horns upon his Head, and a little Creature in his Hand, in Appearance, a young Woman, dress'd in a *Quaker's* Habit ; they were soon out of Sight ; he hurry'd her into a little Room just by, she having neither Force

nor Power to resist him. At the same time I overheard one whispering at my left Hand ; *To Morrow Night at Nine, the usual Place,* and then repeated two Verses out of *Rochester*, which I have forgot. I had before observed at the lower End of the Room, two as close as they could be, squeezing each other's Hand, and talking very softly about a *jealous Husband, the Garden-Window, the last Child, &c.* A few Minutes after, as I was pressing forward, I had like to have disoblig'd a Cardinal by a Shove I gave him ; his Eminence was just going to swear ; when considering his Character, he very mildly said, *Metbinks you might have more Respect for the Church.* What happen'd immediately after, was the only thing that gave me some Diversion, (my Reader will easily believe I was glad of any) travelling up and down I met with a laced Coat, a Hat, and a Feather, talking to an awkward Piece of Formality that was dress'd in all the Colours of the Rainbow. *Madam, says he, Your excellent Qualities, and exquisite Parts have so assaulted the Fort of my Fancy ; that I must of Necessity resign my self up to you, as a Trophy of your Victories.* To which the Answer was, (for I heard it plainly :) *Sir, I shall fall sick for want of a Capacity to digest your Favours.* As great a Confusion as I was in, this gave me such a Fit of Laughing, that I had a Ring about me presently ; and I could not help crying out ; *Fair Belinda, let the Showers of your Mercy mitigate the Fires of my Fancy.* Here if I had not had some very feeling Proofs, that I had
now

now to do more with Flesh than Spirit; I should have been tempted to have believ'd myself in Purgatory still; for I remember even in my Sleep, that Mr. Bayes, in the *Rehearsal*, says, that Spirits must not always be confin'd to speak Sense. Not far off there was a Knot of them got together, some in Lawyers Gowns, but more in the Priests; they were talking of a *Pretender*, a *bold Stroke*, *Madam Sobieski*, and her *Daughter*; but the greatest Part of these, one might easily see, were of the Feminine Gender, by the Awkwardness of their Looks, and the Lowness of their Stature. It were endless to enumerate the various Appearances of this Night; it was a very dismal one to me: And I awak'd with this Reflection: The Government, methought, must be afraid, not only upon a publick Account, for fear these nightly Meetings prove dangerous to the Commonwealth; but also each for himself, lest he should find his *Wife* or *Daughters* concern'd in this Extravagance.

I can't help reflecting here very seriously, upon the Levity of our Minds; what little Command we have over our Thoughts, and how little Chain, or Connection there is generally in them. In this Condition, frighted as I was at my first waking, the Ideas of the last Masquerade so plagued me, that I could not get rid of them for my Life: I endeavour'd to divert my Thoughts, but in vain; What, says I, has this to do with Masquerades? After some Trial, finding it impossible, I was forc'd

forc'd to yield to the Violence of this Motion, and so resolv'd to make a Collection out of the best Authors, of what I had formerly read upon this Head. I presently be- took my self to my Common-place Book, and in an Hour's Time had drawn up the Plan of my future Discourse. That any Reader may be the more fully acquainted with my Design, I shall here present him with the *Title*, and the *Contents* of each Chapter: The Book, I hope, will be publish'd by the Beginning of *Lent*.

TITLE-PAGE.

The Society trading in By blows ; or, The Court of Assistance, for multiplying the Species, and preventing the total Extinction of several Noble Families in this Kingdom. Humbly dedicated to all true Lovers of Mankind, especially those of the Female Sex. By a Friend to his Country.

• Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.
N.B. *The most private Families have sometimes been improv'd by this Society.*

C O N T E N T S.

The Introduction, shewing the Advantages all Nations must reap from such a Society. Some plain Proofs of its great Usefulness to this Kingdom in particular. An Answer to the Question, Why Masquerades seem so peculiarly adapted to the Genius of the *English* Nation? The Introduction concludes with a Recommendation of them, by a Member of the Society for the Reformation of Man- ners.

Ch. 1. Of Metaphorical Masquerades. Instances of them. The Devil's cheating *Eve* under the Disguise of a Serpent. The *Ephesian* Matron. The *French* Abbe. The Thief-catcher desiring to be excus'd, for that he never saw Company on Sundays. The Pretender's Assurance that he would take care of the Church, &c.

Ch. 2. Of Masquerades literally taken. Several Significations of the Word both ancient and modern. *Masque* originally denotes an old Hag, a Witch; from thence it came to mean a Whore, The great *Salmasius* derives it from a *Greek* Word, which signifies any thing that's ridiculous. At present it's us'd for a Highwayman, an Inhabitant of *Drury-Lane*, and sometimes a Woman of Quality.

Ch. 3. Of the Rise and Progress of Masquerades. That they are very ancient. *Origen* in his fourth Book against *Celsus*, says, Some Ladies in *Greece*, who met together for their Diversion, first began them, to prevent being discover'd next Day.

Ch. 4. Of the Improvement of Masquerades in our Days. The great Perfection they are come to. They are no longer a Matter of Speculation, but Practice. Twenty Heroick Actions done, for one good Thing said, by the *Trading Society*.

Ch. 5. Of the Secret of the Trade. The several Arts whereby it's carried on; as Hugging, Kissing, Bawdry, Love-Letters, Squeezing, Cock-Broth, Gellies, Lying, and Swearing.

Ch. 6. An Account of some extraordinary Events that have lately happen'd to the Society in the Way of Trade. A Pope got with Child by a little Country Girl. The Husband debauching his own Wife. A young Lady acting the *Orange-Wench* to that Perfection, that she forgot herself, till it was too late ; with several other Things very curious and diverting.

To which is added,

The humble Petition of the Tire-Women, Mantua-makers, Old Aunts, Gentlemen-Ushers, Cozin-Germans, Stale House-keepers, Match-makers, Letter-carriers, Governants, and all Goers-between, of what Denomination soever, in and about the City of *Rome*, shewing the the incredible Damage they and their Families have sustain'd, by some Midnight Societies, commonly call'd *Masquerades*, lately set up in this City ; whereby the best Branch of their Trade is entirely lost ; and if speedy Relief be not afforded them, they and their Children must be reduc'd to Beggary. *Translated out of High-Dutch, from an Authentick Copy.*

Of the SAME.

MY Readers have Reason to be surprized, that amidst all the Variety of Subjects in which I indulge my Speculations, I have not oftener touch'd on the present reigning Humour of *Masquerading*. But for this I have better Reasons than I have hitherto thought fit to own; and one is, that I have laid it down long since, as a Rule to my self and my Writings, not to interfere with Religious Controversies; and since the Church have thought fit to enter the Lists against so fashionable a Diversion, it would be as presuming in me to become a Second in their Quarrel, as it would be unsafe to be declared an Antagonist.

Another Reason is, that were I to confine my self upon this Subject, to speak in my own Character, I should be under a sort of Necessity of disobliging some of my Disciples, whose Favour I have most Reason to value and esteem. Let no Man at this Age of the World reproach me for being a *Time Server*; I insist upon it, that I am a *Plain-Dealer* as far as I am able, an honest Man, and an open Speaker, so far as Mankind is willing to bear it.

What

What pity would it be for me to tell Fifteen Hundred pretty Gentlemen and Ladies, who are all, no doubt, my constant Readers, and are fond of me to Distraction, that their darling Amusement is but a most miserable murdered Copy of a fine Original. Why am I alone, of all the World, expected at this Time of Day, to be snarling odious Truths, and putting People of Condition out of Countenance for themselves and their Diversions? Ay, but (says one of my Correspondents) *Masquing* is a Humour of Trans-Alpine Growth, and though cultivated here at an infinite Expence, it is after all, forced and unnatural. The Climate is not propitious: Meer Novelty succeeds at first, but the Truth is, we are only affecting a Pleasure which we do not really feel, and it is impossible we ever should — It may be so indeed; but it would be very imprudent in me to say it.

Masquerading (says another) even in *Italy*, where the Humour is genuine, is supported after another manner: There is no Expence there in the Case; the whole Town, at certain Seasons, concurs in promoting the Jest. The open Streets are the Theatres of their Diversion, and every Man's House is common to the Frolics of all the rest: After a certain Period, this is intirely suspended, so that the whole Country recover a new Appetite against the Revival. But ours is meer Boys-play to this; To meet in a large Room Five or Six times a Year, and for as many Hours at a Time, and then to be turn'd out whether In-

elination be exhausted or not, is somewhat so very Childish, that no Words can make the Thing more ridiculous than it really appears at first Sight to any one who has ever breath'd the Air of *Venice*.

All this did not hinder me from being present last Night at that Assembly. I own, I was struck with the Gayety and splendid Appearance of it, I went in the Figure of a maimed Statue without a Head; which was allowed, according to the Wit of that Place, to be very good Humour, and drew a great many notable Inquiries upon me; such, as *Where have you left your Brains, Friend*, with abundance of other silly Questions, which tho' very smart there, will hardly bear repeating here.

I had at first so much Company about me, that there was not above one Person that was better attended; but I soon after found an Opportunity of shifting my Dress, and in a blue *Domino* (which I hope a certain Lady, in the Habit of a *Gypsy*, had some Reason to distinguish) I was at Liberty to survey the Assembly at my Leisure. I found the Representations which had been made of the Manners and Characters of the Place, were some of them true, and others absolutely false.

Of the former sort, I found all those Errors and Improprieties in Character which I had been assur'd of before. It was not a little strange at first to see an *Harlequin* six Foot high, stalking along with the Pace and Solemnity of a Judge; a *Turk* swearing the most horrid Christian Oaths imaginable; and a Benedic-
tine

rine Nun hobbling about big with Child. As to the Oddness of the Characters which were assum'd there, it would be endless to mention them. Other Writers have already been so insufferably witty upon this Subject, that they have exhausted it; I must therefore be content to confine my self to strict Truth: A Man of great Quality was observ'd to shine very much in the Habit and Attitudes of a Prize-Fighter. Another did pretty well in the Stile of a Hackney-Coachman; but he afterwards assum'd the Man of Quality, and mistook it wretchedly. An *Irish* Dean personated a Musty very handsomely, and a famous Poet made a most incomparable *Hottentot*. A Lawyer within the Bar pickt Pockets with very great Success, and a Maid of Honour became very terrible in the long Stride and fierce Cock of a Captain of *Dragoons*. But all the Stories of gross Indecencies and dangerous Privacies, I will be so just to say are base Forgeries, though I hope they have been publish'd with a very good Intent.

I have no great Genius at projecting; but I confess that the Indignation which an envious Man has at the Success of another, has rais'd in me an Emulation to surpass the Immortal *Heidegger*, even in his own Science. I will not pretend to conceal, but that there is somewhat of Selfishness as well as Ambition in my Design, and Profit finds a Corner for Reception in my Heart, as well as Glory. I may the more freely own this, because (like those never-to-be-forgotten and illustrious Spirits, my

Brother Authors,) I never so much as pretend-
ed to serve my Country for nothing.

It is therefore propos'd, that at the Theatre
Royal in *Drury-Lane*, as soon as Tragedies,
Comedies, Pastorals, Farces, &c. shall be en-
tirely suspended and laid aside, which by a rea-
sonable Computation will happen with the Ex-
piration of the present Winter Season, Sub-
scriptions will be taken in for a Ball.

To make this of general and universal Use
and Entertainment, the Terms of Subscribing
will be so very moderate, as only to be suffi-
cient to answer the Expence of the Candles,
Guards, &c. and to support the Projector in a
decent Equipage during the Season.

As to the Entertainment: The good Com-
pany will be desir'd to sup before they come,
or rather to suspend entirely that unwholsome
Meal; and by way of Refreshment, they may,
if it be thought proper, bring a sufficient
Quantity of *Cinnamon-Water* or *Bettasia* in
their Pockets.

And whereas the Habits are the greatest
Article of Expence in Mr. *Heidegger's* Institu-
tion, it is farther propos'd, that these shall be
entirely discontinued and laid aside for the fu-
ture; and instead of impertinent and ill-
judg'd Affectations, which are at present prac-
tis'd, to make Persons appear what they are
not, it is apprehended that Gentlemen and La-
dies may much better, as well as much chea-
per, disguise themselves, by appearing to be
what they really are.

Projectors are not-usually Philosophers, or else I could reason and refine upon this with great Delight to my self, and Emolument to the Reader. Mankind is ever mask'd without knowing it. We learn to disguise ourselves in Childhood. Good Breeding is nothing but putting on the Vizard well, and good Manners is only wearing it handsomely. We seldom lay it aside even when we are alone, as though we were afraid of seeing ourselves naked. We never speak what we think; and there are some Thoughts we fly from with a studied Dexterity.

If such an Assembly were to divest themselves in this Manner, and to speak and act naturally, and without Restraint, no wonder they would be disguis'd to their intimate-Friends, for they would appear but very new Acquaintance even to themselves.

In Complaisance to the Inclinations of some Ladies, who Mr. *Heidegger's* rigid Virtue will not suffer to appear above half bare, the Projector intends to admit to the Company, if they please, *in puris naturalibus*, or stark-naked.

Of PATRIOTISM.

AS popular Discontents and Clamour are seldom known in Arbitrary Governments, the Frequency of them in *England* is the greatest Instance of our Freedom we can give: Were we Slaves, or did our Superiours intend to make us so, there would soon be a Stop put to our Complaints; we should never be suffered to murmur at our Grievances, were they real, and they had been the Occasion of them; and consequently we should be rather punished than redressed.

As apt as the People are to be stirred up to Sedition and Tumult, they are still as easily to be quelled; they are terrified with any Shadow of Authority, and it is with Difficulty they are brought to believe themselves so much interested in a Cause, as to engage them to hazard their Lives in the Service of it: In short, were their Principals, or they who kindle up the Seeds of Faction among them, but once shipped off to the Plantations, it would be no hard matter to keep them quiet; and if not dutiful Subjects, they might be made useful Members of Society.

It is so common an Artifice for those, who would attempt the Subversion of a Government,

ment; to disguise their Designs, under a Shew of Publick Spirit, and Zeal for the Liberties of their Country, that whoever makes them a Pretence for spreading groundless and unreasonable Jealousies among the People, ought always to be suspected for a Cheat and an Impostor; whether they who have the Administration of Affairs in their Hands are blameable in their Conduct or no: Especially when it does not appear that the discoverers have any other View in their doing it, but their own private Interest; as they certainly cannot have, who would endeavour, at all adventures, to distress an Administration, tho' it were with the utter Ruin of the State.

Besides, the People whose Welfare they would persuade us is what they only have at Heart, are manifestly the worse for every Difference that arises between themselves and the Persons in Power; it is their mutual Interest to cultivate a good Understanding with each other: Where this is wanting, Stocks will fall, Trade and Business decay, our Funds become the Property of Foreigners; and, in the End, the Nation be reduced to Beggary and Slavery, by those very Means that were taken to avoid them.

Nor is the Difference between an honest and a corrupt Administration of so much Consequence to the People, in respect to their particular Rights and Privileges, that where a Change might have any Influence over the more important Concerns of the Nation, any little Grievances should incite them to attempt

it; as the means of redressing themselves, whenever there is a real Occasion, always remain in their own Hands; nor would the Advantages obtained by it bear any Proportion to the Mischiefs that would ensue from thence, were it even to meet with Success.

For whatever the Heads of Factions or Parties may pretend to tell them of a Legal or a Natural Right which they have, not only to chuse whom they please to rule over them, but also to call them to account for every thing, as they, either out of Humour or Opinion, shall judge amiss; it is certain, whether it be so or no, they ought, for their own sakes, to be extremely cautious upon what Occasions they exert it: And if the Ferment should ever work so high in them, that they should take such a Step, before they consider well the Consequences, an ambitious or a designing Prince would not wish for a better Opportunity to make himself Absolute than this.

And this is what some Princes, who have aimed at Despotick Power, have been so well apprized of, that they have, even in their own Dominions, been at the Bottom of Insurrections themselves, and set their Creatures underhand to stir up and encourage their Subjects to revolt: They knew their want of Unanimity, their Inconstancy, and the natural Suspicion that one Man in such Circumstances has of another, would make them easy to be subdued, and that afterwards there would be few but would compound for their Lives with the Loss
of

of their Liberties; and, in the course of time, perhaps they might reconcile it to themselves too, when they come to find that as to their Manner of Living, their Taxes, and being obliged to serve in the Wars, 'twas much the same in an Absolute Monarchy as a Free State.

As to the other Advantages of the one Form of Government above the other, the Remembrance of them would be lost in a State of Slavery and Subjection, and the common People, where they are not in want of the Necessaries of Life, seldom consider any thing more. His present Majesty was so sensible of this, that foreseeing where our Divisions might hurry us, unless they were timely prevented, he has, out of an unprecedented regard to the Good of his Subjects, been inclined to give up a Branch of his own Prerogative, to remedy, if possible, this Evil, and secure us, as it were, against ourselves.

The People, it must be acknowledged, have very little Malevolence of their own; and had they Convenience or Leisure to inform themselves truly of the State of Affairs, and see how egregiously they were imposed upon by those Persons who are undermining the Constitution, under the Sanction of serving them, and sacrificing both them and the Administration, at the same time, to their own Ambition and Avarice, their Indignation would turn against their Idols, and they would wonder at the Lenity of the Government in suffering them to pass with Impunity.

For

For however contemptible these popular Orators are in themselves, the Ascendant they have got over the People by their wild and extravagant Harangues, make them so far obnoxious to a State, that they ought to be exterminated as publick Nuisances, and the common Pests of Society. The present unhappy State of Credit in this Kingdom is in a great Measure owing to them, and they have taken advantage of the Credulity and Passions of the People, to baffle every Scheme that has been offered to retrieve it.

And indeed there can be none, who has any Share of Property, but must, in some Degree, feel the ill Effects of these Proceedings; and therefore, if there are any among them that give into this Clamour against the Administration, they are joining with their Enemies to undo themselves: They are the Tools of publick Incendiaries, who, if thro' their means they should advance themselves into Trust and Power, they will make no other use of either, than to ruin them, and plunder their Country.

In short; all Order, all the Ends of Government are lost, while it is thus in the Power of every Malecontent; or mercenary Scribbler, to insult the Administration, and deceive the People. The Calamities we have brought upon ourselves, by our own Avarice and Folly, have been made the means of inflaming the Populace, against those very Persons who were using all their Endeavours to help us out of them; there has been a preposterous Uni-

on of Parties, who, for above these twenty Years together, have been attempting the Destruction of each other, to break the Measures of the Administration, and perplex the Affairs of the Nation: Whigs have promoted the Interest of the Pretender, and Jacobites declared for Liberty and a Free Parliament!

Indeed we have been so often deceived by Persons who have set themselves up for Patriots, that were there no other Cause of Suspicion, the assuming that Character alone is sufficient to make either a Man's Understanding, or his Honesty, questioned: They are to be considered as mere Fanaticks in Politicks, and ought to be treated, with the same Contempt, as we would a Troop of French Prophets, who should pretend to a new Revelation. For whatever those of a higher Rank may pretend, it must be either Knavery or Madness for a Man, who has not a Shilling of his own, or is himself a Prisoner for Life (as there are many such Instances at present) to stand up vehemently for the Liberty and Property of others.

Of Pope INNOCENT XIII.

WE *Rhapsodists* do not find so much Difficulty in Writing, as in the Choice of proper Subjects. 'Tis easy enough to furnish a Scrawl of such a Length, after it is once determined what it shall be upon. Popularity is the *Jack* we all Bowl at; but the *Byasses* are of such infinite Variety, and the Ground it self so very uncertain, that it is no wonder so few are excellent in this Sport; and they who are Winners at last, owe their Success not to their Skill, but some *Random Cast* which good Fortune resolves to favour.

I find my self extremely press'd by some Friends, who will needs fancy it in my Power to give them the Secret History of that *Cock-Bawd* of *Babylon* lately deceas'd, who was called in his Youth *Michael. Angelo Conti*, but in his old Age turn'd *Anti Christ*, and took upon him the meek Sirname and goodly Appearance of *Pope Innocent XIII.*

I cannot deny, but that I have in my Power somewhat that would be very grateful to this same Protestant Itch, which is so laudable in *Englishmen*; but I hope I may be allow'd, without any just Suspicion of my own *Protestantism*, for once to hold back the *Satyric*
Curry;

Curry-comb, and leave my good Readers to the delightful Exercise of *Scrubbing* themselves, or one another, as their respective *Cacoethetic* Sensations may require. For to confess a Secret, tho' I ever had an Abhorrence of the Abominations of that *old Scarlet Whore* abovemention'd, I had always somewhat of a Tenderness and Opinion of her Person, which now naturally devolves upon her Memory. She was, to say the Truth, a Strumper of a good old House, which has been fruitful of them in all Ages. The Duke of *Poly* begot her. She was a notable stirring Woman in her Family: She had several very likely Bastards, who are all infallibly provided for, and are at this Day considerable Luminaries in the Church: I am told they mightily resemble their Mother. In short, she was a Friend to us Men of Learning, and to add no more, *She is dead.*

It were easy enough to oblige the Reader with some *Frailties* of his late *Holiness* about Forty Years ago, while we good *Protestants* allow'd him to be of the *Masculine* Gender, and long enough before our Religious Zeal had metamorphos'd him into a *Tawdry* Old Bawd: But I consider, that the loose Escapes of a young Fellow are, properly speaking, of no Religion; and when a *Fryer* of Eight and Twenty is convicted of begetting a Bastard within the Pale of the Church, it is unreasonable to suppose he must have had no other Motives but the *Propagation* of Popish Superstition. All Sects, however they may differ in the Theory, or the Modes of Devotion, are,

I think, pretty *Catholic* in their Wickedness, Good People ! We cannot endure one another's Religion ; because, *Forsooth*, every one is sure that his alone is *Right* : But we have the most universal Charity for each other's Vices, where we certainly know we are all in the Wrong !

'Tis very well for the World that they are at last agreed on *something* ; — a fine Condition we should be in, were Princes to declare for *Uniformity* in *Wickedness*, as they have often done in *Religion* ; and as they were wont to bar all Ways to Heaven but *One*, should in like manner think proper, by their Royal Edicts, to stop all the Avenues *downwards* but their own. What Confusions would such a Tyranny introduce ! A People have sometimes submitted to be *sav'd*, according to the Way the Magistrate has prescrib'd ; but I doubt they would understand it as one of the foremost Principles of Natural Liberty, that every Man has a Right to be *damn'd* in a Way of his own. What an awkward Figure would a meer fine Gentleman of our Times make, were he obliged by a Penal Law to change his Taste, and become a staunch Toper and Bottle Companion ? How miserably would an old Alderman shuffle in the Trammills of Gallantry, and an idle Vermin of a Poet be seen to sweat and struggle in the Toils of Ambition ? The Terms of such a Conformity would indeed be extremely hard ; nor could there be any Measures of *Comprehension* projected with a National Church, who should teach that there was no other possible Method of going

to *Old Nick*, beside that which was *Established by Law* — By the means of universal Toleration, and upon the Principles of private Judgment and mutual Indulgence, these Mischiefs are happily prevented; and the World has come to a very prudent Resolution, that Men neither can, nor ought to be forc'd to be wick-ed alike, any more than to be wise, handsome, tall, valiant, or well-dress'd alike.

Well! Peace be with the Soul of that good Writer, whoever he was, that first found out the Art of *Digression*; and rot and consume the Memory of him who was the Inventer of Method, Order, Design and Proportion; that Villain of a Scribbler, who first taught a Beauty and a Symmetry in Writing, the Harmony of *Parts*, and the Happiness and Justness of the *Whole*! For my poor part, sure I am, that I have Reason to curse him as often as I think of him, which I now do by these Presents, and so I return with great Satisfaction to *Pope Innocent XIII.*

I believe it must be granted that he was no *Protestant*; and indeed, without a Miracle, it was hardly possible, had he liv'd for ever, he would have become one; for tho' there are always great Numbers of Gentlemen of the Reformed Religion at *Rome*, yet the fashionable Opinion of his *Holiness's* Infallibility effectually silences the Arguments of all Travelers of Breeding; and the *Pope* himself was so unhappily ignorant of all the Northern Languages, that he could not possibly have the Benefit of those learned Volumes written
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in Defence of the Reformation in *English*, *High Dutch*, and other Protestant Dialects.

But, on the other Hand, it is more than probable, that he was not a bigotted *Papist* either: Whatever Opinion he might have of the Piety and Infallibility of some of his Predecessors, he must be very certain that he had none of his own; however he might have been cheated by others, he did not surely impose upon himself. We will, with the Permission of the Protestant Reader, suppose him a Man of Sense; at least, that he formerly had been so; and in that Case we cannot imagine that he himself thought that *Infallibility* came into him, as Understanding and Memory left him. It did not indeed become him to *smoke* the Cheat the first of all the World, and to cry out, "Gentlemen, Christians, you *Protestants* in the North! This Business here is all Roguery!—I am indeed chosen *Pope*, for the sake of my grey Beard and my bad Health, I presume; but the D—l a Grain of Sense or Honesty have I now more than before——I was an old *Lecher*, a harden'd *Atheist* Yesterday, and I am the self-same individual stinking *Hirco* and old Rogue To-day——As you say, Gentlemen, I am indeed the *Beast* in the *Revelations*; I desire therefore that some good *Protestant* State would immediately quarter a sufficient Number of Troops in my Dominions, and hang me with all convenient Speed out of the highest Window in the VATICAN, as I confess I deserve."—This perhaps would be no more than Truth and

and Reason in it self, but at the same time such a barbarous Solicism in Politicks, as never yet came out of the Mouth of a Prince, invested with absolute Sovereignty, and situated in the most delightful Part of the World — Thus far have I, in Memory of the ancient Friendship between my self and the House of CONTI, ventured, even in a Protestant Country, and I hope without Offence, to speak somewhat in Mitigation of the Enormities of a miserable Man now deceas'd, which, without doubt, were infinitely great and abominable, and in some Respects incapable of Extenuation.

I do not know whether it be necessary to add, for the Instruction of the Reader, who may happen to be most *furiously* Protestant, that the late *Pope*, bad as he was, had, in Reality, neither Horns, Hoof, nor Tail; *Sawcer* Eye, nor *Harpy's* Claw; nor did he usually *patch* or *paint*, wear a *Night-Rail* or a *Hoop Petticoat*, as our fruitful Imaginations have represented him to us in *England*. Having personally seen him, as well as several of the *Effigies* of him, which have been carried about in Triumph, and burnt on the fifth of *November*, and other *Holydays*. I can the better declare, that he certainly never sat for his Likeness to any of them, no more than the *Pretender*; but the *Devil*, for ought I know, may be a very just Resemblance.

It is equally certain, that he never literally belch'd out Fire and Smoke against us *Protestants* on an *Ash-Wednesday*. He spoke of the Reform'd

Reform'd Princes with the same Temper as he of did all others. The Extirpation of the *Northern Heresy* he knew would be a Miracle which he had not *Holiness* enough to compass. He found that he himself was very well provided for, for Life, which therefore he desired to make as long and as easy as possible. 'Tis certain, his natural Disposition was Peace and Charity with all Mankind, witness his friendly and Christian Intercourse with the GREAT TURK, who, if I mistake not, is more a *Heretick* in his Heart, than the firmest *Protestant* can pretend to be.

He hated the Pretender, and despis'd him: He found him quarter'd upon the *Pontificate* at the Time of his own Exaltation to it, and he never had Address enough to get rid of him. He often press'd him to turn *Protestant*; 'twas certainly good Advice on both Sides. The *Pretender* might then have had the Shadow of a Possibility of succeeding some time or other, and the good *Pope* would instantly have turn'd him out of Doors for his Heresy — But it would not do; he soon found that the *Pretender* was a Fool by Constitution; and a Rogue only by Education; the worst Composition in the World for a Great Man! He had just Wit enough to discover, that the *Pope* might possibly have an Interest in this Advice, and for that Reason he was resolute to refuse it. His *Holiness* used him ever after this like a Child, gave him Sweet-meats and good Words, play'd with his Wife, and stood Godfather to his Son — — And so fare thee well, Old INNOCENT XIII. Of

Of King PHILIP'S Resignation.

THE Resignation of his most Catholick Majesty, *Philip* the fifth, in Favour of *Don Lewis*, his eldest Son, is an Event so surprizing, and is so little formed upon the Reasons that Influence the Actions of the rest of Mankind, that it deserves to be treated in as serious a Manner as 'tis possible to do it.

There are some very penetrating Persons, who since the Abdication has been publickly known, pretend that they long ago foresaw it; and affirm, that as for many Years the Mails from *Spain* brought nothing but an Account of the Court Devotions, Expeditions to several Churches and back again, and a sort of Journal of her Catholick Majesty's Breeding, Births and Miscarriages, it is not surprizing that a Prince should at last entirely leave the World who had apparently so little to do in it.

But for my part, I can never so much suspect a crown'd Head of any Intention to depose himself, as when it begins to be probable that other Persons are upon the Point of doing it for him: And it is certain, that his late Majesty, (since he had such a Humour lurking about him,) might have found a much
more

more proper Occasion to have put it in practice than that which he has now chosen. The long War which was rais'd upon his Accession to that Monarchy, gave him, no doubt, frequent Thoughts as well as very tempting Opportunities to quit it: But since it was not in the Power of the repeated Instances and most pressing Sollicitations of the Earls of *Peterborough* and *Stanhope*, to perswade him to resign his Crown at a Time when his Imperial Majesty stood ready to accept it, and offered very frankly to deliver him from all the Cares and Fatigues of it, I own I despaired of ever seeing it at all.

Not now to examine the Reasonableness of some Conjectures which are made concerning some politick Motives for this Resignation, I am content to take his Majesty's own Words for it, that it is intirely the Effect of a Review of those Miseries that have attended his Administration, and a due regard to the future Prosperity of his Soul. This, it seems, was the Effect of Four Years Deliberation; so that to the Comfort of us Mortals, humane Nature did not lose the Battle scandalously, but made a very good Defence, and secured after all, the Palace of *Ildefonso*, and Six Hundred Thousand Crowns *per Annum* for its Retreat. The worst of the Case is, that the Payment of this depends a little too much upon the Discretion of his present most Catholick Majesty *Don Lewis*.

We do not yet know how this Abdication is received in the World; but I think his Ho
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liness will not use his Majesty at all handsomely; if he does not at least pay him the Complement of Canonization, (as far as that is in his Power at present) and admit him into the Chapter of abdicated Kings, where I presume his Place will be at the Left Hand of our *James* the Second.

How this Humour may take in the World, is yet uncertain; but I think it not improper to give all Fathers, Unkles, and other old *Putts*, who have any thing to leave their Posterity, this short Caution, not to take altogether four Years in deliberating upon it, for fear Death (to which, alas! the oldest and wisest of us are liable) should unexpectedly step in, and intercept so pious a Resolution.

I am thinking, if for the Sins of the World, three or four of the greatest Princes of *Europe* should have the Grace to copy after this Example, what a deplorable Condition would Mankind be in! Lord, what should we do for some Body to rule us! In such a Case, some of our Pretenders might do well enough, the *Sophi* and the Duke of *Holstein* would then pass for good pretty Fellows.

I do not name the *Chevalier de St. George*, because in all Probability he will have resign'd his Diadem too, before any such Event can possibly happen. The Toils of Empire, the Weight of a Crown, will be good sonorous Expressions in an Instrument of Abdication; and not more ridiculous than his other Acts of Government.

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The conjugal Piety of the Catholick Queen is certainly very laudable, in accompanying the Retreat of her Husband; she demonstrates the Constancy of a Passion truly virtuous, and that she still loves the Man whom she espous'd a King: His Majesty too has found the Art of softening the Severity of monastick Piety, and with the allow'd Indulgences of innocent and domestick Satisfactions, wisely fortifies himself against all Temptations from Abroad. Had this Abdication been as well from the the Royal Bed as from the Crown of *Spain*, the gross and sensual World would have understood that he had deliver'd himself from the One at the Expence of the Other; but this Scandal is now disappointed, at the same Time that her Majesty is not at all precluded from returning into the World at such Times as the King is employ'd in his Meditations on Death, and the other Offices of his Retirement.

I can't but think it is a great Default in the Constitutions of all the Governments I know of, that this Trick of Abdicating is not at all provided against. Great Care is always taken to bind the Souls and Bodies of the Subjects to strict Allegiance, and they are expected to wait with due Patience till their Sovereign, by Death or otherwise, is graciously pleased to discharge them; but not a Tittle of Security is given on the Prince's Part, that he shall not think fit to elope, and turn them over to the next Comer at half an Hour's Warning; so that in this Case a whole People, who have
unadvisedly

unadvisedly fallen in Love with their Sovereign, are left to break their Hearts for him at their Leisure. I own, I am for bringing Things to a better Certainty: Coronation Oaths ought certainly to be more binding than Soldiers Weddings, which oblige no longer than till the next Orders for marching.

This however must be own'd in Praise of Abdications, that they are a sure Road to Fame and Immortality. The worst Prince that ever liv'd, and he that has worn his Crown for many Years, as it were in mere spite to his People, has it always in his Power to grow into their good Graces at last, and become popular by resigning it; and the most inactive Monarch that may ever reign hereafter, tho' he pass his Days in perpetual Sleep, tho' he shall come to the Crown by Chance, and maintain it by meer Fortune, tho' he shall never distinguish himself by one great Action, either to his own Honour, or the Happiness of his People, even after his Sceptre is become as insignificant as a Child's Bauble, will ever be remember'd for having resign'd it. *Lewis* the Fourteenth of *France*, will be always distinguish'd for placing the Crown of *Spain* upon the Head of his Grandson, but not more than his Grandson for renouncing it.

The two Princes most famous for their Abdications (perfectly voluntary) were the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, and *Christina* Queen of *Sweden*. I do not intend to take this Opportunity of cramming my Readers with more History than they can well bear; but the Rea-

sons of their Resignation were so very different from those of his Catholick Majesty, and at the same time so well understood and approv'd of by the World, that I may be allow'd just to mention them. *Charles* the Fifth was one of the greatest Characters the World ever saw; he had pass'd a long Life full of Dangers and Glories, and he continu'd still to entertain most unmeasurable Designs; when it pleas'd the secret Hand of Providence to fight against his vast and daring Genius, and by an unaccountable Series of ill Successes, to frustrate those amazing Views which had no Limits but those which are prescrib'd to the World it self: Being at length worn out with Age and Cares, as well as made wiser by his Disappointments, he quitted the World at a Time when he was the greatest Prince in it, and retir'd to a religious House, but not to the monkish Dreams and Follies of it. He embraced the Truths of Christianity, as it then began to be reformed from the Corruptions of Popery, and dy'd as every wise and good Man would wish to do, in a reasonable and well-chosen Retirement. He was the Wonder of his own Age, and the Admiration of all succeeding Times. Queen *Christina* renounced her Crown for the best Reason in the World, which was, She foresaw she should not be able long to hold it: She resign'd with a very good Grace, and upon a very good Pension; and she had Interest or Address enough to secure the punctual Payment of it: She retir'd to *Rome*, and it was said, she had some Thoughts of assuming the sacred

sacred Purple, being better qualify'd to sustain the very Papacy itself, than her Holiness Pope *Joan*, who we Protestants say actually attain'd it.

To moralize a little (as better People than my self are wont) towards the latter End of a Rhapsody : How transient and unstable are the best and greatest sublunary Things ! How fickle is humane Nature ! Strange, that a Man of Forty should not have chosen his Profession, but be doubting at those Years, whether he ought to be a King or a Monk ! This should instruct us what very Trifles we little People are quarrelling about, when even a Monarchy, which after all is undoubtedly the prettiest Place in the Government, is not always a Post for Life.

Of Bishop BURNET'S HISTORY.

THE Knowledge of the World, and an Acquaintance with Books, are the two grand Classes into which the Studies of all such as are, or wou'd be thought, eminent among Men, are divided. These powerful Parties behold the Labours of each other with mutual Contempt. The Man of Address and Application considers Learning no more than as a busy kind of Sloth and Diligence in Trifles, and a very proper Amusement for Children and little minded Men, who are unequal to the Conduct of the World, and can never possibly have any Share in it. The Scholar, on the other hand, thinks of Ambition as a Madman's Dream, the Fumes of Vanity, and a sickly Mind, as well as a Combination of bad and unhappy Passions: He holds, that Greatness, which is but a better Species of Misery, is justly sought for, and always found abroad; but Wisdom, which alone, says he, is true Happiness, is only to be met with at home.

But notwithstanding the *Eulogiums* which every Man pays to his own Manner of passing his Time, (for it is all but little more than mere *Pass-Time* and Amusement at last,) it is most certain, that a very small Proportion of
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that which is honour'd with the Name of Learning, has the least Relation to true Wisdom; and of all the Thousands that spend their Years in Conversation, how ill do we after all judge of our Neighbours, how are we deceiv'd even in our selves!

After all our Disputes, every Man's own Constitution, or that Cast of Inclination which he first received, and which has by Time acquir'd the Strength of Habit, will irresistibly determine him to call Happiness by a Name of his own chusing, and not to receive it from another. 'Tis a fine thing to dance at Court in a Birth-night Assembly — but not to me, who had rather be swinging upon a Gate in the Country. *Horace* was an inimitable Poet — it may be so: Wou'd I were a *Teller* of the *Exchequer*.

The Knowledge of Books qualifies a Man to pass his Time alone; an Insight into Men makes him safe and easy in Company. A learned Man is but a sort of Brute in a polite Circle: A Courtier would languish and want Company, even in a Library. A Taste of Books is a happy Refuge for the Unfortunate; Penetration and deep Discernment are of most infinite Service in Prosperity. Letters will not always give the Mind real Ease, no more than Greatness sincere Joy, so deficient are the best Things here; but we ought not therefore to neglect them. Every thing has its Season, and so have they. A Man that studies Happiness wisely, will unite all Tastes, if possible, in his own Person; but these should be indulg'd only

to serve and please him, not to govern him. We may lay our Snares for Pleasures as wide as possible, taking great Caution not to be caught in them our selves. How miserable do we see Children, who have broken or thrown away one Play-thing, when they come to consider they have ne'er another. We should lay in a Provision of future Entertainments in great Variety, and choose them in the same View as we do our Books: No Man ever read more than One at a time, and yet he would be very unhappy that had but One to read: But he that would have a good Library, must have Books which he does not certainly resolve ever to look into; and yet in the Course of a little Time, even these will find some Minute to give him a Satisfaction which he would have wanted without them. A Man should endeavour to hoard up a Store of Pleasures, as Misers do of Money, not so much that they intend ever to use them, but it is a Joy to know we have them in our Power.

If my unworthy Opinion of the Preference in these two Studies, Books and Men, might be of any Weight, after I have declared that every Man's truest Pleasure is that which makes him Happiest, and that his own Senses will ever have the casting Voice in this Debate; I say, if any thing I could add would have any Consequence after this, I should be sure to do some Honour to my own reigning Inclination, by mentioning it. But thus much may be ventur'd to be safely laid down towards the Reconciliation of this Dispute: The
Knowledge

Knowledge of those Books which lead us into the Knowledge of Mankind, seems to be a Study of the greatest Use, as well as the highest reasonable Entertainment.

It does not import much by what Titles such Books are dignify'd; whether the Author aspir'd to the Name of an Historian, or was contented with the humble Appellation of a Memoir Writer, very little affects me; I am only concern'd to see the Machines which act'd the World formerly, since it is neither in my Fortune nor my Duty, busily to enquire into those which govern it at present; I am delighted with an honest Narrative of what pass'd behind the Curtain in such a Reign, and from thence to be able to understand and reconcile several Actions which appear'd very confusedly upon the publick Theatre of that Time: What little Passions have govern'd the Greatest Men; what great Events have been conducted from the most contemptible Beginnings, and by the meanest Instruments!

I frankly own, Bishop *Burnet's* History of his own Time answers this End amply to me. I have learnt from him what I did not know before, and am as little asham'd to confess I have been instructed, as I find the rest of the World is to own they have been entertain'd by him. I am not a little out of Countenance at the paltry Objections which I every Day hear made against this Work. Some quaint People have rais'd a great Clamour at his Style, and this indeed is not without an Appearance of Justice; and yet this is nothing better than

quarreling with a Man about his Dress. The Length of the Work may well enough pass for an Excuse, especially considering the Author's continual Avocations to the Duties of his Character, and that this Work was not left us as a Specimen of fine Writing, but as true History, and a plain Recapitulation of Facts.

Others wrangle that this Publication was deferr'd so long, till all the Authorities he cites were dead or out of the Way; but I could name another History which came into the World with much more Deliberation, against which these Gentlemen have no Objection, tho' I confess I have a great many. The Bishop appointed this Work to be published not before Six Years after his Death, in Imitation of the great *Thuanus* and others; but we see in *England*, that Party Malice will survive much longer than that Term, after the Subject of it is deceas'd; and I can't but think it some Injury to the Interests of Truth, and the Cause of common Liberty, that this Piece appear'd so soon.

The poor Charge, that the Author is too fond of himself, and is the Hero of his own Romance, scarce deserves an Answer, in the Opinion of any that have really read the Book, which they cavil against. The Bishop frequently declares, that he does not pretend to inform us of any Thing which is in other Books, or which was not true to his own Knowledge; and having bound himself by this Method, he was obliged to give us at
large

large an Account of those Intimacies and Conversations with the Princes and Ministers of his Time, which are the Subject of so much impertinent Mirth at present, but which were the real Opportunities of the Discoveries which he then made, and has transmitted to Posterity.

The impudent Fictions which have been invented to depreciate the Credit of this Work, have some of them already been detected, by a Hand which has been long eminent in the Interest of Truth and Liberty, and whose uncommon Zeal for them both has prompted him to give these Libellers the Honour of a Correction, which otherwise they could never have been thought worthy of. They have indeed retracted the Forgery, but are not ashamed of it; and with a most infamous and feeble Malice, are still endeavouring to fix their own scandalous Artifices upon the Friends of the late Prelate, which were too gross to affect the Memory or the Labours of himself.

But that nothing may be wanting on their Part to stain the Reputation of this Work, they most nauseously counterfeit a Passion for the Glorious Memory of our Deliverer *K. William*, and exclaim with the common Violence of that Prince's Admirers, against the black Insinuation drop'd in the Close of his late Majesty's Character: But I have it in Commission from one of my Correspondents, who appeals to the next Volume to make good his Assertion, that the Bishop was very far from any Imagination of that Crime, which is commonly mistaken for the conceal'd Sense of that Passage.

Of MORTALITY.

AS I was the other Day sitting very solitary, and projecting something for the Advantage and Instruction of my gentle Readers, whom I had almost determin'd to lead into some very solemn and sober Speculation, suitable to the Influence which an Easterly Wind has always upon my Temper, I was of a sudden interrupted with a printed Account of the natural Death of his late Holiness, *Innocent XIII.*

I was now turning my Thoughts with great Application, towards a sort of Funeral Banquet, something equivalent to Sack, Biskets and Rosemary; and resorting, upon this Occasion, to my File of Hints, Memorandums, and other Author-like Tools and Conundrums, I found my self well enough provided with many grave Reflections, and pompous Apostrophe's, upon the Tyranny of Death, and the natural Frailty of Princes; all which, I remember'd, had been gather'd together, and intended for Publication, upon the Demise of *Philip of Orleans*, late Grandson and Regent of *France*: How the Wind happen'd to change, and the Publick came to be disappointed of those Flowers, is a Secret of Authorship,

thorship, not proper to be communicated to every ordinary Reader.

Be that as it may ; most certain and undeniable it now is, that I have at this present, in my Custody, a most curious Collection of beautiful Sentiments upon this Subject, mostly Originals, some Capital Pieces, and several very good Copies. I have it in my Power, for Instance, to make it demonstratively clear at an Hour's Warning, as well by solid Argument and undeniable Reasoning, as by many pertinent Similes and Allusions, that *Death* is the common Lot of All ; and Sovereign Princes are no more than their dear and loving Subjects exempted from this fatal Necessity. I can prove from a very good Poet, that Death, with a most unwelcome Impudence, approaches the *Ruelle* of a Monarch, as familiarly as the Bed-side of a Tradesman. He is an unbred Watchman, that thumps as frankly at the Gate of a Palace, as at the Door of a Hovel. I can call in History to prove, that *Alexander* the Great, and his Co-temporary, the Fellow that liv'd in the *Tub*, are both dead ; so is *Harry* the Fifth, and his Friends *Pistol* and *Nim* ; so too is *William* the 3d ; so, *Elkannah* *Settle*.

I can make it appear very probable, that most Men in all Ages have generally dy'd, as certainly and as duely as they were born ; that scarce one Man in a Million has had the good Luck to live for ever ; that the Doctrine of *Rejuvenescency* is all an Imposture, and not within the Power of Chymical or Galenical Medicine :

Medicine: That the wisest and most modest of the Faculty, in all Ages, as well as of our own Time and Nation, have generally disclaimed all Pretences to it. The learned Doctor *Casse* once own'd in Confidence to me, that he knew nothing of it. The great *Byfield* was at best very doubtful about it; his own *Sal*, he thought, came the nearest to the Thing; and I am told his Widow continues of the same Opinion. The great Dr. *F——d*, who is thought to inherit the Profundity of Science, as well as the Practice of those great *Opifers*, is resolved for the future, to content himself with endeavouring only to *prolong Life* as far as possible, having had Occasion, in the Course of his Practice, to observe that his Talent does not lie towards giving absolute *Immortality*.

I have also now lying by me, a choice Parcel of Critical, Moral, and Philosophical Reflections upon Mr. *Asgyll's* pernicious Book, which has corrupted such Numbers of unwary Youth of the last and present Generation, by pretending to prove that every Man is left to his Choice in this Matter, and may either *dye* or not at his own Discretion. I can show that the Privilege of *Translation*, is a very rare and uncommon Case, and by no Means to be expected, much less depended upon by ordinary People now a Days. And tho' I am, generally speaking, an Enemy to Persecution for Matters of Opinion, and as well as I like Mr. *Asgyll* personally, and over a Bottle; yet I think I can give very cogent Reasons why the Magistrate

gistrate should interpose in this Matter, and my good Friend ought to receive a further Answer than he has yet done, from the *Secular Arm*. Were People to be allowed to reason themselves out of this Humour of Dying, What must become of great Numbers of good Subjects, who have sold Annuities, or bought Reversions? In what a forlorn Condition should we behold all eldest Sons, younger Brothers, City Wives, and Court Husbands? Commissions in the Army would sell at infinite Prices, and Physicians must live then, as their Patients do now, upon *Water-gruel*. The Hangman's Office would then be, like a good Preferment in the Church, a mere *Sine Cure*. Bastards would be too hard for Parish Nurses, and live in spite of the Overseers, to stare *Legitimacy* out of Countenance. In short, the best Trades and Professions would be miserably over-stock'd; not to mention the extreme Inconveniency it would be to *Great Britain*, to have all its *Poor* immortalized, before the Legislature had fallen upon a Method to set them to Work.

These are some few of the many Thousand Mischiefs, publick and private, which would infallibly ensue, allowing my ingenious Friend's most damnable *Hypothesis* to be true, and to be embraced and received as such; especially if we consider, that such is the Tenour of this pernicious Belief, that the meanest *Proselyte* to it might very safely give the Magistrate an Interview at *Smithfield*, and
get.

get the better of him at the old Logick of Fire and Faggot.

But what will the Reader say, if, after all this, I should pretend to prove that this unhappy Man, the Founder of this Sect, does not even believe in *Himself*; that he is a Heretick even in his own Religion, and that in his own Soul and Conscience he denies the Truth of those very Principles which he has invented himself. I am capable of demonstrating that he is as great an Impostor as *Mahomet*; that he had the same carnal Ends and worldly Views, but by very good Luck for the World, not the same Success; that his Book is as full of Falsities as the *Alcoran*; nay, I can even prove, where he himself, under some Twinges of Conscience, or at some unguarded Hour, has confess'd all this, and a great deal more.

And is it not a very melancholly Consideration to reflect what Multitudes are at this Instant, the profess'd Disciples of this wretched Impostor? The Case more nearly affects me perhaps, as I have some Reason to suspect that the Delusion is crept into my own Family, there being a certain venerable Ancestor of mine, old as I am my self, who by her great Age might have had her Company very well excus'd some Years ago; but by her perfect Health and florid Complexion, seems now to threaten me with Mr. *Asgill's* Principles. This occasions very great Perplexity in my private Affairs; and is the more surprizing, because her Physician is of my own chusing, and, as
Phyſi.

Physicians are reckoned now-a-Days, is a very sensible Man.

But to say the Truth, this Herefy is a Plant which has not thriven so kindly in *Great Britain* as elsewhere : In some Parts of *Germany*, I am credibly informed, they are reduced into a regular Sect ; have Constitutions, Synods, Articles and Creeds of their own : They are called after the Name of their Founder *Asgyllites* ; and they believe in him, and pay him the same Honours as the *Jews* do at this Day to *Moses*. To deny the Law of *Asgyll*, is to blaspheme ; and it is there, a Religious Act to conceive certain high and sublime Ideas of a Man whom I have smoak'd a Pipe with.

How happy are you, my Courteous Reader, (if peradventure you are indeed so happy) not to be led away by this Deluder ! And how happy am I, never to have been seduced by the Vanity of Ambition, or the Hopes of Gain, to have been guilty of *Asgyll's* Sin, and invented an Imposture of my own ! The making of Creeds, Articles, and Subscriptions for other People to swallow, is, no doubt, the easiest and pleasantest Part of Authorship ; tho' perhaps not so pleasant, nor so easy, to swallow them ones self. Tho' possibly a good Writer may sometimes have had few or no Readers, the idlest Enthusiast that ever run mad, has never failed of Multitudes of Followers. Were the genuine Disciples of *Locke* and *Mugleton* to be poll'd throughout *England*, I am asham'd to think where the Minority would be found.

Of

The Characters of Different Nations.

THE high Opinion which every Nation entertains of itself, as well as the Contempt it has of all its Neighbours, is generally very ridiculous and unjust. The *Italians* persuade themselves that all the Happiness of Human Life is confin'd to that Tract of Earth which they possess, and that all the rest of *Europe* are sordid *Tra-montane* Wretches, who drag out their Lives in the most abject Misery. The *Frenchman* makes no Scruple of informing a Stranger that all Politeness is limited to the Territories of *Louis* the Fifteenth; and the *Hollanders*, that the whole World are Slaves, except themselves. All this while, our own Countrymen look down with Pity and Contempt upon their several Pretensions, and rest firmly satisfy'd, that they themselves are the happiest, the politest, as well as the freest Nation on the Globe.

But, letting alone the peculiar Vanities and Braggadocios of every Country, 'tis certain that there is some certain Character which only can be apply'd to each particular People, and which peculiarly distinguishes them from all the rest of Mankind. The Tunes, Voices, Pencils, Chissels of Italy, are no more to be copied

pied by us, or transplanted hither, than their
 delightful Air, or their clear Sky. A *French-*
man; I presume, may be allow'd to be a better
 and more natural Orator, Taylor, Dancer, Mi-
 mick, than another Man, There is a sort of
 busy Slothfulness, a careful Thoughtlessness in
 a *Dutchman*, which is inimitable by all the
 World; a heavy Affectation of low Mirth,
 and a sort of ungenerous Niggard-Honesty,
 particular, to himself.

As Rivers rise and flow, and Mountains stand,
Thro' ev'ry Age the Mark of ev'ry Land:
So this or that peculiar Inclination
Remains unalter'd, and denotes a Nation.

As for us *Britains*, if we ought to have any
 Regard to the Opinion of our Neighbours in
 this Matter, we are pretty justly reproach'd
 with too great a Partiality in our own Favour;
 and tho', when we speak of our selves as di-
 vided into Parties, we are extremely liberal of
 our Censures, and mutually blacken each other
 with the vilest Accusations; yet when we con-
 sider the Nation in general, apart from the
 whole World, we are equally lavish in its
 Commendations, and are, as we may reasona-
 bly presume, insufferably nauseous to any but
 our selves.

If there be any thing that eminently distin-
 guishes the *English* from any other Nation, I
 think it is the Variety there is in their Manners,
 Humours, Customs, Talents, and their Flexi-
 bility and Inconstancy in all of these: These
 Diversions

Diversions in thinking and acting, may be observ'd in the Religion, the Laws, the Government of our Country. We not only in some Respects almost generally differ from each other, but at some Times even from our selves; and this Medley is as often visible in publick as private Life: To this Variety of Complexions, are owing the frequent Revolutions we meet with in our History, rather than to any great Grievances that occasion'd 'em, or any very great Advantages, which are reasonably expected from 'em.

This remarkable Diversity is accounted for by looking back to the Original of the *British* Nation, and observing the Characters of the several Countries from whence we are descended, who all imported their own Customs and Manners along with themselves. This Consideration, together with that of the Climate we live in, and the Air we breathe, where 'tis nothing wonderful to see the Weather change three Times a Day, will, in some Measure, expound several odd Vagaries and whimsical Events, both tragical and comical, with which this Nation has in all Ages, amus'd itself, and surpriz'd the rest of *Europe*; but notwithstanding we may perhaps have suffer'd some Inconveniencies from this Humour, 'tis certain that it has been attended also with many happy Advantages.

We are perhaps oblig'd to this Part of the *English* Character for our Improvement in useful Arts, for the Extensiveness and Variety of our Commerce, and for what we *Plume* our selves

selves upon much more, the Preservation of
 our Liberties. The Reason why some of our
 Neighbours have lost their original Freedom,
 is because too many of 'em concurr'd to the
 Resignation of it. But we *Englishmen*, who
 never yet were unanimous in any thing, have
 always had some among us who have been
 contradictory enough to struggle for *Magna
 Charta*, in spite of certain well-bred Persons,
 who have in all Ages been willing to part with
 it.

I know that Liberty is the favourite Cha-
 racteristick which we generally apply to our
 selves; and every Man must own, and feel it
 with Pleasure, that with us it is somewhat
 more than a mere Name, a Sugar-Plumb for
 the Rabble; every *Englishman* is capable of
 convincing himself that he is a Freeman, by
 the Evidence of his Senses, and the plain Te-
 stimony of Matter of Fact; and he knows too
 that the greatest Man in *Great Britain* cannot
 invade this, without his Knowledge, nor take
 it from him without his Consent.

*We envy not the happier Land that lies
 In ten Degrees of more indulgent Skies;
 Nor at the Coarseness of our Heav'n repine,
 That o'er our Head the Frozen Pleiads shine:
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's Isle,
 That makes her barren Rocks, and her bleak
 Mountains smile.*

I think it has been abundantly prov'd that
 the *English* are generally a brave People, Fear-
 less

less of Death or Danger ; which renders them at least equal to any of their Neighbours in War, either by Sea or Land : But it must be also own'd, that being us'd to Ease and Plenty in their own Country, they do not so well endure Hardships, Inconveniences, and Want of Provisions, as some other Nations who are us'd to fare worse at Home ; for which Reason Prince *Maurice* of *Orange* us'd to put the *English* Troops upon the earliest Service, before (as his Expression was) they had digested their Beef.

Neither is it any Compliment to ourselves to say, that we are the best Manufacturers in Silk and Woollen, as well as the best Improvers of Mechanick Arts in *Europe* ; but the Misfortune is, that we love our Ease and Pleasure so well, and the Price of Labour is thereby so dear, that our Neighbours are able to undersell us in Trade, by which Means very great Advantages are lost to the Nation, as well as our Streets and Highways infested by Thieves and Beggars. It is not perhaps consistent with the general Liberty which is exactly maintain'd in *England*, to force this sort of Persons to Labour and Industry, and to make themselves useful Members of their Country. This is however a very considerable Article in the Prosperity of the Publick, and very frequently comes under the Consideration of the Legislature, and is still, in my poor Judgment, capable of very considerable and necessary Improvements. The Laws made for the Relief of the Poor, might perhaps be better form'd (upon
some

some Scheme) for the effectual Employing them: Neither is it of any Service to the Publick Interest, that one Manufacture should be encourag'd by the Suppression of another, or of any valuable Branch or Trade. The great Thing to be kept in View is the Cheapness of Labour; and therefore all Schemes which tend to make the Poor rich, that is, in other Words, idle and extravagant, tho' they will be always popular, are fatal and ruinous to the Trade of the Nation. It values but little that we send the best Goods to foreign Markets, if they are not proportionably cheap; which will never be while a Merchant is obliged to pay an *English* Workman as much for a Day's Labour, as would support a *Frenchman*, or a *Dutchman*, a Week.

To return from this Digression. The *English* are pretty generally inclined to Melancholly, one infallible Symptom of a fine Understanding. They are generally excellent in those Sciences they apply to, and in the Study of Letters they have produced the greatest Men, tho' not the greatest Numbers of them. In Works of Genius and Understanding, some few of them have even rivall'd the Antients; many of them discover'd Mines of usefull Knowledge as well as solid Pleasure, and even the common People are better informed than in most other Nations.

The pleasing Medley of Characters and Humours particular to *Old England*, make up together a very fine Scene; and the general Face of Peace and Prosperity that covers all, will

will well enough excuse a warm *Englishman* in thinking it the finest Country in the World.

Of SEDITION.

THE Multitude of Papers is a Complaint so common in the Introduction of every new one, that it would be a Shame to repeat it; for my own Part, I am so far from repining at this Evil, that I sincerely wish there were ten times the present Number: By this Means one may hope to see the Appetite for Impertinence, Defamation, and Treason, (so prevalent in the Generality of Readers) at last surfeit it self, and my honoured Brethren, the Modern Authors, be obliged to employ themselves in some honefter Manufacture than that of the *Belles Letters*.

'Tis impossible for one, who has the least Knowledge or Regard for his Country's Interest, to look into a Coffee-House without the greatest Concern. Industry and Application is the true and genuine Humour of a Trading City; where this is every where visible, all is well. Business and Money are the only Themes of Contemplation at *Amsterdam*, the great Mart of *Europe*; but as soon as the *Dutch Merchants* learn from us the Art of
 losing

losing their Time, and can be content to waste a Mourning in collecting the Venal Excrecences of the Day, we need not long envy 'em either their extensive Traffick, or their Navigation. Whenever I see this false Thirst of Knowledge in my own Countrymen, I am sorry they have ever learnt to read. I would not be thought an Enemy to Literature (being indeed a very learned Person myself;) but when I observe a worthy Trader, without any natural Malice of his own, sucking in the Poison of Popularity, and boiling with Indignation against an Administration which the Pamphleteer informs him is very corrupt, I am grieved that ever *Machiavel*, *Hobbes*, *Sidney*, *Filmer*, and the more Illustrious Moderns, including myself, appear'd in Human Nature.

Idleness is the Parent of innumerable Vices, and Detraction is generally the first, tho' not immediately the most mischievous that is born of it. The Mind of Man is of such an ill Make, that it relishes Defamation much better than Applause; so that every Writer who makes his Court well to the Multitude, must sacrifice his Superiors to his Patrons. I thought proper to premise this, that if at any time hereafter, the Pursuit of Truth and Reason should direct me to espouse the unpopular Side of a Question, it may be believed, that I did not mistake the Road to Fame, but purposely avoided it. A Man ought not, indeed, to be out of Countenance in not succeeding with the Rabble, who, at his first

M

setting

Setting out, pretends to be above the Methods of gaining 'em.

We ought certainly always to preserve a Regard for the *People*: Some Notice there should still be taken of their Sentiments, and their Interests should be constantly consulted. They are the Bulk of Mankind, for whose Sake, 'tis not amiss to believe, Government was originally erected. But whether at the same Time they have Capacity and Opportunity to know thoroughly their own, and the National Interest; and consequently, whether that same Sovereign and Sacred Authority which their Flatterers pretend is seated in them, has any Foundation in Reason, or ought to take place in so excellent a Constitution as our own, is the first humble Doubt I beg leave to propose.

That there is a very great and indefeasible Authority in the *People*, or Commons of *Great-Britain*, every one allows; but by the *People*, in this Place, I refuse to understand the confus'd Herd of Vagabonds, whose Ignorance and Poverty naturally retain 'em to the Interest of Rebellion and Publick Confusion. Those that fill up the Cry of Discontent, have generally the least Right to say any thing upon that Subject; and for that Reason several of the most flourishing Writers ought to be very silent; for they only are possess'd of this popular Authority, who are intitled to it from the Property they enjoy: Power is ever naturally and rightfully founded here, and this Power being delegated into the Hands of
Par-

Parliament, it there becomes legally absolute, and the People are by their very Constitution obliged to a Passive Obedience.

Nothing is better known than this, nothing on all Sides more generally allow'd, and one would imagine nothing could sooner silence the Clamour of little Statesmen and Politicians; that Jargon of Publick-Spiritedness, which wastes so much of the Time of the busy Part of our Countrymen. The Misfortune is, that tho' every one (who is not indeed crack-brain'd with the Love of his Country) will own that the Populace, by having delegated the Right of inspecting Publick Affairs to others, have no Authority to be troublesome about it themselves; yet every one excepts himself from the Multitude, and imagines that his own particular Talent for Publick Business ought to exempt him from so severe a Restraint. Hence arises the great Demand for News-Papers and Coffee: Happy is it for the Nation and the Government, that the Distemper and the Medecine are found at the same Place, and the Blue-Apron Officer who presents you with a News-Paper to heat the Brain, and disturb the Understanding, is ready the same Moment to apply those composing Specificks, a Dish and a Pipe. Otherwise what Revolutions and Abdications might we not expect to see? I should not be surpriz'd to hear that a General Officer in the Train'd-Bands had run stark staring mad out of a Coffee-House at Noon-Day, declared for a Free Parliament, and proclaim'd my Lord Mayor King of England.

But to leave Jestings; this National Distemper, this Zeal for the Publick, as they fancy it, is a very serious Affair: For my part, I often wonder how so many of my Countrymen have caught it; they would persuade us that it was born with 'em, that it is the first Principle of every great and honest Mind, and never fail to heap a great many such Compliments upon themselves. The Truth of the Business is, that Impertinence is very infectious, and 'tis at any time in the Power of one prating idle Fellow to corrupt a whole Parish. I have sometimes observed this Humour creeping upon myself, and by using the same Coffee-House two or three Days, have found myself insensibly disaffected, from the Harangues of a warm honest Fellow, whose Understanding I have all the while despis'd. The Love of one's Country is a Sacred and Noble Passion, worthy of a Patrician's Bosom, one whose Birth, Fortune, and illustrious Accomplishments, decree him to Publick Service; but in a Labourer, or a Servant, 'tis all Pretence, Ignorance, Idleness, and Impudence.

The Scenes of this Infection are, as we hinted before, every Coffee-House; but there are some that are particularly sacred to Discontent and the Good of the Publick. About the *Exchange* they rise early to put themselves out of Humour; at *Temple Bar* the Malignants do not meet till Twelve; towards *Charing-Cross* and the *Cocoa Tree*, where they dress better, they cannot get together before Two: At Night they associate again about the *Temple*,
where

where some Body or other undertakes to talk the Ministry out of their Places, or himself into a Consumption.

There are several of this wrong-headed Species always to be found in Parliament-Time plying in the Lobby of the House of Commons, and expecting the Decision of a Question with the utmost Concern and Impatience. If it proves a Sun-shiny Afternoon, they adjourn to the Park; and dine upon the Repetition of the Debate. How many Families are betray'd to Want and Wretchedness by this fatal Impertinence? How much more reasonable would it be, to transfer Part of this idle whimsical Concern to the Provision for those Families, who can only eat from their Labour and Application? Little innocent Orphans, even in the Life-time of their Parents!

I was oblig'd to take Shelter from a Shower to other Day, in *Westminster-Abbey*, and as I was examining the Monuments of the Poets, I was address'd by a Person of so mean an Appearance, that I expected nothing less than a Petition for a Teaster, which, for a certain Reason I don't think proper to mention, I was immediately preparing to deny: But I found myself very much mistaken, his only Design was to know my Sentiments, whether the Master of the Rolls was not a much properer Person to be Speaker in the next Parliament, than any one that was named by the Court. I answered, that the Duty upon Leather was not so great, but a very comfortable

Livelihood might be got out of that Manufacture.

To conclude: As the Wisdom of the Legislature has taken care that none shall be ruined by the Service of their Country, by providing Revenues proper to the Posts of Importance, and insisting upon visible Landed Estates, as the Qualification of all that serve in Parliament; what pity is it that this Care cannot be further extended, that Men who can assist the Publick Welfare only by their Wishes, who cannot be idle an Hour without Prejudice to themselves, should be allow'd to talk themselves into Goals, and leave their Families to the Publick Maintenance, with Impunity? That there should be Hospitals erected for the Cure of every sort of Madness but this?

Of H O P E R S.

MY Friend *Bookwit*, whose Character I have somewhere mention'd before, and to whom I am oblig'd for my Introduction into that Illustrious Body of modern Writers meeting in *Vinegar-Tard*, has such a particular Vein of Humour in all his Pleasures, somewhat so low, and at the same Time so novel and agreeable in his Diversions, that it is impossible not to be in some Degree struck with his Taste, though one cannot perhaps entirely approve it.

Giles Bookwit, tho' he is one of those very few People who knows how to marshal their own Thoughts, and is capable of bearing his own Company, and conversing with himself; tho' he very well understands the Value of a good old Book, and is at the same Time well enough turn'd for the Conversation of Men of fashionable Breeding and modern Wit; yet his sovereign Taste is in a much lower Strain: he finds his Entertainment where few other Men would look for it, among People that were born without Sense, and live without Money; Fellows, that one would imagine were created in the very Idleness of Nature, and supported purely for the Sport of Fortune.

Bookwit knows all the odd Fellows in Town, from *Constitution-Hill* to the Sign of the *Sieve* without *Aldgate*; not only by Sight, but by Name and Conversation, their Talents, Interests and Pretensions; and as one Friend knows another, he can inform you of their Hours, and Places of Rendezvous, and their distinct and separate Lodgings—such of them as have any. He can tell you exactly where the *Half Wits* are to be met with, where the *Half Sensibles*. He has Intimacies with most of them, and a very good general Character among all the rest; and indeed he very well deserves it, for he really excels them all even in their own Way. I have seen him at the *Tilt yard* Coffeehouse, more wrong-headed and fantastical than any *Half pay* Officer in the Room; he descends instantly to their Level of Comprehension, as tho' he had left three Parts of his own Understanding at the Door. He seems to wade *ex tempore* into the Depth of his Company's Parts, and utters the falsest weakest Things, with now and then a Flourish of false Reasoning, and such a Torrent of incessant Eloquence, and a visible Self-satisfaction; which is, in all other People, an infallible *Criterion* between a Man of half Sense and thorough Understanding.

How strong and nervous have I heard some of his Harangues upon Liberty and Publick Spirit! How has he maul'd off some late *South Sea* Directors! How sigh'd out *Crescit amor nummi*, &c. — and *auri sacra fames*, and all the severe Things against ready Money, which are to be met with in *Lillie's Grammar*! And when

when he has found himself in a good pathetic Key, I have known him, by the meer Variation of the Position of two or three capital Words, say the same thing a thousand Times over, till he has fetch'd Tears into the Eyes of the whole Company, and sometimes too into his own. After this he has adjourn'd to *Slaughter's*, where he has been very suitable Company to a Fidler, and more than once led an innocent Dancing Master into a critical Dissertation upon a *Rigadoon*.

One of the Evenings last Week he call'd upon me, at an Hour when he knows I am not Writing, and invited me to take a Turn with him in the *Temple-Garden*. I waited on him with a great deal of Pleasure; for I think it among the first Blessings of Life, to have an honest, prudent and chearful Friend; one with whom a Man may be both merry and wise; open, and yet safe. Amongst other idle and unbending Discourses, I happen'd to enquire after our immortal Friends in *Vinegar-Yard*: He gave me a very whimsical Account of them; but, says he, I have a better Treat for you to Night. There is, you know, among Mankind a very numerous Party, who are Proof against Misery and Contempt, and superior even to Hunger it self; not by the Force of Religion or Philosophy, but by the meer Strength of their own natural and constitutional Folly; nor is this because they do not feel their present Wretchedness; far enough from that, they are very sensible of it; but they tell you they *Hope* for better Days. You see, my Friend, continued

nied he, that Madmen and Desperadoes are cool Thinkers and sensible Persons, (tho' not half such entertaining Company,) compar'd to these idle, and (if I may be allow'd to call them so,) *desperate Hoppers*.

As I was list'ning to my Friend's Reflections, I found he had led me insensibly to one of the *Temple Avenues*, which is ordinarily known by the Name of *Ram-Alley*. A Place, which, I am told, is the Night-Scene of a good deal of obscure Gallantry among Serjeants Clerks, and Judges Footmen; a Market where *Half-pence* pass in current Payment, and abundance of dirty Love is hung out to Sale, ready made, and at reasonable Rates.

But the Reader is not to imagine that our Errand here was upon this Account; I do not remember of late Years, that my Affairs have been so extremely pressing. We entered into a House, which at first had but a very *Dingy* Appearance; but my Friend immediately made his Way into a Ground Room, which was illuminated with a very good Fire, encompass'd by a most venerable Circle of seemingly ancient Worthies. I own their first Appearance gave me Pleasure, for I could not immediately discern in their Faces the Fool and Madman, which *Bookwit* had prepared me to expect, excepting only, that there was a Pair of Whiskers and a *Picqued* Beard among them, which looked a little suspiciously.

It was easy enough to observe that my Friend was, as he is every where, very welcome: Upon his Entrance, they all *grounded* their

their *Pipes* in Token of Respect; even the Master of those awful Whiskers, just mention'd, only paus'd to discharge an ample *Whiff*, and then rose to salute him. But upon my Appearance, they became as dead Men, all kill'd with Consternation and Terror. I just heard two or three of them mumble out, *Death!* *who's that?* and then they became speechless. But *Bookwit*, who well knew their Distemper, was not at a Loss for a Remedy; he only whisper'd two Words to honest *Whisker*, and I became immediately a more desirable Man to 'em than *Bookwit* himself.

Their Civilities to me had almost involv'd them in a Civil War; but the ancient Person with the *Picqued* Beard, by his personal Authority, silenc'd all their Pretensions, and assum'd the Privilege of entertaining me, as he call'd it, to himself. He would needs make me seat my self in his own Place within the Chimney, an Honour which I was at first determin'd to decline; but I found him invincible in his Complaisance: *Pugh*, said he, *you are too modest, Sir, you don't know me; what the Dickens! Have not I been whip'd at the Cart's Tail too?* — Guess, gentle Reader, my Amazement at these Words; I was almost petrify'd with Astonishment: I now found what Method *Bookwit* had taken to procure me their good Graces, and sat me down wherever they were pleas'd to place me, as deaf, and as dumb, and as much a Cheat, as the famous *D——n C———* // himself.

Reflections upon this extraordinary Scene, I shall grow more solemn and sententious, more wise in my own Eyes, and more a Coxcomb in his, than perhaps he may be disposed to approve of.

The first Turn or two passed in deep Silence, which was interrupted by *Bookwit*, in this Manner: My Friend, says he, there is a certain wise Saying, which in the Abundance of my Reading, I once met with, but when and where, through the Shortness of my Memory, I have long since forgot; it is this, *That Hope is the Dream of one that is awake*. This is exactly true of our Friends yonder by the Fireside. Imagination is to them what real Appearances are to others: The Night-time is only a Season of more deep and thorough Repose to them; and they are less than ever under the Dominion of Fancy, at a Time when it becomes absolute over the rest of the World.

Reason is a most excellent Painter, and represents Things to us justly, and as they are in real Life; but when he grows weary of his Pencil, and betakes him to his Rest, his Back is no sooner turn'd, but a little unlucky Boy, a younger Brother of his, by Name *Fancy*, usurps the Master's Chair, and scrawls in Water Colours ten thousand idle Figures, Dolphins, Unicorns, Griffins and Mermaids, Mountains of Gold, and Rocks of Diamonds—but the Master returns, smiles at the Urchin's Labours, wipes them out, and all's forgotten.

But,

But, my Friend, answer'd I, how unhappy is it when the Master does not return at all, when the whole History-piece of humane Life is entrusted to the Dawbing of that little Brat you speak of? How sad is it, when this same Youngster grows strong and sturdy, and is embolden'd by long Possession to shut the Door, and bar it against the Entrance of his elder Brother? What wretched Designs will he not then venture on? Witness your Friends we just left in the Alley.

However, reply'd *Bookwit*, since Reason cannot watch for ever, but must sometimes nod in all; happy he that has a good Fancy, that can fill up this necessary *Interregnum* pleasantly, can dream luckily and at his Ease? What a Curse is it to be for ever haunted with Horrors and black Impressions; never to shut the Eye of Reason, but instantly to behold a Spectre or a Goblin; not to dare to put out the Candle for a Moment, lest a Fury should enter with a Torch! Not so our Friends imagine; their Ideas are of a better Complexion. Every one has not such good Fortune; for my own part, I find Cause to envy these People you are so apt to compassionate. Let Judgment and Philosophy wink but one Moment with me, and Fancy and Opinion are instantly ready to scrawl out Contempt and Poverty in capital Characters; I turn away; I shut my Eyes; but in vain. I see the odious Figures in my Sleep.

I found my Friend was going very fast into his own Case, and therefore endeavour'd to divert him from it as well as I was able. What seems most pleasant to me, said I, in the Circumstance of your good Friends yonder, is, that so many grave People should be able to meet together every Night, and to dream as it were in *concert*. This is an Improvement which I could not have conceiv'd of before. I may, without Vanity, pretend to some Knowledge in Architecture; and, tho' I say it, have built some Millions of Castles — in the Air; which, if I were to shew the Models of them, you would do me the Justice to own, that they were not amiss of the sort: But all these Performances of mine were begun, carried on, and compleated entirely by my self, and without the Advice or Assistance of any Mortal whatever; for between you and I, my Friend, I always thought this Taste of mine for Building, tho' infinitely titulating to my self, was a secret Reproach to my Beard, and would infallibly, when discover'd, destroy that high Opinion which my Hypocrisy had hitherto preserv'd.

Not so, answer'd *Bookwit*, for this same Practice of *Dreaming*, *Castle-building*, and all the other Modes of *Hoping* are, I believe, just as common as the Absence of the Master Reason; and I do not care if I own to you, that I have endeavour'd to cultivate and improve this Habit in my self. It serves one good Purpose however, if nothing else; it eats up so much Time, and wears out a good Part of

an uneasy foolish Life. I think it may well enough be allow'd to stand upon the same Footing with *Chefs* and *Ombre*, or any of those fashionable Expedients we fly to, when we are sick of our Time and our Company, and want to get rid of our selves. Shall I own to you, my Friend, continued he, that I have been vain and weak enough to fancy to my self Fame, Wealth and Immortality; even from my Writings; that I once projected a Work which was to have insur'd me the great Name and Age of *Homer*, the Fortune and easy Splendour of *Horace*, and the Honour of Knighthood into the Bargain!

This is ridiculous, but every Man has his weak Moments, his Hours of *Hoping*, had he but, like you and I, the Honesty to own it. Nay, there are some that even live upon *Hope* as well as our Friends in *Ram-Alley*, tho' they put on a better Face, and wear a more thriving Appearance. Step To-morrow to the *Cocoa-Tree*, you'll find *Hope* and *Chocolate*, the only two Things that go down there. Slender Fare! but no Matter, it is thought sufficient, and it is so.

Some of the most Common-place Sentiments among the Poets, are those which turn upon the Vanity of *Hope*; let the learned Reader refer to the Word *Spes* in the *Indexes*, and he will have ample Proof of this; but I am apt to think that the Poets among *Us* have treated that Topick with more Spirit and severe Justice than any others, perhaps because they have had more Occasion to quarrel with their Commons than those of other Ages and Nations.

In

In this they have exceeded the proper Province of their own Art, and borrow'd from Philosophy. The late Mr. *Prior* has admirably expos'd this *Foible* in humane Nature.

*The hoary Wretch, who all his Days
Has struggl'd with continual Sorrow,
Renews his Hope, and blindly lays
The desprate Bet upon To-morrow.
To-morrow comes; 'tis Noon, 'tis Night;
This Day, like all the former, flies;
Yet on he goes to Hope Delight
To-morrow, till To-night he dies.*

But I presume the Reader, by this Time, begins to *Hope* that I have almost done with him; and this is a sort of *Hope* which I cannot be merry with for my Heart; for I myself begin to doubt that he has Reason on his Side, though at the same Time I feebly *Hope* he has not.

On my own Part, I most devoutly *Hope* that one Day or other I myself shall become a very great and popular Author; that my Redundancies may pass for Eloquence, my Obscurities for Conciseness, little Petulancies for natural Humour and Bombast and Fustian for true Sublime; that the frequent Blunders of my Printer and myself may be excus'd on the Score of certain Excellencies, which neither of us are aware of; and that when by the Errors of the Pen and the Press we are utterly unintelligible, the kind Reader will be pleased to suppose the Sense to be industriously and art-

artfully conceal'd, and graciously substitute one of his own. I *Hope* to see a Subscription for all my Works, upon Royal Paper, in Ten Volumes in *Folio*, set on Foot by one of the great Parties in this Kingdom, out of meer Gratitude, and join'd in and carry'd on by the other out of Spight and Emulation, that so I may at last be entirely independent of them both, and like a true Man of Condition, as I expect to be never read or write any more as long as I live. I *Hope* the candid Reader will adjudge these very Lines to be the just Standard of *English* Writing, and the printed Character an exact *Elzevier*; and above all, I *Hope* that I my self am not a Madman, nor in a Dream all this while, and liable to awake by and by, and be told that this Essay, which has cost me so much Pains, was the Imagination of a Sleeper, and must be wrought a-new before it will turn to any Account.

Senne

Some Characters of the present Age.

There is nothing I would not do to oblige my dear Readers, and to convince them of this Fondness, I am now resolved to present them with a Collection of Pictures; they are all done by the best Hands, except one or two, of my own drawing. I shall say nothing of the Colours, tho' I think them very good; and if I understand any Thing of their different Tones, or Union, they are well apply'd. For the *Portraits* themselves, they are drawn after the Life, and if some Parts of Nature are not found admirably represented, when they come to be compared with the Originals, I'll be content ne'er to handle Pencil again as long as I live.

And to shew the World that I'm not in any wise animated in this Undertaking by Pique or Anger, I will point at no Blots, that are not real ones, and my Censures shall be the Censures of Mankind.

The first that presents himself to my Fancy, and seems to petition for a present Dispatch of his Picture, is Don *Altiero*. And here I have nothing to fear; however I may show him to others, I'm sure for a very good Reason, he won't know himself. Don *Altiero* is self-sufficient,

ficient, and therefore always unequal, haugh-
 ty, and disdainful ; Disgust and Conceit are
 near Neighbours. Envy and his own Merit
 rob him of being happy : He has so particular
 a Fondness for himself, and sets so mean a Price
 on what belongs to others, that he's never
 contented. You shall seldom see him laugh ;
 he is very upright, and moves by Springs :
 Tie but a Pair of Spectacles to his Nose, he
 is a *Spaniard* ; and yet in another Sense, he's
 a Man of great and sudden Revolutions ; he's
 not more different from others, than he is at
 different Times from himself ; a chance Word
 will change, turn, overturn him ; if you please
 him to Day, he grows upon you ; it will cost
 you dearer the next Visit, and you must put a
 greater Force upon your self, or else, my Life
 for it, you'll part discontented with each other :
 Tho' he should hide his Resentment, till he is
 going, you will find it in his *Adieu* ; and then
 he looks gravely, and steps regularly for six
 Months after, whenever he sees you. *Gallice*
Il boude. If you have caught him in a Fault,
 the Indifference is for Life, unless his Resent-
 ment be mitigated by putting you upon an
 equal Footing. I rather pity than laugh at
 that awkward Way of acting he has, all the
 while he's disgusted ; he can't help it ; it comes
 from those frequent good-natured Thoughts he
 has entertained in his Mind about you, ever
 since you last failed in your Duty to him. No
 Man courts Applause more than he does, and
 no Man takes more Pains to hide it ; he is
 very vain, but you are not to think so. There
 is

is a Set of Creatures that are his Admirers, who gratify him by asking *how he would have done in such or such a Case*: They know he is brim-full of his own Ideas; and These in return have his good Word. For my own Part, I comfort my self, when out of Favour, to think of the little base Characters he approves of. "What he has good and deserving, is spoiled by affecting something wonderful. He has more to do than twenty of the same Trade; that is, a few Small Concerns, dignify'd with the Name of *Business*." You must never hope for Candour, Familiarity and Freedom, from one whose only Aim is to Govern; and this is Don Altiéro's Idol. The best Scheme, the fairest Cause in the World shall be lost for him, unless he has been consulted in the first Place, and with the Respect, Deference and Submission due to him. He is above you, all the while he deigns to converse with you. Half his Understanding is sufficient for any Body else; and if you design to oblige him, you will pretend to no more. He will ask you a Question about your Family, your Concerns, and while you are answering, his Curiosity is gone, he interrupts you, and talks of another Subject. He is generally loaded with secret Intelligence, as well as Pride; which last very often saves you the Pains of hearing what only comes from a *Valet de Chambre*, or an *Under-Clerk* at best; however, *he keeps the best Company, his Acquaintance is very large; he din'd Yesterday with Sir Inigo Lanthorn, and*

is just going to visit my Lady Bundle: All this while forgetting, that a Man that sees Company, never thinks of telling it. " This Picture would want one surprizing Stroke, " should I forget to tell you he has Parts; " and that it is his Happiness, that Pride, " Vanity, and ill Manners may be the Vices " of a Man of Sense.

Another Character which I am equally fond of is that of *Tony Trivial*, Esq; *Tony* is Master of a good popular Phiz. He has had a Place at Court these seven Years, and has not one Acquaintance there yet. He is looked upon as a Man, *sans consequence*, and so has neither Friends nor Enemies. *Tony Trivial* is got to that very Pitch of Contempt, that some extraordinary *Philosophers* have imprudently wish'd to arrive at. All the World agrees with him, they let him alone, no Body troubles him. They don't so much as mind him, even to avoid him. He takes one Man by the Sleeve, another by the Button, whispers to a Third; but all with the same Success. He is not felt, he is not heard. I saw him the other Day, tip a Gentleman upon the Shoulder; says the Gentleman, turning round, What do you say Mr. ——— but as soon as he saw it was the insignificant *Tony*, he clos'd his Lips, without deigning to pronounce his Name. *Tony* comes to see me sometimes, and as he seems to be made for nothing else but to *dine at Noon, and sup at Night*, I can bear him well enough at those Times: He always begs I would look upon him as *no Body*, and I always do as I am

am desired. He is no more to me than his own Picture, which he forced upon me about a Year ago. In short, I know neither good nor ill of *Tony*, but that he now and then gets it into his Head to talk for the Court; tho' I assure you he means nothing by it, nor does no hurt. This, I observe, recurs once or twice a Year, but does not last long at a Time; the Court is Almighty; it's infallible, irresistible; and here he does not care to be contradicted, which is all he ever shows any Passion about. Some Time ago he gave me an Account of Sir *George Byng's* beating the *Spaniards*, with the Names of every Ship taken or sunk, about a Fortnight before that Gentleman got into the *Streights*; and the other Day he assur'd me there was an Order coming out (and he was glad of it) to forbid any Man, from the first of next Month, to think the worse of his Superiors for their ill Usage of him.

Simplus has good Nature and Nonsense. I happen'd to travel with him a whole Day together; in which Time I pick'd out of him all he had been learning in the Space of twenty five Years; and so the Correspondence dropp'd. I shall not set down all the Informations I receiv'd from him, but only recite some of the most important. In the first Place, he instructed me in the Life and Story of his Father's Bay Gelding, who after leaping over several double Ditches, died at last of the Cholick, greatly lamented. In the second Place, he open'd to me the whole Mystery of distilling Plague-Water, which his Mother taught him when he was

was very young. Then I was given to know how often he had made the Parson drunk, and how he had stolen from the Doctor two valuable Receipts, the one for stewing Carps, the other for evading an Oath. He likewise told me, as a Thing which I was not to speak of, (as certainly I never shall,) how he had Temptations from the Dairy Maid, and how he did not resist those Temptations, of which he has heartily repented ever since she was turn'd away. Nor did he conceal from me several witty Sayings of his own, which as he believ'd were not yet known in Town. He said I was his Friend, and he was willing I should make use of them upon Occasion. Thus honest *Simplus* told me all that to him seem'd worth knowing.

The following *Grotesco* (for I can call it no other) was sent me from *Paris*, as something extraordinary. I must own, I see nothing natural in it: It has not any Resemblance, at least among Us: A mere Chimera drawn from Fancy, that has no Original to match with it.

There is a certain Lady *here* seems to have annihilated or bury'd her Husband to such a Degree, that he is not mention'd in the World. 'Tis doubted whether such a Man be living or no. I believe I had never heard of him, had not a Friend of mine desired me to enquire if the Lady was inclined to marry. He is a Cypher, of no Use in the Family, except it be to show an Example of perfect Submission and Silence. He has nothing to do with Portion or Settlement. Were it not that he does

N

not

not Lie in, one would almost take him for the Wife, and her for the Husband. She receives the Money, pays the Butcher and Vintner, gives the Treat, entertains the Company, and in the Country is a Justice of Peace. He can resolve you nothing upon the Spot. If you ask him to dine with you, he will tell you, by and by, whether he can or no; he is not sure the Family goes out of Town the next Day. They live after the *Roman* and *Greek* Manner; she has her Name, he his. It is a long time, and not before one is well acquainted with the Language of the Town, that one comes to know at last, Sir T— L— and my Lady C— have been Man and Wife these Twenty Years.

Emilia is famous for the Severity of her Manners, and has good Conduct. She is devout, constant at Prayers, liberal to the Church; she never Games, seldom goes to a Play, rails at nothing but Vice, loves to be employed in doing Service. She is Well-bred, Modest, Humble; pays a just Respect to those above her; uses those of her own Rank with a becoming Frankness; and her Children and Family with Tenderness. In a word, she is every thing she should be: No Body more Provident of their Time, nothing more Regular. She sleeps little; eats less; and often wishes she might never have Occasion to Taste any thing strong again, as long as she lives. I shall take another Opportunity to do honour to this Lady, by drawing her Picture at length.

I wish I were as sure there is nothing mean or little in this Essay, as I am, that there is nothing

nothing Great or Heroick. They tell me I am obscure, and that I must make it more my Business to please in general, and that *this* is the way ; which last, I am apt enough to believe : Therefore do as much expect Thanks for this Rhapsody of Stuff, from the greatest Part of my Readers, as I'm sensible it requires a large Indulgence from some of them. Besides, Satire is not my Talent, no more than Ill-nature is my Inclination.

*Je pers le gout de la Satire ;
L'Art de louer malignement
Cede au secret de pouvoir dire
Des Verités Obligeamment.*

With what Pleasure could I speak of *Eunomius* ? How could I dwell on every Excellency ? Zeal for the Publick Good takes place of all other Concerns. He bravely defended the Cause of Liberty, and the Prince he now serves, in the worst of Times ; and has always promoted the Honour of Religion and Virtue by his Authority and Example. So much Sweetness of Behaviour, such Politeness make Virtue attractive, and give Charms even to the severest Studies. His extensive Apprehension, superior Judgment, well-grounded Moderation, experienced Probity, universal Knowledge, have advanced him to the highest Dignity, and justly render him dear to his Country, as well as to his Sovereign ; the People would have chose *Eunomius*, if the Prince had not.

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